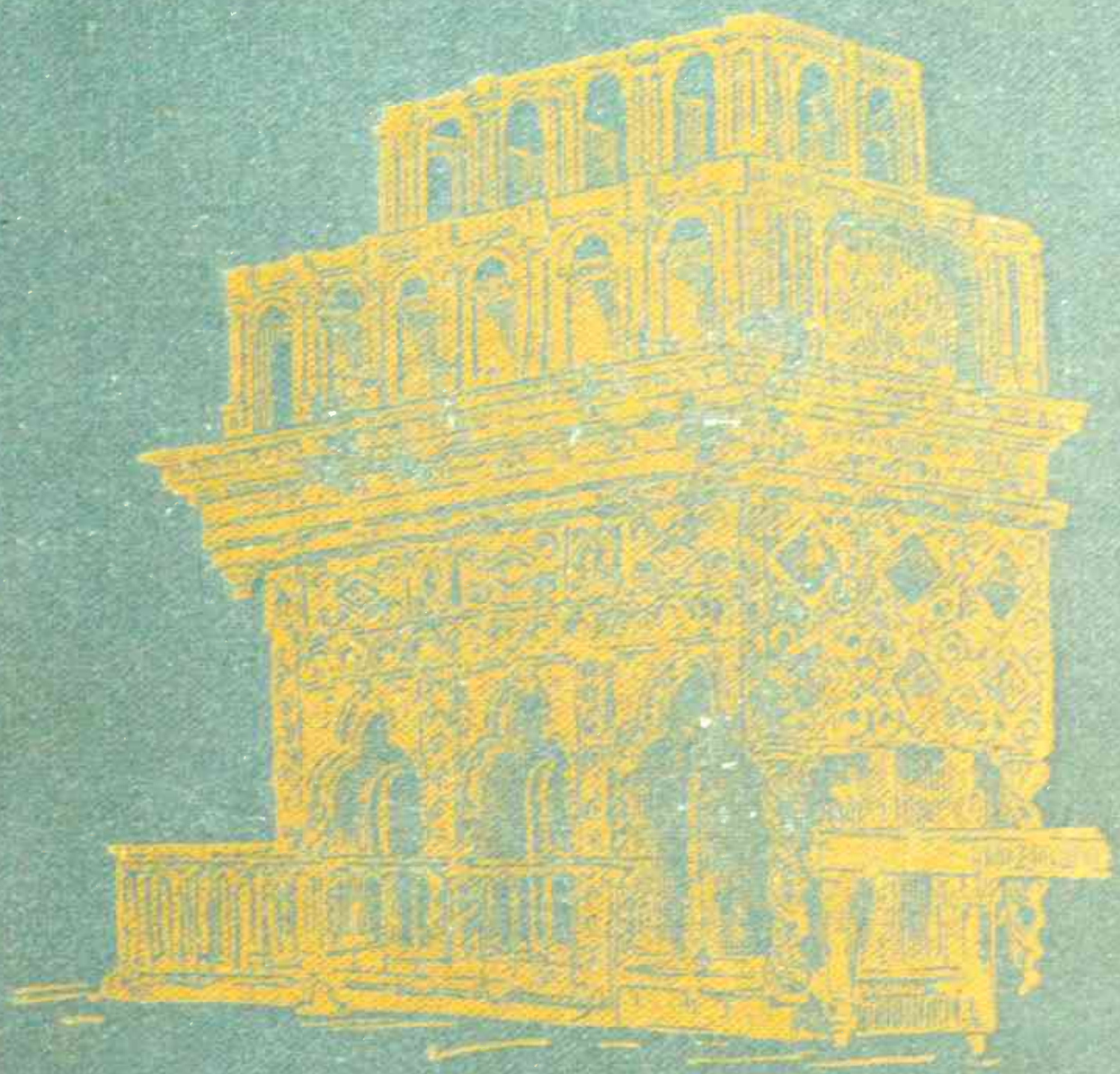
THE ROLL-CALL OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY



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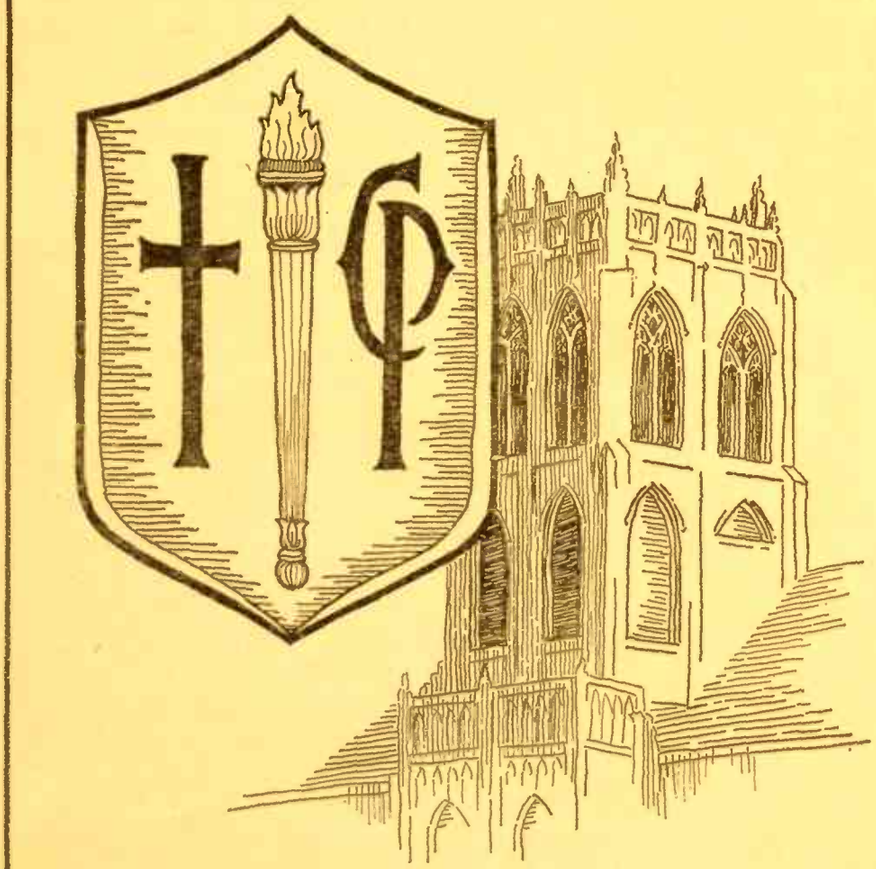

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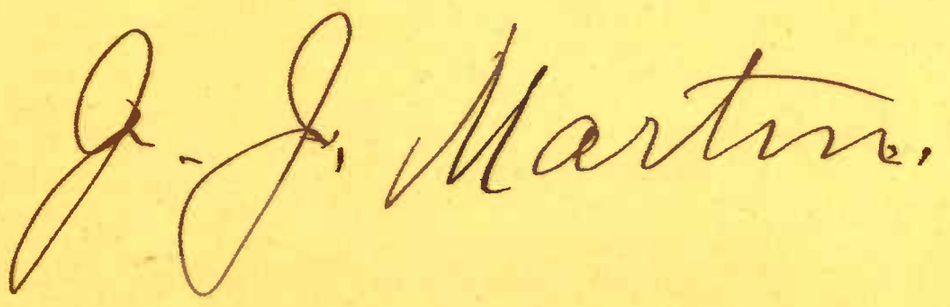

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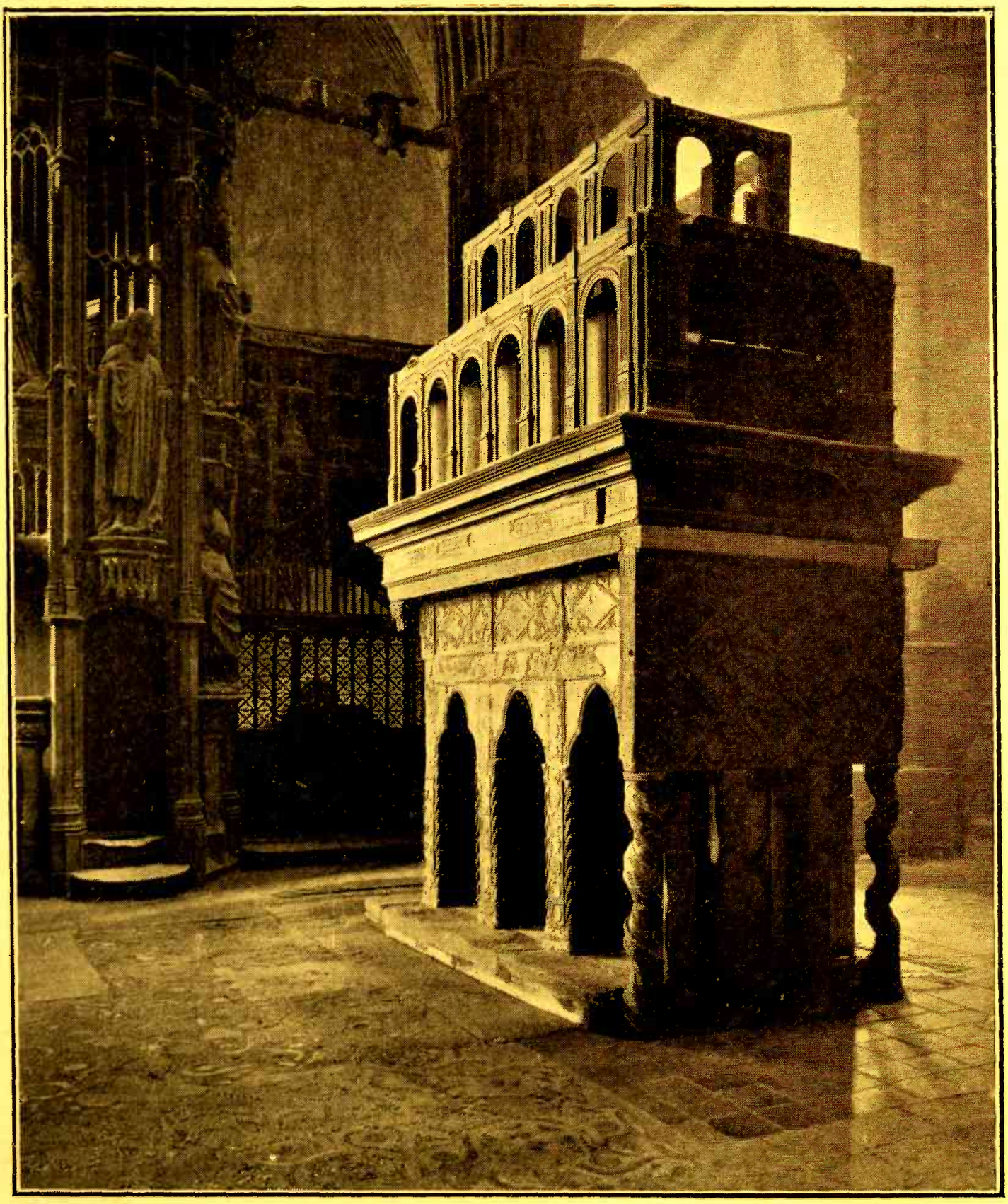

ST. EDWARD'S SHRINE

Frontispiece, see p. 9

THE ROLL-CALL

OF

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Smith, Emily Tennyson (Bradley)

BY

MRS. A. MURRAY SMITH

(E. T. BRADLEY)

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY"
"THE DEANERY GUIDE TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY," ETC. ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND PLANS

THIRD EDITION

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE
1903

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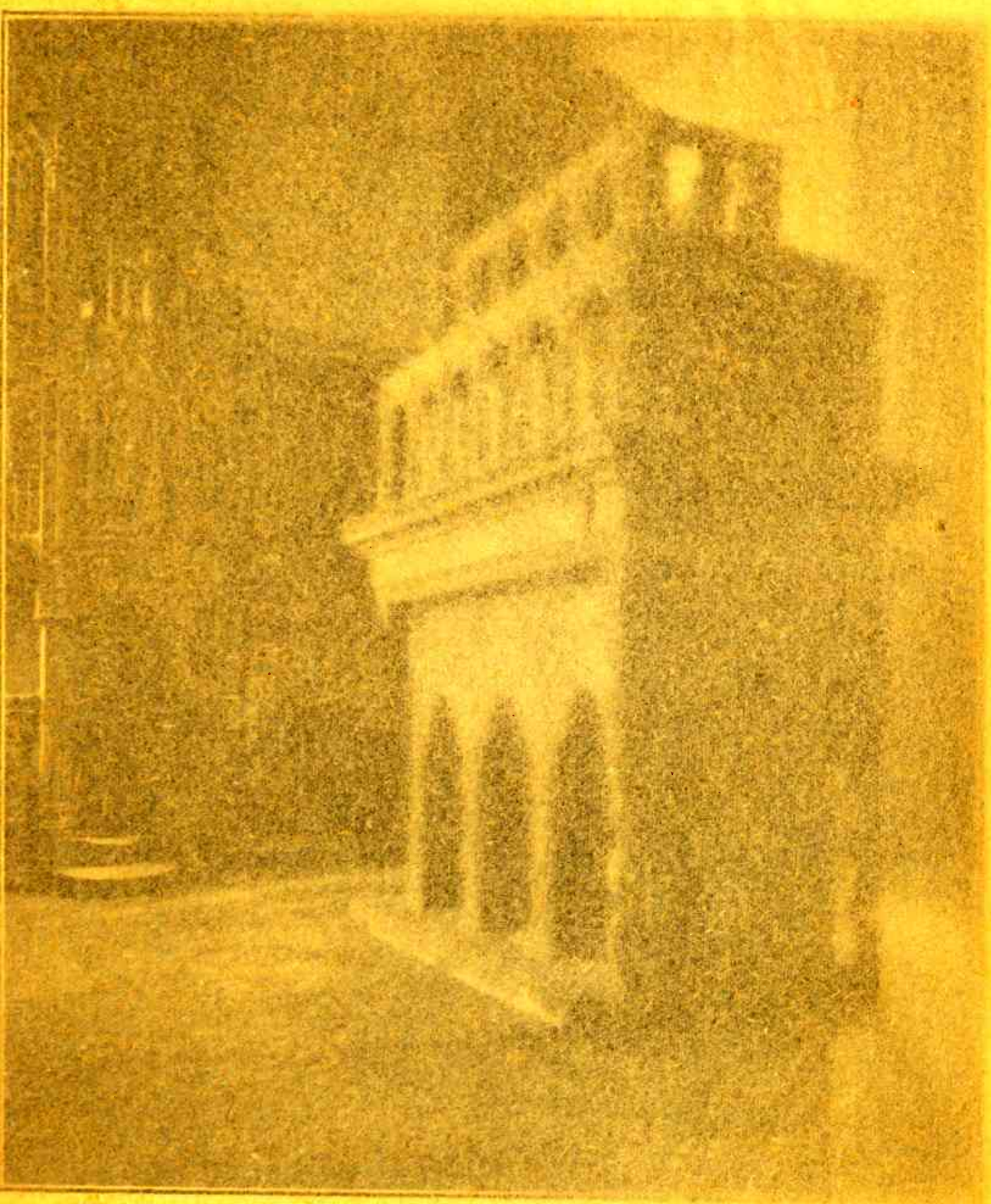

ST. EDWARDS CHURCH

College of the Pacific
Stockton, Calif.

THE ROLL-CALL

OF

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Smith, Emily Tennyson (Bradley)

BY

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College of the Pacific
Stockton, Calif.

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Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press

A DEDICATION

To the remembered dead,
The shining dead, immortal and serene
Soul of the Earth, to beauty which hath been
And ever is, and light of starry lives
That o'er the dark unvoyaged waters led,
To power that still in mightier power revives,
To the remembered dead.

To the forgotten dead,
Whose heritage the sons of glory part,
To every fervent yet resolvèd heart
That brought its tameless passion and its tears,
Renunciation and laborious years,
To lay the deep foundations of our race,
To rear its stately fabric overhead,
And light its pinnacles with golden grace,
To the unhonoured dead.

MARGARET L. WOODS.

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PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION

SINCE the first edition of the "Roll-Call" was published on June 12, an event unparalleled in the annals of the Abbey has occurred. I refer to the postponement of the Coronation. Two days only before June 26, the date originally fixed for the ceremony, when a final rehearsal of the music was proceeding, came a messenger from Buckingham Palace with the sudden and paralysing news that the King was at that moment undergoing a dangerous operation. The music ceased abruptly, and in its stead an impromptu service of intercession, presided over by the Dean, was held, in which only those who were present on duty were privileged to take part. Throughout the length and breadth of the Empire rejoicing was turned into suspense and anxiety, while the Abbey remained for another month closed and deserted. Early in August, however, the preparations and rehearsals recommenced. Some slight changes in the arrangements, such as the removal of the Litany Desk and the Recognition Chairs, from the east of the theatre, were made, but otherwise all remained as before. On Saturday, August 9, 1902, the Coronation of the 7th Edward, and of his Consort, Queen Alexandra, took place, and the Sovereigns, one of whom had been so lately preserved from the danger of death, were anointed and crowned amidst the acclamations of a loyal and grateful people. During the following ten days the Abbey was open to the public. A

fee was charged for the benefit of the Westminster charities, and a sum, amounting to about £5000, was raised. More than 97,000 persons passed into the building through the annexe at the west end—a temporary hall, the walls of which were decorated with tapestries, armour, and ancient weapons, where the State processions had been marshalled on the Coronation Day. On the ensuing Sunday, August 17, while the church was still draped with the blue and gold hangings, and while the thrones, the Chair of St. Edward (turned to the west, but otherwise in their original positions), and the State Chairs and Faldstools still remained in their places, a unique service, presided over by Bishop Welldon, the Canon-in-residence, was held. To this only the Colonial soldiers who had fought for the Empire, and were shortly returning to their homes, were admitted, and thus their farewell to England took place in the very heart of our National Church, where mementoes of British heroes surrounded them on every side.

The Coronation of his sovereign was the last and greatest of the many great Abbey functions at which Dr. Bradley was destined to take his official place as Dean, and in the end of September his long connection with the historic church will be finally severed. But the practical results due to twenty-one years of faithful service must ever remain his enduring monument at Westminster. The well-ordered services, the intelligent and instructed body of men who have been selected in his time to show the Abbey monuments, the reconstruction of the Chapter finances on a solid and lasting basis, all these and more are the fruit of his untiring energy, and to the perseverance with which he met and conquered obstacles during the first decade of his tenure of the Deanery. Loyal helpers stood by his side within the capitular body, without whose

willing co-operation these changes and reforms could not have been carried out. Some have gone from Westminster, others have passed away from life itself, few only are left to recall those days of storm and stress, when at one time it seemed as if the fabric were to fall about their heads for lack of funds, and when deputies were the rule not the exception in many of the minor Abbey offices. All honour to them and to their Dean that such a state of affairs has become past history now, another page turned and sealed down for ever in the book of the ancient West Minster.

E. T. MURRAY SMITH.

September 1902.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION

WILLIAM CAMDEN, the venerable historian, "diverted" himself, we are told, amongst the ancient monuments, and the outcome of these meditations was the first guide-book to Westminster which was ever published. Twenty years' familiarity with the same diversions has convinced the present writer that there is yet room for a portable volume, less bulky than Stanley's "Memorials" or her own "Annals," and more comprehensive than the Deanery Guide. The latter book, published in 1885, has passed through twelve editions, and has been constantly revised, but the limit of pages has at last been reached, and, after the forthcoming special Coronation number, no further additions can be contained within its paper cover. For several years the author of the following little volume has been steadily working through the names of persons either commemorated or interred in the Abbey, selecting, with the help of Colonel Chester's "Register" and the "Dictionary of National Biography," such as seemed to her worthy of notice. Her aim here is to link together the various memories of the dead and weld them into a continuous chain, or, where this is impossible, to divide them into groups. The foundation is the Deanery Guide, and many passages are the same, but in some cases names will be found in the one which are omitted in the other, and a

repetition of the Abbey history has been avoided as far as possible. Some of the chapters have appeared in different periodicals, such as the *Cornhill*, the *Pall Mall*, and *Lippincott's* magazines, but in all these cases the articles have been partly re-written, and often extensive additions made to their contents. Those authorities which have been used besides the "Dictionary of National Biography" will be found on reference to the Deanery Guide and the "Annals."

The author desires to express her thanks to H.M. Office of Works, to whose courtesy she is indebted for the colours of the binding, corresponding to the blue and gold hangings with which the Abbey is to be draped at the Coronation of H.M. King Edward VII. The illustrations are reproduced by S. B. Bolas & Co. from photographs taken by them, and by Mr. Thomas Wright, Junior, Clerk of the Works Office, Westminster Abbey.

E. T. MURRAY SMITH.

May 1902.

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At the end of the Volume.

THE ROLL-CALL
OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

PROLOGUE

A VISION OF THE MIGHTY DEAD

"Methought I sat in seat of majesty
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where Kings and Queens are crown'd."

YEAR by year for more than a decade the writer of the following pages has watched the passing of the old year and heard the solemn strokes of Big Ben toll its death knell within the very heart of England's great Valhalla, Westminster Abbey.

There is a silence, which can almost be felt at this darkest hour of the night, inside the great church, a silence broken once and once only in the writer's experience by the fall of some apparently heavy body upon the pavement of the choir. After a breathless moment of suspense, and a search aided by the watchman's lantern, the tiny half-starved corpse of a sparrow was discovered on the stones, the intense quietness around illustrated by the noise so small an object had caused.

Outside even at that midnight hour a dull roar of traffic can still be heard, while the flickering gas lamps make the darkness within more visible; and sometimes the moon shines through the windows making chequered shadows upon the tombs; but there was no moonlight on the last day of December 1900, when the whole Abbey was shrouded in a brooding, mysterious gloom.

Seated in the blackness of the royal chapel of St. Edward on that fateful date, while the nineteenth century melted imperceptibly into the twentieth, I seemed to hear the Roll-Call of the mighty and illustrious dead, of the forgotten dead also, echoing from aisle to aisle, from arch to arch. As if in response to the mysterious summons shadowy forms were rising on every hand, from grave and cenotaph alike, no matter if the mortal dust lay in the tombs above or in the vaults deep beneath the pavement, or not here at all but scattered far and wide in lands beyond the sea, or resting perchance in some peaceful country churchyard. For on this especial night, the close of the last year as it proved of the Victorian Age, these dead bones came to life, were revivified before the spiritual vision of her to whom they are one and all, whether names famous in history, or unknown except to the student of the Abbey registers, dear and familiar friends.

In a vast multitude they came, the spirits of the dead, fashioned as if they were still alive, thronging from the nearer chapels, from the distant nave and transepts, even from the cloisters, irresistibly drawn by the clarion call of their names, which was reverberating all the while amongst the arches, towards the central and most sacred portion of the church, where lies that sainted though hardly saintly King, Edward the Confessor. Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, noble men and noble women were hastening once again to do homage at the shrine, as in the olden days, when the fame of St. Edward and the miracles worked at his tomb had eclipsed even the honour due to the more ancient saint St. Peter himself, in whose name the church had originally been consecrated. Here and there a title would be called more clearly, a figure stand out detached from the rest, outlined by a shining radiance like a halo. Henry III., for instance, to whom we owe the conception of this beautiful church, knelt within one of the niches of the shrine, having on either side his warlike son Edward, who was also a lavish contributor to the building fund, and his gentle daughter-in-law, Eleanor of Castile; behind them was a group of those Abbots most closely connected

with Henry's new church, Humez, Berkyng, Crokesley, and lastly Abbot Ware, to whose artistic feeling the Italian mosaic work on monument and pavement is due.

Richard II., a handsome, effeminate figure in striking contrast to his soldierly grandfather Edward III., who stood upright beside him wielding the huge sword of state like a child's toy, sat moodily apart in the Coronation Chair, arrayed in robes of state, even as he had so often appeared in the Abbey upon the great festival days, and as we see him now in his picture on the other side of the screen. His heroic cousin, Henry V., armed *cap-à-pie*, the casque which had affrighted Agincourt upon his head, was standing near, his hands clasped in prayer, his gaze lifted to the Chantry Chapel, where shone the beacon light, his own particular badge in life as in death, the symbol of his religious faith. Crouched at his feet, unheeded by her royal English husband, her memory neglected by her royal Welsh descendants, her first-born son, the feeble, pious Henry VI., a King in name only, kneeling by her side, was the once gay French Princess Catherine, now a wizened mummy, whose lips the plebeian Pepys boasts of kissing. Yet she might have stood proudly to the front, justifying her marriage with the Welshman by its fruit, for there, emerging from the gloom of that famous chapel, which her grandson had founded and called by his name, came the founder himself, and others of the Tudor race. Henry VII. descended the steps first, in aspect more like the shadowy monk, his uncle Owen, one of the Westminster brethren, who was close beside him, than the soldierly sovereigns who were waiting round the shrine. A mitred Abbot, Islip "the great builder," supported his elbow; a wrinkled, venerable dame in nun's habit, his mother the Lady Margaret, whose wondrously life-like effigy, carved by the master hand of Torrigiano, seemed to have risen from the tomb, followed them, while Henry led his fair Queen, Elizabeth of York, by the hand, her golden hair down flowing on her shoulders as at her coronation. There was an instant's pause in the pealing Roll-Call, a gap which marked the absence of that fleshly monarch Henry VIII., so

different in character and appearance from his ascetic father, whose presence here amongst the monks whom he had robbed, and the Kings whose tombs he had despoiled for lust of gain, would have raised a groan of execration even from the dead themselves. Yet away down the aisle the semblance of a solitary woman in Flemish dress appeared for a moment, only to disappear into the darkness again; while the name, "Anne of Cleves," sounded faint and far away, and "Mary Tudor" was called harshly and persistently by the mysterious voice. A sad and lonely shade was even now emerging from the obscurity of the chapel, her hand pressed upon her over-burdened heart, her eyes upon the ground, her only companion a no less melancholy figure, Feckenham, the last Abbot of Westminster. Mary seemed to linger for the young brother, the Protestant Edward, who should by right have preceded her, but he followed alone, turning his head towards the queenly, majestic woman, who came slowly pacing after. Striking was the contrast between the two Tudor Queens, sisters yet with no sisterly bond between them, so near in death, so far estranged in life. There was no trace of sorrow or old age in Elizabeth's bearing, for it is not the phantom of her last days, as depicted on the ghastly countenance of the wax effigy, which haunts these aisles, but the maiden Queen in the meridian of her power and splendour. In the blaze of radiant light around her path one caught a glimpse of some of the great lights who attended on her presence in life. Here were her warriors, Sir Francis Vere, and the Norrises, there her statesmen, Lord Hunsdon, the venerable Burghley and his son Robert Cecil, with a train of courtiers and court ladies. Amongst the maids of honour, trembling even now before that piercing eye, was her kinswoman, Frances Grey, Duchess of Suffolk, whose unfortunate daughters learnt to rue their connection with the haughty Tudors. Her cousin, Margaret Stuart, Countess of Lennox, who often had good cause to wish she had never been born, came next, sheltering in her trailing robes her two sons Darnley and Charles, each of whom had direly offended the Queen's Majesty. Before the light of Eliza-

beth's presence had died away and the long procession of the Stuarts began, a woman's shadowy form slipped by the rest and fled, shrieking wildly, into the darkness, none other than the wretched state prisoner Arabella Stuart, forsaken by all whom she had ever loved, deserted most cruelly of all perhaps by her cousin James, the first of the Stuart Kings of England, who came shambling after Elizabeth. With him was a graceful and charming shrouded figure, his ill-fated mother, the Queen of Scots, who was doomed to unhappiness in her last days, yet destined in death as in life to win and keep the homage of many hearts. James leant upon the shoulder of a splendid personage in ducal robes, the favourite Buckingham, the "Steenie" of his trifling moods, who, even in the kingdom of shades, was proud of bearing, and did not deign to stand aside for the Princes and Princesses who were hastening from every direction.

It seemed as if there were a rendezvous of the blood royal of Stuart to-night, so many were present, and suddenly, in the midst of a group of children and grandchildren, one perceived a familiar form, a melancholy-visaged monarch, clad in the white shirt and red mantle of his coronation, who was walking with slow and stately gait, none other than Charles I. himself, drawn, even as Henry VI. had been, from Windsor to-night by the fascination of this historic gathering. Not far off, with his mighty men around him, the grim figure of Oliver Cromwell was just visible in the darkness; within his mailed arm he sheltered his shrinking daughter, Elizabeth Claypole; his Spartan mother stood erect by his side. Removed a little space from these Puritan worthies, whose remains he had desecrated, the gay second Charles was holding frivolous converse even in this solemn place with the wits, poets, and playwrights who once thronged his court, and now lie in many parts of the Abbey, notably in Poets' Corner. Near him, also, were two ladies of the Stuart family, his aunt Elizabeth of Bohemia, the Queen of Hearts, and the handsome Duchess of Richmond, "la Belle Stuart," whose rebuffs had never cooled the King's admiration for her charms.

His brother James walked apart, ignored even by his daughters the two Queens, Mary and Anne, who followed with their respective husbands, Mary towering far above her ill-looking spouse, the Dutch William. Anne had a cloud of little infants hovering round her, and eclipsed by her vast bulk husband and little son, even the great Duke of Marlborough himself, who had returned from Blenheim to the church where his mortal remains found a temporary resting-place. Behind his royal grand-daughters, accompanied by other members of his family, came the celebrated historian, Lord Clarendon, wrapped in the splendid Chancellor's robes, which he had been forced to relinquish in his lifetime, a stout man with a round, ruddy countenance, and no dignity of bearing to mark his connection with the regal house of Stuart. The light, which had illumined the steps while these famous historical personages were descending, had now nearly faded away, typifying the gradual desertion of the Abbey as their place of sepulture by the house of Hanover, the names sounding fainter and at longer intervals as the royal Roll-Call neared an end. In the twilight an individual here and there was recognisable as those descendants of the first George who were buried here passed by. Most notable was the stout, clumsy figure of George II., his hand resting fondly on the arm of his long-suffering yet devoted wife, "Caroline the Illustrious," who received the silent homage of a group awaiting them in the ambulatory with a kindly smile. Foremost knelt an unwieldy, almost monstrous form, none other than that divinely gifted musician, Handel himself; beside him the world-famed man of science, Sir Isaac Newton; behind them, with other lesser persons, literary for the most part, who had been favoured by royal patronage, stood the orator and soldier, John, Duke of Argyll, and, more in the background to signify his loss of court favour, that cheerful poet and dramatist, John Gay. A few paces removed from these persons, some of whose characters and lives he had depicted in his stirring novel "The Heart of Midlothian," was dimly outlined the shrouded form of a Scotch man of

letters, who regarded his puppets with a half-sad, half-whimsical expression. The name of Walter Scott had scarcely ceased echoing amongst the columns when the soft strains of singing floated in the air, while the organ played, faint and far away, the accompaniment of the royal anthem, which Handel had composed expressly for Queen Caroline's burial. "The ways of Zion do mourn . . . all her people sigh and hang down their heads to the ground," wailed the unearthly voices; then, after a solemn pause, came the consoling conclusion, "her body is buried in peace, but her name liveth for evermore"; yet withal there was a sense of coming woe, it was no grief for a long dead Hanoverian Queen which made this cry of mourning ring amongst the arches. The new year had but a short while to run its course before these same words were heard again within this church, living voices lamenting for one far greater than Caroline the Illustrious, Victoria, the Empress-Queen, who was not destined to rest here amongst her forebears, nor to have her sepulchre in Westminster Abbey.

The strange, boding wail, prophetic of a nation's sorrow, had chilled the listener to the bone, the glamour of the wondrous vision of Kings, Princes, and Governors of this earth had passed, a silence fell upon the royal chapels, but the Roll-Call was far from finished. Now, however, it sounded like a confused murmur away in the choir, which was, as were the transepts and nave, filled with a vast multitude, which no man could number, shadowy outlines just visible in a cold grey light. Here and there a famous person shone with a lustre all his own, a familiar name sounded above the rest, yet, less favoured than were Dante and Virgil on their descent to Limbo, the watcher was not allowed to hold converse, nor to approach nearer to the shades of the great Dead. The men of the sword, the men of the sea were there, Wolfe and Nelson stood conspicuously in front of their less known though not less heroic companions; bards and men of letters were visible on every side in Poets' Corner—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Dryden, Milton, these were easily distinguishable above their contemporaries. From the darkness of the

nave a group of more modern poets and writers was emerging, while nearer still were two famous bards of the last generation, Tennyson and Browning; the novelists Dickens and Thackeray were there, with the historians Grote, Macaulay, and Thirlwall. Amongst the men of science were Herschel and Darwin; then came the statesmen, the churchmen, the musicians, the actors and actresses, the architects and engineers, the philanthropists and doctors, ever pressing onward, called by the invisible recorder: time and tongue would fail to tell the names of all this motley throng. A great awe and wonder came over the solitary onlooker, a vain desire to press the hands, to gaze upon the faces of some at least of these famous men, but suddenly, even as familiar names of our own generation were still sounding, the thunder of Handel's "Dead March in Saul" crashed and rolled amongst the arches, and the vision of the remembered and forgotten dead faded completely away, leaving only an undying memory, and a scroll of honourable names.

CHAPTER I

ST. EDWARD'S SHRINE

IT is not my intention to repeat again the oft-told story of the foundation of the great West Minster, of which I have treated at length in another place, nor, indeed, to recapitulate the biographies of either of our two historic founders. Yet from the Roll-Call of Westminster Abbey it is impossible to omit the name of the first King ever buried in this church, and of that other monarch, Henry III., the founder of the present Abbey. "Sainted," not saintly, was the expression used in the last chapter with reference to Edward the Confessor, yet in spite of all which militates against the possibility of reverencing the Confessor as a saint, the lovers of Westminster Abbey must feel that he was deservedly canonised, since to him we owe this beautiful church, where our sovereigns are hallowed to the service of God and of their people, and where many of them have found sepulture. For it was the tomb of the revered Confessor which attracted the later Kings to this monastic foundation, as well as the convenience of having a private chapel so near the palace, where subservient monks were ever ready to grant absolution for their offences, and where they could turn from the pleasures of the chase, the cares of state, or the turmoil of war, as into a haven of peace. Part of Edward's youth had been spent as an exile in Normandy, while the Danes ruled over his kingdom; it was there, indeed, that he vowed the vow to which we are indebted for the building of this church and monastery, the sacred promise to go on a pilgrimage to Rome were he ever to become King of England. From this he was afterwards absolved by the Pope on condition that he restored some

existing monastic foundation, or founded a new one in honour of St. Peter. On Thorneye, close to the palace which the King used as his principal residence, was a little community of Benedictine monks, a remnant of an older foundation, huddled together round their small church, which stood partly on the site of the present nave, living always in terror of the Danes, who had overrun the settlement once already and destroyed their huts. These poverty-stricken brethren found favour with the King, partly, no doubt, from their convenient proximity to his palace, partly because of the tradition, which attributed the actual consecration of their church to St. Peter himself; but hosts of later picturesque legends grew up to account for his choice of this special place, then an island overgrown with thickets and surrounded with swamps and streams. Here he decided to erect a new and much larger monastery, a purpose to which he dedicated from the first a tenth of his possessions, and while the monastic buildings went on slowly, the monks living in their old log huts for a long time, the church was pushed on more quickly, and became the King's peculiar care, destined from the first as his own place of burial. Thus out of this comparatively insignificant beginning, for the Saxon Kings were by no means mighty sovereigns, grew slowly stone by stone a vast and renowned monastery, ruled over, as time went on, by mitred Abbots, who were subject after the Pope to no man save the King himself, even as the Deans are independent of all authority save that of the Sovereign. From this purely ecclesiastical foundation another destiny, quite different to the original plan, has gradually been evolved, for the monastic church is now a national sanctuary in the very centre of a great Empire, where not only persons of royal and noble blood rest from their labours, but also those whose fame has gone forth into the civilised world, the architects of their own and of their country's fortunes. Little did Edward himself, little did Henry and the many royal benefactors to the monastery dream of such a future for their favoured foundation, and possibly it is as well that the gift of prophecy, so freely attributed to the Confessor in after days, was not his in reality, for bitter

and desecrating to his pious soul would be these chapels and aisles, so destitute of altars and attendant priests, so crowded with monuments, so antagonistic to the monastic spirit of his age. Edward was undoubtedly the first English sovereign interred on this site, although an ancient tomb just within the south ambulatory still bears the name of a much earlier Saxon monarch, Sebert, King of the East Saxons, whom a later monastic tradition credited with the original foundation of the monastery. But there is no authentic record of any Prince's burial upon Thorneye before the Confessor's time save that of Cnut's son, Harold, whose body was ignominiously disinterred by Hardecanute. The stone coffin, called that of Sebert the King, was possibly brought originally from the old Saxon church, and was certainly in the Norman one; the monks removed it to its present position in their new choir early in the fourteenth century, when it was opened, and found to contain fragments of rich robes and a fine ancient thumb ring, quite enough evidence in those days of easy credulity to consolidate the Sebert tradition. The arch above belongs to this period (about 1308) while the back of the recess must have been decorated much later, as the rose *en soleil* of Edward IV. can still be deciphered upon it. The Sebert story took little real hold in those early days, and was made use of later only when the monks wished to prove the extreme antiquity of their foundation, but the fame of the authentic first founder, the Saxon Edward, gradually eclipsed all others, even that of St. Peter himself, and to the veneration for his memory, which grew up in royal palace and humble cottage alike, may be attributed not only the wealth of the West Minster in after days, but the actual existence of the present beautiful church. For as time passed on, and the harsh rule of their Norman conquerors pressed hardly on the Saxon people, before the two races were blended into one nation, the Confessor's frailty as a man and his weakness as a ruler were forgotten, and only his virtues—his love of peace, his munificence to the church, his kindness and charity to the poor—were remembered. Some of the stories which

illustrate these good points may be seen on the stone screen, which was put up near his shrine four centuries after his death by a royal admirer, Henry VI. There, for instance, we see the King starting back in terror at the sight of the devil (the demon's figure has disappeared) dancing on the casks which, according to the usual version of the story, contained the Dane-geld, a tax originally extorted from the people in order to bribe the Danes, and remitted in Edward's peaceful reign. The chronicler Hovenden says that the tax referred to here was the here-geld, the proceeds from which went to the maintenance of the fleet and the payment of the seamen, and that the King showed his want of wisdom, although he won much popularity, by remitting it. His kindness again is shown by another scene which also illustrates the childishness of some of his acts, the robbery of his treasure, where the stone picture shows Edward watching the thief, who proved to be one of his own kitchen scullions, and warning him to make haste lest the chamberlain should catch him. His strange visions of the shipwreck of the King of Denmark, and the seven sleepers turning on their left sides, a sign of coming troubles, are portrayed upon the screen, as are his charity to the poor, where we see him washing the feet of beggars, the legend of St. John and the ring, and the consecration of the Abbey. Edward was credited with the power of healing certain diseases, especially ulcers, by his touch, and this gift, which he exercised himself before he became King, was long supposed to be the prerogative of our English sovereigns. Queen Anne is the last of our sovereigns who made a practice of touching for the King's evil, and Dr. Johnson when a child, was "touched" for scrofula by her royal hand. After Edward's death miraculous cures were said to be worked by mere contact with the coffin, later on with the shrine itself, and sick people were allowed to crouch all night within the niches round it, praying to be healed from their maladies. When at last Pope Alexander III. granted the petition of Abbot Laurence, who was supported by the influence of Henry II. and a large sum of money as a bribe to the Holy See (a request

made in vain by previous Abbots), and the name of Edward the Confessor was added to the calendar of saints, ever-increasing troops of devout worshippers flocked to lay their offerings before the shrine, and to address prayers to the saint. The West Minster gradually became the name of the whole of Thorneye, and in time, round the monastery and the royal palace, where once only the few travellers who used the ferry had passed on the high road through the swamps and thickets, a flourishing suburb grew up. This suburb was removed by two miles of gardens and orchards from London proper, and became a city in itself, where the woolstaple and the monastic fairs drew the merchants, and the Parliament House and Law Courts brought the politicians and lawyers to its centre. But it was not till the time of Henry VIII., in the declining days of the great monastery, when the Abbots no longer ruled as Princes in and around their monastery, that Westminster was actually granted the rights and liberties of a city.

Many centuries passed while these changes took place, and it must never be forgotten that for the first five hundred years of its existence the Abbey church was only a part of the monastery, a place exclusively for worship and not intended for memorials of the dead, and where only royal and ecclesiastical persons connected with the church were buried, the few others were grudgingly admitted by royal command, and by the Abbot's favour. During these years the Shrine of St. Edward remained the holiest portion of the Abbey, and it was not till the Reformation, when it was stripped of its treasures and its guardians the monks were dispersed, that it lost its peculiar sanctity, and the sovereigns chose their burial places—for want of room in the first instance perhaps—in the new Lady Chapel built by Henry VII. at the east end, or at their private hunting seat of Windsor. In the last few years, however, the ancient reverence for the Confessor has been revived in the Church of Rome, and once again pilgrims may be seen kneeling round his tomb on St. Edward's Day, the 13th of October; while still more recently a service and sermon in honour rather of

Edward as the founder of the Abbey than as the saint has been instituted by the Dean. Yet when we commemorate that feast and look upon the battered remnants of that once resplendent shrine, we must remember that we are not keeping the actual day of Edward's death, nor gazing at the tomb in which he was originally buried. For the King's death took place not in mellow autumn weather, but in the depth of winter when the snow was falling and the river frozen hard beneath his open palace windows, open perforce since there was no glass in those early days.

Let us linger for a few moments in that royal death-chamber, later on called by Edward's name, and, after it had been adorned with paintings by order of Henry III., known as the Painted Chamber, and picture to ourselves the scene within, while recalling some few memories of the dying man himself. Just a week before this day of the Epiphany, on December 28, 1065, the Feast of the Holy Innocents, the splendid ceremonial had taken place which marked the consecration of the new Abbey church. Edward, feeling his end approaching, desired that such part of the building which had reached completion, *i.e.* the choir and transepts, should be consecrated to the service of God, and had therefore caused the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Abbot of Westminster to perform the ceremony, while his own place was taken by Queen Editha. Editha, so long neglected by her husband, was now taken into favour, and the one human touch in the ascetic King's married life, is at the last hour, when we see her bending over his couch warming his icy feet in her warm bosom. As he thus lay a-dying Edward uttered strange words of prophecy, of wars and rumours of wars, and evil times coming for his beloved country; he hinted, finally, of hope for the future, and spoke of the branch engrafted in the green tree, which was afterwards supposed to portend the union of the Norman Henry and the Saxon Maud. All the bystanders, including his brother-in-law, Harold, to whom, instead of the more loved but unstable Tostig, the King confided the care of Editha, were much impressed by his words with the exception of Archbishop Stigand, who regarded them merely as

the delirium of a dying man. The next day the Confessor's body was carried with much pomp and mourning to his new church, and laid in a plain tomb before the altar, which was afterwards covered with a rich pall by his friend and kinsman, William the Conqueror, who is said to have made a new and more splendid tomb for his predecessor's remains. It was at the old tomb that the great miracle of Wulstan's staff took place, the first of a long series of legends which grew up around the resting-place of the holy founder. The Saxon Bishop of Worcester, threatened with the loss of his see, which the Norman King and his Primate Anselm desired to bestow upon a Norman prelate, appealed for justice to his dead master to whom alone he declared he would yield the pastoral staff; suiting the action to the words he laid his staff upon the stone and there it remained firmly rooted, resisting all efforts to remove it, till by the royal command Wulstan was allowed to take it back himself and retain it with his Bishopric. Ten years after Edward's death his Queen, Editha, was buried within or somewhere near his tomb; her coffin was afterwards placed on the north side of his shrine in Henry III.'s Church, while Edward's great niece, Matilda or Maud,[1] now lies on the south.

Editha's widowhood was much happier than her married life, for Edward looked on her father, Earl Godwin, as his secret enemy, and suspected, and at times even disliked her; he treated her at the best as a daughter rather than a wife. Although some chroniclers much extol Editha for her piety and virtues, she seems to have had a fair share of her father's pride and even greed, taking bribes when asked to use what little influence she had with the King, and, while sitting in a meek and lowly posture at his feet, could be both mean and disagreeable to others. Edward did his best to humble her pride, and on one occasion, when she and her relatives had annoyed him past bearing, he outlawed Godwin and his sons and placed Editha in a nunnery for a time. But, considering the state of morality at this period, there is little doubt that Editha's virtues must have more

[1] First buried in the old Chapter House.

than covered her faults, for Edward himself behaved kindly to her at the last, and allowed her to be anointed as his Queen. On the stone screen, referred to before, where the events and legends of the Confessor's life are depicted, Editha sits by her husband's side at a state banquet, while her brothers, Harold and Tostig, dispute in the foreground, and Edward is supposed to have prophesied their future struggles for the crown. Editha's favourite brother was killed by Harold, and she therefore rejoiced when Harold likewise met his death, and welcomed the Norman William, who behaved in a friendly manner to her, raised her revenue and allowed her to spend the rest of her life in some state at Winchester. While this Saxon Queen was renowned for her piety and learning, the same may be said of her relative and namesake Editha, who changed her Saxon name for the Norman one of Matilda or Maud on her marriage with Henry I.—a union which united the Saxon and Norman royal families and fulfilled the Confessor's dying prophecy. Maud's reputation was deservedly high, for she was learned beyond the wont of most women of her day in England, having devoted herself to studies from her youth up and during her convent life. Her piety is attested by the fact that she used to walk every day in Lent from her palace to the Abbey "barefoot and bare-legged, and wearing a garment of hair," lying often for days and nights in prayer and penance before her great uncle's shrine; like him she would wash the feet of beggars and never refused alms. Her marriage was a romance, an unusual thing in those days when women were rarely consulted as to their inclinations, for though she was forced to wear the black veil by her aunt Christina, who was a nun at Romsey Abbey, she declared that she had taken religious vows under compulsion and successfully appealed to Archbishop Anselm to release her from them. Her influence with her royal husband exceeded that of any other Queen of England before her, and he constantly asked her advice. "The goodness that she did here to England cannot all be here written, nor by any man understood," says the chronicler, Robert of Gloucester, of "Mold the

good Queen," and she is in a special sense connected with the Abbey since her marriage, coronation, and burial all took place here, and she spent the greater part of her life as Queen at the palace close by.

As was the case later on when Henry III. built a new church, Edward's foundation was not nearly finished on his death, and for years the old Saxon chapel, now the nave, was connected by a vestibule with the Norman choir, till in time the last remnants of Saxon work gave way to the Norman. Meanwhile the fame of the Confessor grew in magnitude, and long before the actual canonisation took place Edward's sainthood was a foregone conclusion at Westminster, it was delayed at Rome until Henry the Second's reign, merely because sufficient money and influence were not forthcoming. Before this, however, in order to prove the incorruptibility of the precious corpse, the coffin was opened in the presence of Henry I. and presumably of Queen Maud, about two years after their marriage, when the body was seen lying as if asleep, the joints supple, the flesh firm and white, the face, framed in its white hair and long beard, rosy and fresh as in life. Maud's friend, Bishop Gundulf of Rochester, the same who had vainly essayed to pull Wulstan's staff away from Edward's tomb at his sovereign's command, now tried also without success to draw a hair from the holy beard, and when Abbot Gilbert naturally rebuked him for his temerity, he alleged as an excuse that excess of love prompted his forward action. Sixty-one years later, on October 13, 1163, an anniversary afterwards kept as the feast of the Confessor's translation, the recently created saint's coffin was removed to a splendid new shrine prepared for it by order of Henry II., and once again the incorruptible body was seen by King and churchmen. The famous Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket, who had already begun his fatal quarrels with his royal friend, presided at the ceremony. This time the abbot (Laurence) not only removed the beautiful burial robes and caused three copes to be made of them, but also took St. John's ring from the King's finger and deposited it amongst the relics, of which there were alreadya goodly

number. Three of the stone pictures on the screen give the well-known legend of the ring. First we see King Edward drawing it from his finger, and presenting it for lack of other alms to a beggar, the disguised saint, at his palace gate; the next shows the venerable figure of St. John confiding the ring to two English pilgrims (from Ludlow) in the Holy Land, who in the third scene restore it to the royal owner, with a message from the saint to the effect that in six months the King will join him in Paradise.

The sacred ring of St. Edward has vanished like all the other monastic treasures, but the historic ornament is still commemorated by the wedding ring of England which is placed by the Archbishop, who previously blesses it, on the marriage finger of the sovereign after he has been anointed. It is uncertain when this custom was first originated; a ring and sword are mentioned in the earliest coronation recension of which we have any record, that of the ninth century, called Ethelred's. But it is not till the compilation of the *Liber Regalis* (fourteenth century) that the ring became an essential part of the ceremony. The customary first oblation, an ingot of gold, offered by Edward II. at his coronation (1308), was shaped like a man, presumably a King, holding out his finger for a ring, and Richard II. bequeathed a ruby ring for his successors' use, but this ornament, like the rest of the regalia, is no longer ancient, and a new one is made for each sovereign. The ring is a plain gold circlet; the stone was formerly a plain table ruby, afterwards a cross of St. George in sapphires or diamonds was engraved upon it, but since 1831 a sapphire with a ruby cross has been substituted. An anecdote told of Queen Victoria illustrates the ancient tradition that the closer this ring fits the more dearly will the sovereign be beloved and the longer the reign, for in her case the ring was too small, but the Archbishop, mindful of the legend, forced it on her third finger, thus causing the young Queen some pain at the time, but the incident was afterwards recalled as an omen of her long and happy reign. From the time of Richard I. when they were carried on "a very large board" in the procession, the vestments of St. Edward were a feature of the coronation,

they were probably the precious robes embroidered for the Confessor by Editha and her ladies; at and after the coronation of Richard II. (till all trace of them is lost) they were no longer taken from the Abbey with the Regalia to Westminster Hall, but left on the high altar before and during the ceremony.

In shape the first shrine much resembled the second, though it was on a smaller scale and far less elaborate; in each a kind of casket containing the holy man's coffin was raised upon arches, beneath which crouched the diseased people who came to be healed, and at the west end was a small altar flanked on either side by a short pillar with a gold and ivory statuette upon it, the one of St. Edward, the other of St. John the Evangelist. But this costly and elaborate shrine was considered antiquated and old-fashioned in the course of the next century, and as the fame of the new saint increased with the circling years, the space round it, before the high altar, became much too limited for the vast number of pilgrims who flocked to worship there. This must have been especially noticeable when Abbot Humez, early in the thirteenth century, proclaimed an indulgence for all who offered money or jewels towards the building of a Lady Chapel, and more worshippers than ever came to see the beautiful Gothic chapel which he caused to be added to the east end of the old Norman church. Henry III. himself, at his second coronation, which took place at the Abbey in 1220—the first was at Gloucester—when he was a boy of thirteen, offered the great golden spurs, which are still one of the ornaments of the Regalia, upon the altar of this new and only half-built chapel, and from this time we may date his reverence for the Confessor, which was destined to bear such splendid fruit, and grow stronger as he passed from youth to middle age. Twenty-five years of wars and tumults, within and without his kingdom, passed before the King was able to show a more practical proof of his desire to honour the Confessor than an occasional present of vestments to the Abbot, or of jewels to be offered at the old shrine; one of his gifts was a golden statuette of the Virgin on the

celebration in the Abbey of his marriage with Eleanor of Provence, and three years later (1239) he christened his first-born son Edward after the saint.

At last, however, the King was able to start the vast scheme by which he desired to commemorate his favourite saint. The memorial, which involved the destruction of the ancient Norman building, took the form of a new church, in the pointed style, and much loftier and lighter than the old, with its arches soaring up towards heaven. A new and more splendid shrine was placed within a chapel behind the high altar, raised on a mound of sacred earth which was brought for the purpose from Palestine, thus lifting the saint's body "high as on a candlestick to enlighten the world." But there were many difficulties in the way before the completion of the whole scheme, the pulling down and building up all took time, and, as in the Confessor's days, the old church could only be gradually destroyed. In 1245 a beginning was made at the east end, and the monks held their services in the nave, where they moved the high altar, during the rebuilding of the choir. Sir Gilbert Scott quotes in his "Gleanings" an order for removing the old shrine to a chapel to be specially prepared for it in the "new part of the workshop of the shrine of St. Edward," which was probably inside the palace. The order is dated 1252, but the directions for the wainscotting and painting of the chapel sound most elaborate, and the workmen, who had been ever since 1241 preparing the actual "feretory," might well have dallied equally long over this. We know that the sacred coffin was ultimately removed to Westminster Palace, but it probably remained in the Abbey till about 1055, when M. Paris notes Henry's presence at the feast of the Translation, for the last time on record before the opening of the new part of the church. Up till then we read constantly in the chronicles of Henry's presence on the anniversaries of St. Edward's death and of his Translation. When unable to be present in person he would command his young son, the Confessor's namesake, to take his place, and would omit none of the usual costly offerings of gold and jewels, or the feasts to the poor, by which

he loved to commemorate the royal saint. Two years after the destruction of "the old walls with the Tower on the eastern side," preliminary to "the new and handsome ones," which were erected "by clever architects," had commenced, Henry showed his attachment to the monastery by presenting a crystal phial containing a few drops of the Saviour's blood, a gift to himself from the Knights Templars. This treasure was to be placed amongst the relics, the stock of which, first started by the Confessor's own present of the Virgin's Girdle, was continually increased by successive royal and other donors, until it was robbed and rifled for the sake of the jewelled setting of the precious objects at the Dissolution. Henry's religious ardour must have been severely tested by this presentation ceremony, for he walked on foot all the way from Paul to Peter carrying the holy flask above his head, sometimes using one, sometimes both hands, his arms supported by two ecclesiastics, which was no mean feat even for a man of his fine physique and muscular strength. His piety can only be compared with that of the Confessor, whom he took as his model; he usually attended mass three times a day, and would even kiss the hand of the celebrating priest, while the fact that he refrained from audible conversation during service is noted as a great and unusual royal virtue. On one occasion, however, just ten years after the work on the Abbey had started, Henry raised his voice in the church, when present in state as was his wont on the day of St. Edward's Translation (October 13, 1255), to beg, or rather command, contributions of money towards the great expenses of the rebuilding from the assembled nobles, a mandate probably promptly responded to for fear of the royal displeasure. About this time Prince Edward's bride, the Spanish Eleanor, landed in England for the first time since her marriage, and was received, on October 17, in London with much ringing of bells and a procession of citizens in gala dresses, mounted on gaily caparisoned horses, while the apartments prepared in Westminster Palace for her reception were hung with palls of silk and tapestry like a temple, and even the floor was covered with arras. "This was done by the Spaniards . . . but

their excessive pride excited the laughter and derision of the people." During the whole of the latter part of his reign, the King was doomed to be made unpopular by his attachment to foreigners, including his own and his French wife's relations. He lavished favours in particular upon his kinsmen, the sons of his mother, Isabella, by her second marriage with the Count of La Marche, called De Valence from their birthplace, of whom we shall hear again in the next chapter.

Henry not only gave the De Valence brothers large sums of money, including in one case funds collected towards the expenses of a crusading expedition, but knighted William, the youngest, in the Abbey on the solemn day of the presentation of the Holy Blood. In the chapel of the Confessor are the remains of a Purbeck gravestone, now hidden under a step, which was once decorated with glass mosaic, and a brass cross; of the brass letters only a few are left, four of which—L A M E—prove Sir G. Scott's assertion that the infant son "William," and probably the infant daughter of De Valence (1276–1277), were buried in this sacred place. Their demands upon his private purse, his own lavish extravagance, and his constant wars, all emptied the King's treasury, and obliged him not only to resort to heavy taxes and mean ways of extorting money from the persecuted Jews, but even to pawn the crown jewels at times, and to pledge or sell the precious stones and gold he was accumulating for the decoration of the shrine. For, during the whole of the twenty-four years in the course of which the beautiful new choir and transepts, the chapter house, dorter, and other monastic buildings were rising like a phœnix on the ruins of the old, Henry was continually hard put to it for funds to go on with the work, and had it not been for the efforts of successive Abbots, who had various modes of begging money from the devout, the enterprise must have been abandoned. Towards the end of the time, about 1267, Abbot Ware brought back from Rome Italian workmen, and all kinds of valuable materials, such as glass mosaic, and a whole mosaic pavement, which the modern antiquaries think may have come from some

Roman villa ; this was laid by Odericus, an Italian workman, before the high altar, where it still remains, protected by an Eastern carpet. But while Peter, the Roman citizen, and his fellow-workers were busy over the mosaic basement of the golden shrine, which had now been over twenty years in the hands of the British workmen, and must long have been ready, Henry himself was passing through a troublous time. He was practically a prisoner in the hands of his brother-in-law, the great De Montfort, Earl of Leicester, from which perilous position he was at length released by his son Edward, who crushed the De Montforts, and by the mediation of his brother Richard, King of the Romans, who intervened between himself and his justly irritated subjects. At length, however, the choir and transepts of the new Abbey Church were ready for service, and the splendid shrine in all its pristine glory was prepared to receive the coffin of the venerated Confessor.

On St. Edward's Day, October 13, 1269, Henry himself, assisted by his brother and his two sons, and accompanied by a brilliant company of church dignitaries and nobility, amongst whom his unpopular French relatives were conspicuous, bore the saint's coffin on their shoulders from the Palace to the Abbey, where it was reverently laid with much ceremony in its new and more abiding resting-place. The King wished to wear his crown on this auspicious day as had ever been his custom at this great festival in former years, but, owing to a dispute about precedence between his cup-bearers, to whom the right of bearing the cushion with the crown upon it belonged, he had to relinquish the idea. Yet the want of the plain golden circlet upon the royal brow must have been atoned for by Abbot Ware's splendid jewelled mitre, while we may well believe that the Abbot and Prior wore the precious embroidered copes made a hundred years before from the saint's own robes. The dazzling appearance of the shrine and its surroundings in these early days must have been a sight worth many toilsome pilgrimages. Above was a top, apparently of solid gold, in reality a wooden casing covered with plates of gold and set with many jewels, and round it, in small divi-

sions, the valuable jewelled statuettes of Kings and Angels, which Henry had been obliged to pawn two years earlier; some niches were left vacant awaiting future offerings. Below was the Italian mosaic basement referred to before with its twisted pillars which resemble those in the cloisters of St. John Lateran at Rome, the whole standing upon a beautiful mosaic pavement. The altar at the west end was flanked, like the old shrine, with the statues of St. Edward and St. John, standing upon pillars; these were afterwards replaced by two new golden ones given by Edward II., his only recorded benefaction to the Abbey. Henry's Queen had already presented a silver group of the Virgin and Child, which was set with rubies, emeralds, and garnets; while a "Majesty" with an emerald, and a figure of St. Peter, trampling on Nero and holding the keys, are also mentioned, which were no doubt amongst the other little statues round the upper part. On ordinary days this valuable top was concealed by a wooden cover, only lifted up—by pulleys hanging on chains from the roof above—on high days and holy days, when the common people in the nave might see the glitter of the gold beyond the Rood and over the Jesus altars. There was a stone screen in those days between the choir and nave, much lower than the present organ-loft, which is still intact beneath the modern wooden casing. Later on the golden crown of the last reigning Prince of Wales was hung upon or near the shrine by Edward I., and as time went on Kings, Princes, and nobles continually added to the treasures offered to St. Edward, and to the relics. These were kept till the fifteenth century, in the niches below Henry III.'s tomb, and in a chest placed where is now the chantry chapel of Henry V. The whole of this splendid shrine was ruined at the Dissolution, the gold and jewels seized by Henry VIII., the relics destroyed and scattered, only the battered basement remains to show us what the former glories must have been. This the monks are supposed to have buried for safety's sake; in any case they successfully concealed it, as also the saint's coffin. When a brief period of prosperity dawned for the old monastery under Queen Mary Tudor, the last Abbot, John Feckenham, did his best

with an empty exchequer to restore the shrine, and to him we owe the present wooden top, the painted mosaics and the inscriptions round the verge. Since that time only once have profane hands touched the sacred body of the Confessor, when Keepe, one of the choir men, while the scaffolding erected for the coronation of James II. still remained in the Abbey, climbed up on the shrine, and diving down through a hole in the old wainscot chest, pulled out a valuable cross[1] and gold chain. These he was obliged to give up to the King, who, while retaining and probably parting with these precious relics in his necessitous days later on, enclosed the ancient and dilapidated coffin in a strong case, which may be seen from the chantry above. It is interesting to note that long after the Dissolution the altar called St. Edward's table, at the west end of the shrine, was carefully preserved and used at coronations. It has long since disappeared, but a new altar called by the same honoured name always takes its place in the royal chapel on that historic occasion.

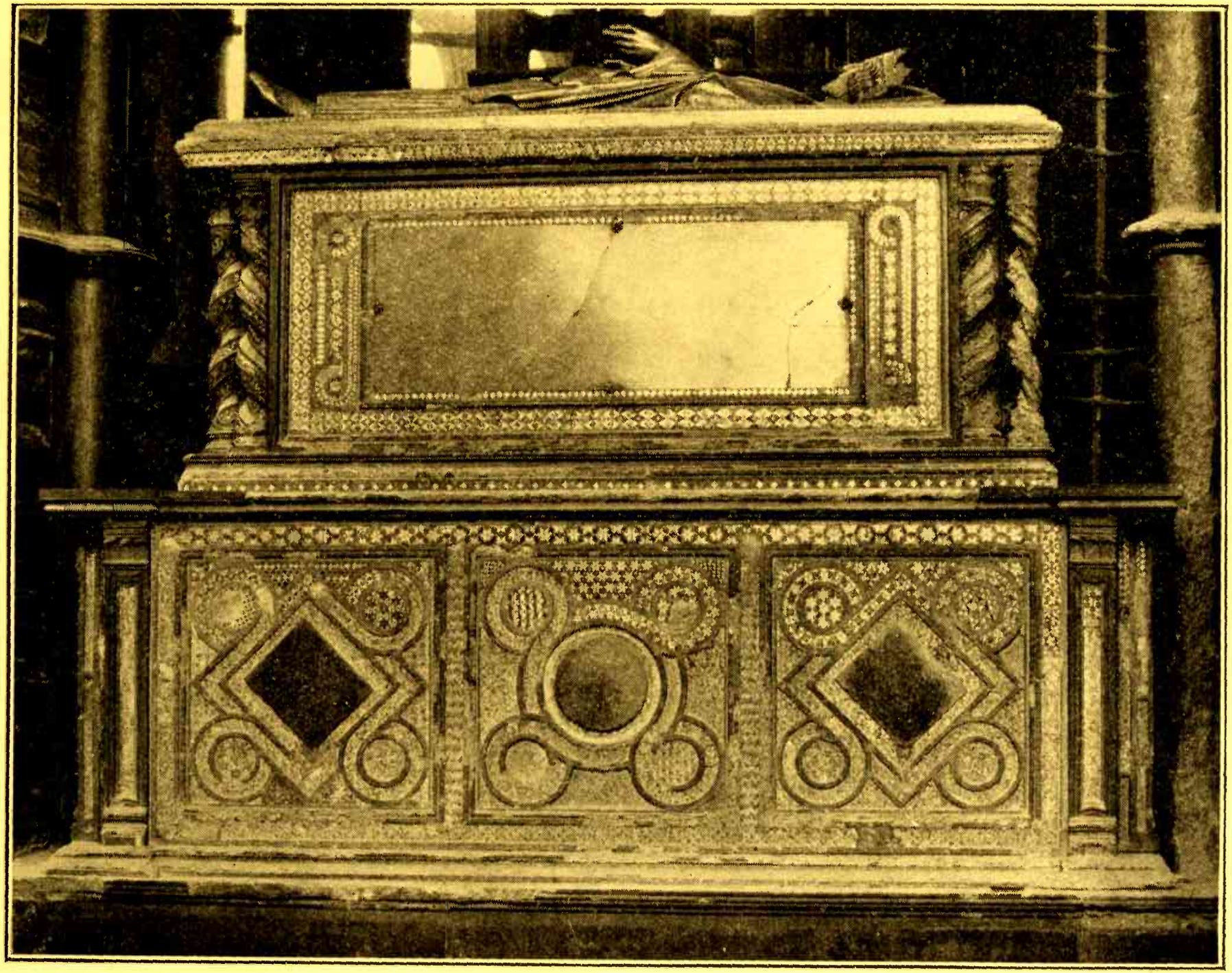
[1] Mr. Burges points out that this crucifix may have been the one mentioned as a gift from Queen Mary.

CHAPTER II

THE FAMILY OF HENRY III

BARELY three years after the solemn translation of the Confessor's body to the new shrine Henry was himself laid to rest within the beautiful church which we owe to his piety, and to his love of art. Some chroniclers say that he was buried actually in the saint's old tomb before the high altar, others that his body was placed there in Edward's original *coffin*; and as the first shrine furnished some of the costly materials used for the second, and there is no record of the existence of the early tomb, the probability is that the coffin only is referred to. In the absence of the heir to the throne and his brother, the Knights Templars took charge of the funeral, which seems to have been magnificently done. The corpse of the dead monarch, clad in the royal robes, with a crown upon its head, was carried in state to the Abbey, where the principal nobles swore fealty to the new King, Edward I., who did not return from Palestine for another year. In his last will and testament, dated over twenty years earlier, Henry had ordered his interment in "the church of the blessed Edward at Westminster," and bequeathed, besides money to the building fund, a cross which the Countess of Kent gave him, to "the small altar" (*i.e.* St. Edward's table).

One of his last gifts to the Abbey had been a golden vase, in commemoration of an act of sacrilege which had stirred the soul of every devout Catholic. The vase, which was placed on a short column close to the shrine, contained the heart of Henry d'Almayne, son of the King's brother Richard, a young man of most attractive character, much beloved by his royal relatives. This Prince was murdered



THE TOMB OF HENRY III

during high mass, and at the moment of the elevation of the Host, in Viterbo Cathedral, by his cousins, the sons of Simon de Montfort, who pretended that the innocent youth had taken part in the assassination of their father. Henry clung to the altar, crying vainly for mercy, till his right hand was severed, and he was cruelly hacked to death. Then, as Guy de Montfort rushed from the Cathedral shouting, "I have had my revenge," a knight stopped him with the taunt, "How so, sir? your father's body was dragged about." Whereupon the brutal young noble returned, and, seizing the mutilated corpse by the hair, dragged it outside and round about the cathedral square. Guy atoned for this crime in life by a long imprisonment and wretched end, and vengeance pursued him after death, for Dante places him up to his neck in the river of boiling blood. The heart was long treasured by the monks as a precious relic, and was much venerated by the pilgrims, but the precise date of its disappearance—the vase was probably melted down at the Dissolution—is not recorded. The new King seems to have employed the same Italian workmen who had worked on the shrine, as well as on his little dumb sister's tomb in the ambulatory, to decorate the splendid monument which he raised in honour of his father. He tarried a while at Rome on his way home, whence he probably brought a new supply of mosaic, and the year (1281) of the actual completion of the base, returned from a journey to France, bearing precious stones of jasper, and the slabs of porphyry which still exist. Ten years more, however, were yet to pass before the fine effigy of gilt bronze, wrought by the English artificer, Torel, who had set up his furnace in St. Margaret's churchyard, was ready to be placed on the Italian altar tomb. In the meantime, English workmen had prepared a gilded and painted canopy, which was to cover the late King's figure, and a Sussex smith, one Thomas of Lewes, had forged the iron grille to protect it on the ambulatory side from sacrilegious hands. Scarcely had Torel completed this effigy (1291) than he was commissioned by the King to prepare three other statues, all representing in an idealised form his beloved

consort, Queen Eleanor, who had died in the preceding November, at Hardby in Lincolnshire. Edward raised three tombs to her memory, one in Lincoln Cathedral, one in the Church of the Friars Preachers at Blackfriars, and one here; besides these twelve crosses were erected, one at each of the places where the funeral *cortège* rested between Lincoln and Westminster. The only one of the tombs still existing is that at Westminster, which is made of grey Petworth marble, around it are the coats of arms of England, Castile, Léon, and Ponthieu, each twice repeated, and hanging from oak leaves. The decoration resembles that upon the cross at Waltham,[1] and was probably also like that at Charing Cross, since the same sculptor, a certain Richard de Crundale received £10 in 1291 for his work there and on this monument. The wooden canopy, painted by Walter of Durham, was replaced by a stone one when the chantry chapel of Henry V. encroached upon this beautiful tomb; the grille, which fortunately exists, was also the work of an Englishman, Master Thomas of Leighton-Buzzard. On the ambulatory side was originally a painting, described by Dart in the eighteenth century as still faintly visible: "There yet appears a sepulchre, at the feet of which are two monks, at the head a knight armed, and a woman with a child in her arms;" sketches of the two latter figures will be found in the Print Room at the British Museum. Edward seemed desirous to prove the sincerity of his grief by his lavish expenditure, not only on these memorials but also on the endowment of anniversaries, the monks at Westminster coming in for a large share of these funds on condition that they kept wax lights always burning on the tomb, and sang innumerable dirges and masses for the lady's soul. It may be added that the executors of Eleanor's will paid part of the expenses from the rich Spanish Princess's own money. Soon after her death the royal widower retired to the monastery of the Bons Hommes at Ashridge, now Lord Brownlow's property, near Berkhampstead, there to mourn for his wife. We are told that "the King lamented her loss as long as he lived, for she was a woman of great

[1] Only two others, at Geddington and Northampton, now remain.

piety, moderation, and tenderness, fond of the English, and as it were the pillar of the realm. In her time foreigners did not pester England," this is a reflection on the other Eleanor, her mother-in-law, whose French followers were the curse of the kingdom, "nor were the subjects opprest by the King's officers, if the least complaint came by any means to her ears. She administered comfort to the distrest everywhere as her rank enabled, and reconciled to the best of her power all who were at variance." During the whole of their married life—thirty-six years—Eleanor was rarely separated from her warlike husband; deaf to all remonstrances from her father-in-law and English relatives, she insisted on accompanying Edward to the crusade in 1270, and there, in the midst of all kinds of perils and hardships, a daughter was born to her. At Rome on their return journey, just after she had heard of the death of her elder sons John and Henry, she gave birth to a third boy, Alfonzo, destined also to die young. In Wales, after a series of fierce campaigns, when Eleanor was as usual by her husband's side, one more son, Edward, created the first English Prince of Wales, was born. Our first King Edward was of a rough and boisterous nature, given to violent fits of temper, like his descendant Richard II., yet withal he was, according to the ideas of the time, an affectionate husband, and remained a widower for nine years before he sought another bride, a French one this time, Margaret, daughter of Philippe le Bel. In the meanwhile there were other members of the royal family buried in the Abbey, and more beautiful tombs were constructed before the end of the thirteenth century. The wonderful mosaic pavement, which Abbot Ware had brought from Rome years before, and beneath which the energetic Abbot had been interred, decorated the sanctuary before the high altar, and here, in this peculiarly holy spot, three of the King's relatives were allowed to have sepulchres. On the north side were buried Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, his younger brother, and his wife, Aveline, daughter and heiress of William Fortibus, the rich Earl of Albemarle, whose coat of arms will be found amongst the shields in the wall arcading of the choir

aisles. Between them is a blood relation, Aymer de Valence, who succeeded to the Earldom of Pembroke, a title which his father had claimed but never formally received, in right of his wife, Joan de Munchensi, sole heiress of the castle and lordship of Pembroke. Aveline died childless scarcely three years after her marriage (April 1270), which was the first wedding in the newly finished choir, and had been celebrated with the usual pomp and festivities, but we have absolutely no record of her brief married life, during part of which Edmund was absent on the crusades, only of her personal beauty and of the great wealth with which she endowed her husband and through him the powerful house of Lancaster. After a decent interval the Earl married again, this time the widowed Queen of Navarre, and his descendants bore henceforth for their badge the red roses, which grew at Provins where the royal couple spent the early years of their wedded life.

Aveline's tomb is still the most perfect example of pure Early English style in the Abbey, although some of it is ruined, such as the figures of the mourners, and much is defaced by the Ligonier monument at the back, while scarcely a trace of the once elaborate painting is left on the canopy. Her effigy, admirably executed by some unknown artist, represents the dress of the young married ladies at the third Henry's court; she wears a curious head-dress called a gorget, usually made of white cambric or lawn, and shaped like a helmet with the vizor open. The other tombs are later in date, both were erected in the fourteenth century and much resemble each other; Edmund's has a triple canopy in which traces of glass mosaic were once visible, and is rather more elaborate than that of his cousin Aymer. Their general appearance is that of the hearses which used to stand in the churches for some days before and after a funeral, the coffin was placed where the recumbent effigy lies on the tomb, and had many wax candles and perhaps also torches burning round it. The little statuettes on these and other tombs of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries represent mourners, here, as in the case of Edmund's great nephew, John of Eltham, the crowned

heads to whom they were related were represented amongst them. Edmund himself had once in the days of his youth, from the age of nine to nineteen, borne the empty title of King of Sicily and Apulia; a phantom honour, which was granted by Pope Innocent IV. purely as a means of extorting money from Henry III. This object was consistently followed by two succeeding Popes, who wrung large sums of money from the pious monarch's empty treasury and groaning subjects till he was forced by the angry barons to renounce his son's claims, much, no doubt, to that young man's present and future comfort.

With Aymer's father, William de Valence, his half uncle, Edmund was closely associated both during his life and in his death, for after taking part in the same crusade, they were again together on a warlike expedition, which was undertaken in defence of King Edward's Gascon possessions and absolutely failed, the two leaders dying within a week of one another at Bayonne (June 1296) whither they had retired. Some said that the fierce old De Valence was slain by the French, others that he succumbed to illness, while his nephew died practically of a broken heart, disappointed by his failure and deserted by his soldiers, since he had no money to pay the hired foreign mercenaries who fought our battles in those days. By Edmund's own directions his body was embalmed, and not taken to England till all his debts were paid, nearly a year after his death, when he was buried near the high altar and this beautiful tomb prepared for him. As in the case of the other royal sepulchres, and indeed of all at this period, the body was placed within the tomb *above* ground, not in a vault. The peaceful effigy on both these monuments is in striking contrast to the spirited figure of the alert armed warrior riding on his charger above, with the vizor up and eyes open, not as below the soldier sleeping the sleep of death. In each case the active horseman represents the life of the dead man, for the Earl of Lancaster, and his cousin, the Earl of Pembroke, alike spent their lives in warfare. To the Earl of Lancaster his royal brother owed the final subjugation and death of

Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, whose head the victor sent to London, wearing the golden circlet which the young Alfonzo, Edward's only surviving boy, offered to the Confessor's shrine. To Aymer de Valence the second Edward had cause to be grateful for his victories over the Bruce in Scotland, including the capture and execution of Nigel Bruce, even although such successes were not final as in Wales, but merely transient episodes in the fluctuations of the Scottish campaigns.

The friendship between Edmund and his uncle William was not destined to be repeated in the case of their sons, for Aymer took a leading part in the fall and execution of Thomas, second Earl of Lancaster, a man so venerated that his enemy's sudden death was attributed by some chroniclers to the avengers of his blood, and Aymer's childless marriages —he had three wives—was supposed to be a judgment from Heaven for the Earl's untimely end. As a fact De Valence died a natural death when on an embassy to France in 1324. On a defaced[1] painting at the back of the Lancastrian tomb, which was supposed to represent ten of the knights who went with Edmund to the crusade, one figure was identified last century by the armorial bearing as that of William de Valence. It is interesting to note here that long afterwards Aymer's widow (who died in 1376, more than a century after the crusade, and fifty-two years after her husband), bequeathed a cross with a foot of gold and emeralds, which her father-in-law had brought from the Holy Land, to the Westminster Monastery. Two of these figures had crosses on their backs, and were therefore identified by some antiquarians with the Princes Edward and Edmund, and in this connection must briefly be mentioned the fact of the latter's surname of Crouchback. This is now generally considered to be merely an allusion to the cross he wore as a crusader upon his back, but there is some difficulty in believing that there was no other

[1] Gough says, writing in 1776, that the figures were visible before the last coronation (George III.) and were then ruined. "Such havoc does the public use of this venerable pile make of these monuments in modern times."

meaning in the jesting nickname, although there was no truth in the statement of his descendant, John of Gaunt, which was repeated by Henry IV. as one of his titles to the throne, to the effect that Edmund was really the elder son of Henry III., set aside in favour of Edward on account of a crooked back. In any case the name of Crouchback was first used at the time of the crusade of 1270, and remained henceforth his distinctive appellation, even as Longshanks was applied to his brother Edward without any apparent reason, since the King was a man of goodly proportions, with legs no longer than they should be. The tomb of William de Valence is not near those of his son and nephew, but will be found in the Chapel of St. Edmund; ruined as it is, some remains are still left of the beautiful Limoges enamel with which the effigy was once completely covered, the only specimen of this rare work in England, which was used here no doubt by order of Aymer, who put up the monument, because his father had resided much at different times in the town of Limoges. The monument itself is practically a mere wreck, the thirty little statues of mourners, which once decorated the stone sides, have completely disappeared, and the wooden case above in which the body lies has been stripped bare of its enamelled ornaments. That Aymer spared no expense in honouring his father's memory is shown not only by the costly monument, but also by the fact that an indulgence of 100 days was granted to those who prayed for the dead knight's soul at this tomb, a privilege for which a sum of money had to be paid to the monastery. This Chapel of St. Edmund is dedicated to that King of East Anglia who was canonised as a Christian martyr by the early Church. He was first tortured, then beheaded by the Danes, to whom he had voluntarily surrendered himself in the hopes of saving his people by the sacrifice, refusing to gain his own life by the denial of his religion. Here, therefore, as the most sacred place after St. Edward's Chapel and the Sanctuary, was brought from Scotland to be laid "*entre les roials*" the body of Edward the Second's younger son, John, called "of Eltham" from the

place of his birth, where there are still a few remains of the old palace. He was created Earl of Cornwall by his brother, Edward III., on his accession, and the new King showed his confidence in him by appointing him Regent on three occasions, when he was obliged to be in France and Scotland, before the young Prince had completed his sixteenth year. Prince John died at the early age of twenty (October 1336); his premature end seems only the natural result of his precocity. He had already commanded the first division of the English army at Halidon Hill, besides checking a border raid made by the Scots a few months later, and afterwards as Commissioner and Warden of the Marches had received their submission. He was ultimately entrusted by the King, his brother, with the sole command in Scotland during the last year of his life. The body was not brought from Perth till the January after the Prince's death, and it was then buried with much ceremony in the beautiful altar-tomb, which the King had in the meanwhile caused to be prepared for it. Artistically the tomb itself must have been a worthy companion to De Valence's, before it also was so cruelly battered and ruined, probably by the same impious hands. Fortunately the alabaster effigy, clad in the armour of the period, still remains practically unhurt, although the triple canopy, which once protected it from dust and injury, was so broken down at the funeral of the Duchess of Northumberland in 1776 that it had to be cleared away.

Amongst the little alabaster figures of mourners were no less than six Kings and four Queens, all in costumes of the period, now too much defaced to clearly distinguish them apart. In the eighteenth century they were still in fair preservation, and were identified by the antiquaries.

CHAPTER III

THE PLANTAGENETS, AND THEIR CONNECTION WITH THE ABBEY

THE first sovereigns ever crowned in the present Abbey church were Edward I. and his consort, Eleanor of Castile; the first English King to receive the regalia seated upon the ancient Stone of Scone was their unworthy son, Edward II. Since then the monarchs of our realm, Kings and Queens alike, have all, without exception, been hallowed to the service of God and of their people within these venerable walls, and once again the battered Chair, which encloses the famous Stone of Destiny, will shortly be placed before the high altar, and there the seventh King, who bears the time-honoured name of the sainted Confessor, will be formally crowned head of our great Empire.

The romantic legend which describes the wanderings of this historic stone, from the time when it was Jacob's pillow to its authentic appearance at the Abbey of Scone in Scotland, is too hackneyed by repetition, too much in people's mouths at the moment, to bear recapitulation here. There is little doubt that the Scots set great store by it, believing that their monarchy would come to an end as soon as the stone, upon which their Kings had been enthroned for at least two centuries, probably since the time of Kenneth II., 840, was carried off, a belief which proved, however, to be fallacious. After the defeat of John Baliol at Dunbar (April 1296), and the temporary subjection of Scotland which followed his victory, Edward I. took the stone and the Scotch regalia[1] from Scone, and early in the following year presented them as an offering to "the blessed St. Edward, through whose virtues he had acquired them."

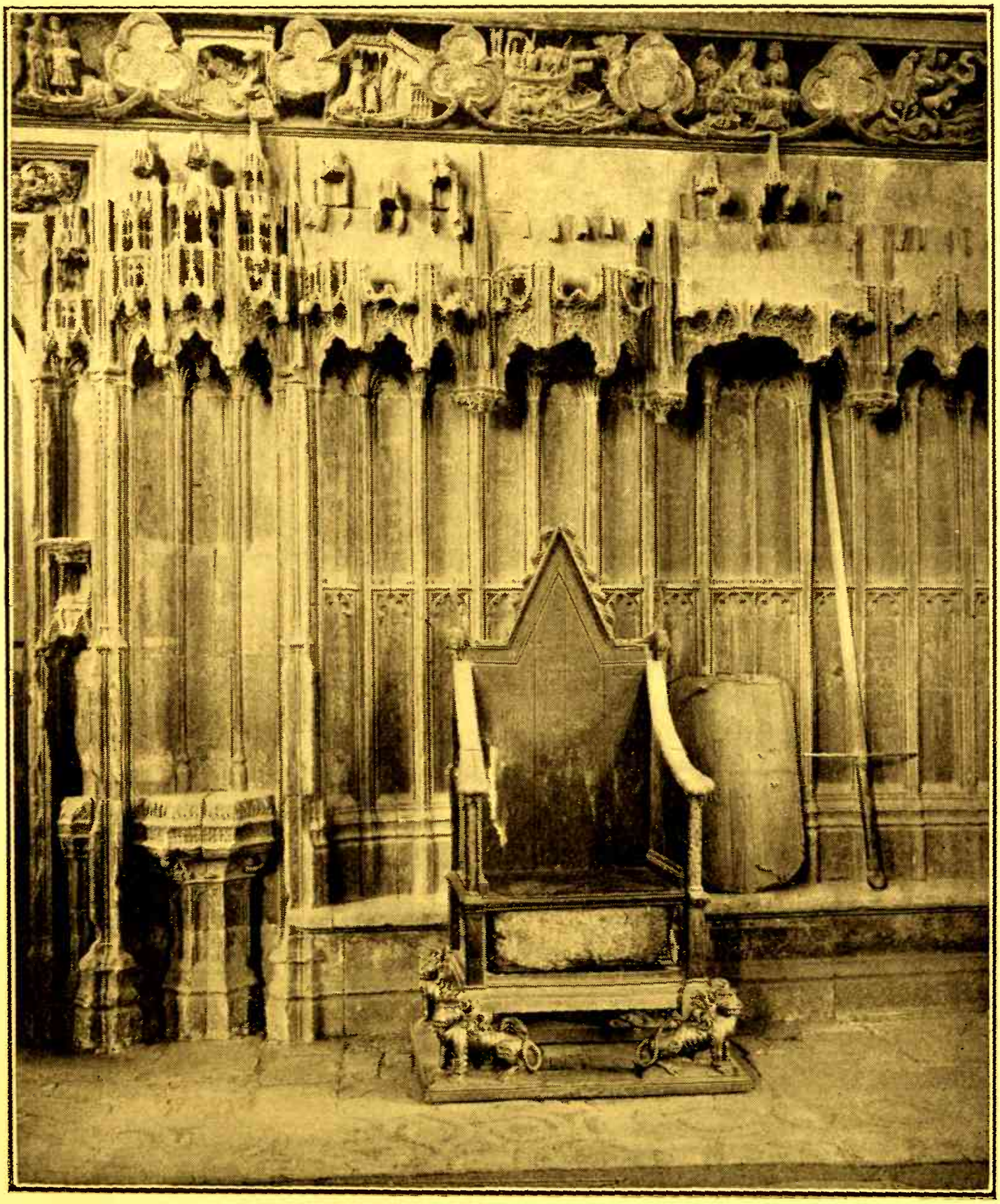
[1] There is no record of the preservation of the Scotch regalia at the Abbey. It may have been restored to the Scots, or destroyed; the existing Scotch crown dates only from 1328.

Many and vain were the efforts subsequently made by the unconquered Scots to redeem their treasured seat of Kings, twice with some fair hope of success, for on two occasions Edward III. seems to have agreed to send it back, and after the Treaty of Northampton an order signed by the royal hand and seal was sent to the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, commanding them to give it up (1328). No notice was taken of this command, which was allowed to lapse into oblivion; but again, thirty-five years later, at a conference held between Edward and David II., a proposal was made, which was never carried out, that the stone should be sent back, and the English Kings be crowned Kings also of Scotland at Scone after the Westminster coronation. Long afterwards, on the accession of James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, when the stone had become an institution at Westminster, the Scots found consolation in the fulfilment of their ancient prophecy thus Englished :—

> "If Fates go right where'er this Stone is found,
> The Scots shall monarchs of that realm be crowned."

In the meantime the stone has remained in the Chapel of the English Kings, and has only once been taken out of the Abbey since Edward I. brought it from Scotland, when it was removed to Westminster Hall, and Oliver Cromwell installed Protector of this realm, enthroned upon "the Seat of Majesty." The only time, up to the present year of our reigning King, Edward the Seventh's coronation, when, in the memory of this generation, the stone was removed from St. Edward's Chapel, was at the first jubilee (1887) of Queen Victoria, and she is the only sovereign, since the days of the Plantagenets, who has ever sat twice in the Coronation Chair.

Until Tudor times, while the culte for Edward the Confessor continued unabated, our Kings were wont to use this chair of state when they took part in the festival services which commemorated the days of the saint's death and translation, and would appear before the worshippers seated on the stone, crowned, and holding the rod with the



THE CORONATION CHAIR

See p. 37

dove, and sceptre or orb with the cross, in either hand, as in the portrait of Richard II.

The oak chair made to enclose the stone by order of Edward I. was completed about 1300, when Master Walter, the court painter, was paid for the step, after he had decorated the chair. Its ancient glories have long departed, and there is no trace now of the figure in a royal robe, and the border of oak leaves with robins and falcons which were mentioned by writers early in the eighteenth century; we know, however, that it was once resplendent with paintings on a gold-diapared ground, and decorated with glass jewels and gilded ornaments. Nothing remains now visible to the naked eye except the havoc wrought by the wanton fingers of many a tourist in past days, and the marks of the nails where the cloth of gold has been fastened on at coronations. Formerly a small leopard guarded each side of the chair, for which lions were substituted in more modern times, when a new step was added; the face of one lion was restored at the coronation of George IV., and they were entirely re-gilded for Queen Victoria's jubilee. The other chair seems to have been originally made for the coronation of William and Mary, for the use of Mary, who was Queen-regnant, not Queen-consort as were her married predecessors. The sword and shield behind the chairs date from the time of Edward III., and were carried before him in France, they were probably used on his triumphal entry into Calais after the victory of Creçy and the capture of that city.

Two only of our seven King Edwards have up to the present found sepultures in the Confessor's Chapel, and their monuments are utterly unlike, as indeed, except as regards their personal bravery and love of conquest, were their characters. The first Edward lies in a rude unpolished Purbeck marble tomb, which is marked by no wealth of ornament, no weeping figures of mourners, and is a fitting monument for the stern law-giver and mighty warrior, whose motto, *Pactum serva*: "keep troth," is typical of his upright fidelity to his plighted word and his strength of purpose. Yet the very motto seems a mockery now, when

we remember that this plain, bare monument is due to the broken faith of his son and successor, who wasted the money intended for its decoration on his favourites and riotous living, while disobeying all his father's last wishes. These included the command not to bury his body till Scotland was subdued, and to send an expedition of one hundred knights, bearing his heart with them, to Palestine, where for a year they were to fight in defence of the holy sepulchre. Whether Edward the Second's faithless conduct was due to want of courage or procrastination we cannot tell now, we only know that the body of his father was kept carefully cered in waxed cloths as long as the Plantagenet dynasty lasted, for which wax annual sums of money were paid the convent. The cover on the tomb remained loose and easy to lift up till the eighteenth century, possibly at first with some idea of opening it in order to take out the corpse or the heart, were the King's last wishes ever seriously considered by his successors. The embalmed body was actually seen by a party of curious antiquaries in the last century, after which, by order of the Dean and Chapter, pitch was poured in and the slab cemented down.

The fortunate people present on this unique occasion found the uncorrupted body of the great Plantagenet King lying in an air-tight Purbeck marble coffin, so carefully wrapped, first in an outer linen covering, then in the waxed inner cere-cloth, that they beheld the corpse exactly as it appeared to the privileged spectators at the lying-in-state,[1] and to the crowd which thronged the streets, when it was brought on an open chariot to the Abbey on the day before the funeral (October 27, 1307). The royal robes of red, the tunic of white satin had retained their original freshness, only the features were so closely covered by a crimson face-cloth that the actual countenance beneath could not be clearly seen; on the head was a gilt crown, and in each hand lay the two royal sceptres, also gilt, the one with a cross, which signifies monarchy, the other with a dove,

[1] Edward's body lay in state first near Harold's at Waltham Abbey, then at three churches in London—Holy Trinity, St. Paul's, and the Friars Minors—a night at each.

called St. Edward's rod, and symbolic of peace. But ten years before this, the last indignity which was offered to this royal tomb, the wooden canopy had been irretrievably ruined. Up till then the canopy had more or less protected the loose cover, which was, till the above official opening, always in danger of being lifted up by curious persons, but in 1764, at the funeral of the "Patriot Pulteney," a mob, presumably of patriots, broke in during the ceremony, which took place at night, and the mourners, for lack of other weapons than their swords, kept the crowd off with the wood which they broke from this ancient canopy, and thus finally destroyed it. During Edward's reign the building of the church continued apace, helped by grants from the royal treasury, till five more bays were added, one bay beyond the screen, which were marked from the later work by the bands of metal encircling the columns. Towards the latter end of his life, after he had not only confided the Coronation Chair to the custody of the Abbot, but also given a valuable relic, a piece of the true cross set in jewels, part of his Welsh booty, to the shrine, the King was justly much enraged with the Westminster monks, some of whom actually robbed the monastic treasury of the plate and money which he had left there for safety during one of his expeditions to Scotland. Edward showed unwonted lenity and pardoned all the persons implicated in this crime, probably because the embroilments of his Scotch wars absorbed his mind.

In the Abbey the last ceremony of his reign took place when the Prince of Wales was solemnly dubbed a knight with 300 of his companions, before the high altar. Standing upon this holy table above the pressure of the crowd, the young Edward solemnly girded each youth with his knightly sword, and the old King at the same time renewed his oaths of vengeance against his Scotch foes.

With Edward the Second[1] and his turbulent reign the Abbey has no concern, even the pall with which he ultimately covered the deficiencies of his father's unadorned monument has utterly vanished long ago. In St. Michael's Chapel was once, however, the tomb of Sir William, called

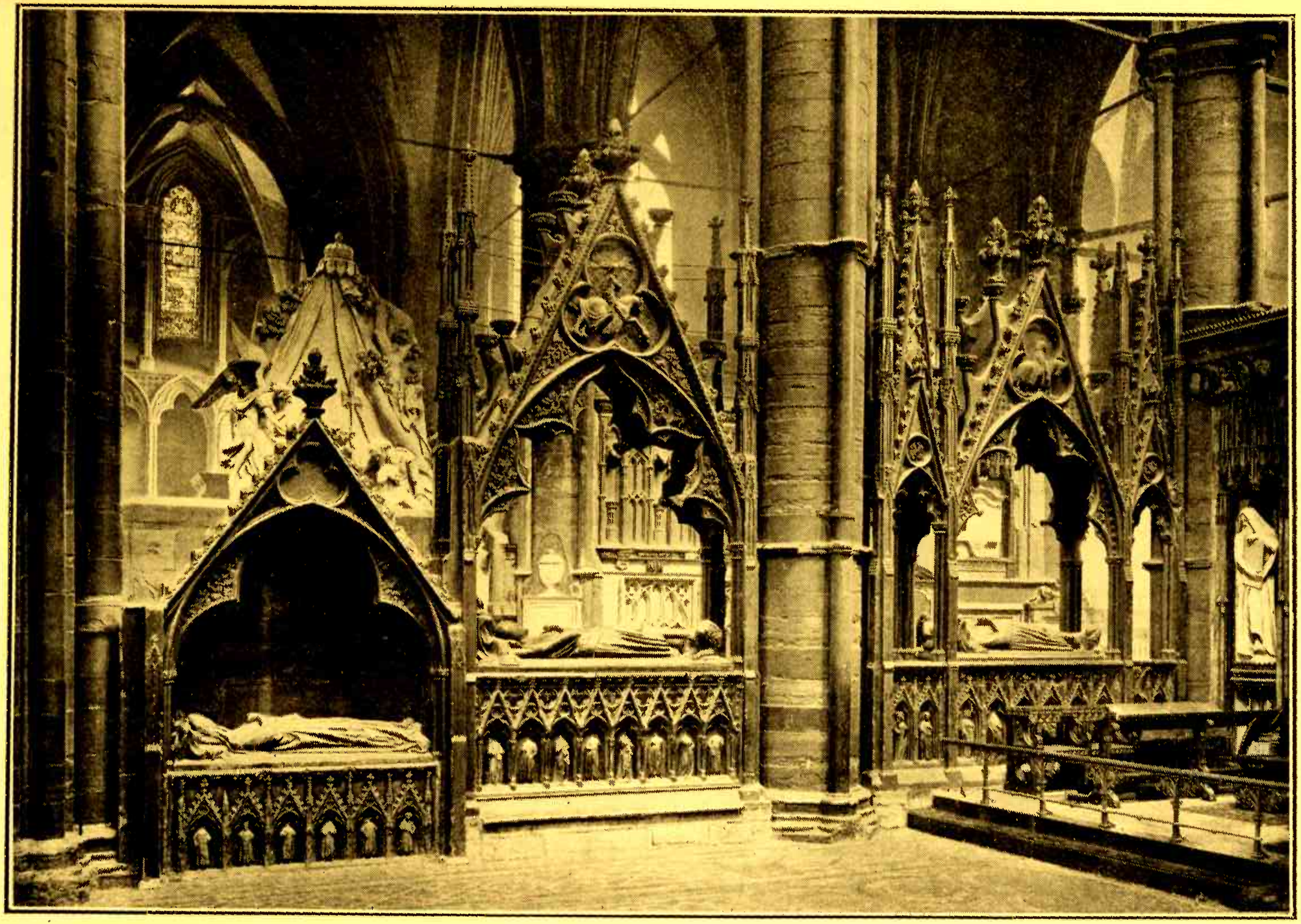
[1] Buried at Gloucester.

"Baron" Trussel, who held the office of Procurator (answering to the modern Speaker) of the House of Commons, and in the name of the whole Parliament renounced their allegiance to the deposed King at Kenilworth Castle, January 26, 1327. Trussel was already in his sovereign's bad books, for he had sided against him with the Earl of Lancaster, and after the latter's execution was forced to take refuge abroad. Upon his return to England with Queen Isabella, he took a leading part in the trial of Edward's favourites the Despensers, and condemned both to be hanged. In Edward the Third's time he was employed on several important embassies abroad, but the date of his death is uncertain. The tomb, which belonged to the same period as John of Eltham's and Archbishop Langham's, has unfortunately entirely disappeared, swept away perhaps when the early stone screen in the same chapel was destroyed to make room for the Duke of Newcastle's monument (1711), or even before that. The beautiful tomb to Simon Langham (d. 1376), which was put up by the pious care of his successor Nicholas Litlington, is in the little Chapel of St. Benedict, a chapel dedicated to the great founder of the Benedictine order, whose head, set in precious jewels, was presented to the Westminster Benedictine Monastery by Edward III., who had himself received it as a gift from the monks of Fleury. While Langham was Abbot here he was high in favour with his sovereign, Edward III., and held the offices of Lord Treasurer and Lord Chancellor in succession. He was finally raised to the See of Canterbury, the only Westminster monk who became Primate, and was consecrated in the Chapel of St. Nicholas. He afterwards, however, lost the King's good graces, and had to resign his see, and retire abroad, where he died in exile, consoled by the Pope with the distinction of a cardinal's hat. His body, first buried at Avignon, where he died, was brought over to the Abbey three years later, when this, the first tomb put up to an ecclesiastic here, was ready. Langham has often been called the second founder of Henry the Third's buildings, for while Abbot he not only gave generous gifts of money, books, and jewels to

the foundation, but supplied the funds for the new monastic buildings, which included the Abbot's house, and also the monks' dormitory and the south and west cloisters. The Jerusalem chamber, Jericho parlour, and College Hall in those days formed part of the Abbot's private house, which is now the Deanery. These were planned and started at this time under the energetic supervision of the Prior, Litlington, who was afterwards Abbot for twenty-seven years, and lived to see them all completed; the cost was defrayed by the large bequest—about £200,000 in our reckoning at the present day—which Langham left for this purpose in his will. Nicholas Litlington himself had been a monk here from his youth, and, if the report be true which is noted in Dugdale's "Monasticon," had royal blood in his veins, as the illegitimate son of Edward III., and would thus be uncle to the sovereign Richard II., at whose coronation he officiated. This Abbot's energy resembled that of his reputed father, and he certainly possessed the warlike spirit of the Plantagenets. When an old man he insisted on buckling on an ancient suit of rusty armour, and hastening, with two of the brethren, from Westminster to the sea coast in order to repel an imaginary invasion by the French. Litlington (d. 1386) lies under a plain slab in Poets' Corner, inscribed with his name by Dean Stanley's care, having, while he took no thought for his own sepulchre, lavished money and care upon Langham's. The latter tomb was at one time richly decorated with glass jewels, all save one of which have long been picked out and stolen; it had a brass inscription, and an alabaster statue of Mary Magdalene standing at the feet. The effigy, also of alabaster, lies on a slab of Purbeck, and fortunately this and the coats of arms[1] below it are in a fair state of preservation, while the canopy was utterly wrecked at the coronation of George I. The brass from the grave of another abbot, Curtlington (1333), who was one of the three insignificant men who preceded Langham, must have been purloined when his tomb was thus rifled.

[1] The royal arms and the arms of Langham's three ecclesiastical appointments—the Westminster Abbacy and the Sees of Ely and Canterbury.

While Edward III. gave nothing more substantial to the Abbey than the much reverenced head of St. Benedict, his wife, Philippa, is spoken of as a benefactress to the foundation, and showed her affection for the church by her desire to be buried here. Froissart, her friend and faithful secretary, describes the touching scene at her deathbed, when drawing her right hand out of bed she laid it in the King's right, and then made three last requests, all of which he promised to fulfil. The first two concerned her legacies to various churches, the payment of her servants and her debts; the third her burial "in the cloisters at Westminster," where she besought her husband to choose his last resting-place and to lie beside her. "The good lady made the sign of the true cross on herself, and commended the King and her youngest son, Thomas, who stood by him (the only one of her many children present), to God, and presently after she resigned her soul, which I firmly believe was received by the holy angels, and conveyed to heavenly bliss! for never in her life did she do or think anything which should endanger her salvation." Froissart's praise was well merited, for Philippa is the most admirable of all our early Queens; she was so trusted by her husband that she frequently governed the realm in his absence, and displayed both personal courage—as when she rode at the head of the troops to repel the raids of the Scots, and a sensibility rare in those rough days—as on the famous occasion when she asked and received the lives of the twelve burghers of Calais. When Edward chose her from her sisters as "the most feminine" of the family, the girl, who was only thirteen at the time, had already betrayed her love for him before her father's court by a burst of tears, when the young Prince took leave of her, without a word of the impending engagement, on his return to England the year before his accession. The story of the choice having been confided to the envoys, whom Edward sent for his bride to Hainault soon after he became King, is quite apocryphal, and also the usual version of her extreme plainness, for she seems as a young woman to have been handsome, with a fine, tall figure. The countenance on the tomb, which is undoubtedly a portrait,



THE SANCTUARY TOMBS

is that of a homely Flemish Frau rather than of an ideal Queen like Eleanor's effigy, but it must be remembered that Philippa was fifty-five at the time of her death, had borne no less than twelve children, and had lived a hard, energetic life from her youth up. Although Edward was scandalously unfaithful to his noble Queen during her life and after her death, he grudged no expense over the erection of her sepulchre, which is in the royal chapel of St. Edward. The monument is of black marble, the effigy of alabaster, as were the thirty[1] little figures of the relatives and mourners, which used to fill the carved alabaster niches round the tomb; these included her father, the Count of Hainault, her husband, and her eldest son, the Black Prince, with other near relatives, such as the Emperor, and the Kings of France and Spain. The design of the whole monument, and the principal figures were by Hawkin de Liège, a Flemish artist. There seem to have been about forty other small statues, probably "the divers images in the likeness of angels" (a gilded one was found by Scott), which were made by John Orchard, stone mason of London, who was employed to put up and repair the grille. The latter was a second-hand one bought by the King for £40 from the authorities of St. Paul's, where it had once guarded the tomb of a Bishop of London. The wooden canopy, which has lost all trace of its decorations, is still there, but it is almost impossible now to reconstruct—even in imagination—the monument in its original beauty, with the polished alabaster and marble, and the glittering gilt angels. Edward himself lies at the feet of his wife. The last eight years of his life were clouded with domestic sorrow and illness, and with the discontented murmuring of his people, who saw their once-powerful monarch sunk in sloth and self-indulgence, ruled over by his worthless mistress, Alice Perrers. Alice was formerly a lady-in-waiting to Queen Philippa, and the infatuated old King gave all his deceased wife's jewels and personal possessions to her. Before the inevitable end came, and Edward succumbed to his own

[1] Two were discovered and replaced by Sir G. Scott, but only one now remains.—See "Gleanings."

excesses, the Black Prince, the hope of the kingdom, had died, and only a boy heir, encircled by quarrelsome uncles, remained to govern England. The royal deathbed at Sheen is a tragic picture of Edward's unloved old age; when his voice failed his mistress robbed him of his rings and fled, followed by all his courtiers and servants, and had it not been for a merciful priest, who stayed by his couch till the end, and placed the cross, which the dying man had just strength to kiss, in his hands, he must have died alone and unshriven. In his youth Edward's countenance was like that "of a god," his eye sparkled with fire, his figure was a model of manly grace and beauty. The copper gilt effigy on his tomb, though spoken of even by some modern writers as a portrait, can scarcely have resembled him in his old age, when he was sixty-five and already senile, with the exception of the features, which are said, like these, to have been "somewhat long and high," but the hair and beard are treated in a purely conventional manner. No details or names remain of the designer who designed and the workmen who carried out the work on this beautiful tomb, which is richly decorated with enamel and gilding, and had at one time twelve gilt bronze statuettes of Edward's children,[1] with a coat of arms below each, round the sides; the wooden canopy was also formerly ornamented by paint and gilding. Only three of Edward's seven sons survived him—John of Gaunt, who had already ruled the kingdom during his father's decrepitude, Edmund of Langley, and Thomas of Woodstock. The two elder became the heads of the great houses of Lancaster and York, which were destined in later days to struggle for the crown; the youngest came to a tragic end, as we shall hear in the next chapter.

[1] Six only remain—Edward the Black Prince, Joan of the Tower, Lionel Duke of Clarence, Edmund of Langley, Mary of Brittany, and William of Hatfield.

College of the Pacific
Stockton, Calif.

CHAPTER IV

RICHARD II. AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY

RICHARD, called of Bordeaux, from the place of his birth, only surviving son of the Black Prince and the Fair Maid of Kent, had but recently been dubbed Prince of Wales and Knight of the Garter, and not only was he presented to the "faithful Commons" as their future sovereign, but allowed to open Parliament in royal state some months before his grandfather's death. For it suited his eldest uncle, the Duke of Lancaster, the virtual ruler of the kingdom at this time, to permit the peaceful accession of a child of ten, little dreaming that the handsome, popular boy, so amenable at this early period, would end by rebelling against his authority, and wrest the government from the hands of his three domineering uncles in turn, with most disagreeable consequences for the youngest of them, and ultimately for himself. Richard's coronation (June 16, 1377) is one peculiarly noteworthy for several reasons, not only because it was celebrated with more than the customary pomp, and that the Champion, Sir John Dymoke, appears for the first time on record, but also because the actual order of service, the famous *Liber Regalis*, still exists, and has been followed at every coronation since. The Latin text has been translated into English, and alterations have been made in certain details of arrangement, but there has been little change in the principal ceremonial. This *Liber Regalis*, the King's book, is the property of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster; it was traditionally given to the Abbot by Richard II., and was probably the "prayer-book" used by the boy-king during the ceremony. It contains four illuminations, which represent the crowning of a King and Queen, separately and together, also a dead King

lying in state. In the illuminated missal (*circ.* 1380) called by the name of Abbot Litlington, who took the customary place of his predecessor as instructor of the sovereign and as custodian of the regalia, there is a somewhat earlier[1] form of the coronation service, used probably at that of Edward II., and a beautiful illumination representing the coronation of a youthful English King, whether of that monarch or of the boy Richard cannot now be determined. We see the Abbot apparently supporting his sovereign with one hand, with the other holding his wrist, while the Archbishop places the crown upon his head. Behind them is a Bishop with St. Edward's Staff, and a layman holds "Curtana,"[2] the blunted Sword of Mercy. At Richard's coronation his uncle of Lancaster, at the Court of Claims, the first which ever sat to adjudge the rights of the various hereditary or official persons who aspired to hold office or appear at a coronation, claimed the honour of bearing this, the principal sword of state, before the sovereign. At this same court the Constableship of England was demanded in right of his wife Eleanor, one of the heiresses of Humphrey de Bohun, late Constable, by the King's youngest uncle, Thomas, then Earl of Buckingham, afterwards Duke of Gloucester. A lady, the Dowager Countess of Pembroke, claimed to perform the office of "nappery" by deputy, while her son, the present Earl, desired, as his ancestors had done, to "carry the great gilt spurs before our Lord the King"; this last request was however put aside in favour of the Earl of March, since the young Earl was a minor.

On St. Swithin's, the day before Richard's coronation, the King rode, clothed in white, and surrounded by "a huge crowd of his peers, nobles, and knights," from the Tower, "with trumpets and all other kind of music, through the public streets of London to the noble road called the

[1] In this *Liber Regalis* are notes and additions from the more ancient service written in the margin by a later hand, possibly that of Archbishop Sancroft.

[2] Three swords besides "Curtana" are still carried upright at coronations—the bare blades of spiritual and temporal Justice, and the sword of State in its scabbard. A fourth, the "royal sword, is girded on the sovereign, offered upon the altar, and redeemed by the chief peer for 100 shillings.

Cheap to Fleet Street, and so straight to the royal palace of Westminster." Here, in the great hall, he and his nobles drank wine, and after dinner, before retiring to bed, we are expressly told that he bathed himself, and that the next morning he was clothed in "most clean garments," washing his hands also before the banquet. After the coronation Richard was carried back to the palace worn out by the long ceremony and customary fasting. The banquet—here called the breakfast—took place about noon, and the youthful King, with some of "the nobles, knights, and other well-born gentlemen," presumably those of his own age, not his haughty uncles, spent the rest of the day in "dancing and leaping and solemn minstrelsy, for joy of that solemnity." No wonder that the newly anointed sovereign and his companions, "wearied with extreme toil, sought rest and sleep" as soon as dinner was over.

Little more than a year after this coronation ceremony a very different scene took place in the Abbey, when some of John of Gaunt's followers, to the number of fifty ruffians, burst into the church in the middle of high mass in pursuit of two knights who had ventured to detain a Spanish prisoner whose custody the Duke claimed. One, Shakel by name, gave himself up immediately, while his unfortunate friend, Robert Hawle, lost his head with sheer terror, and ran wildly round and round the choir till his pursuers caught him in front of the Prior's, now the Sub-Dean's, stall, and there hacked him to death with their swords and daggers, mortally wounding a monk at the same time who bravely endeavoured to defend the sanctuary. Lancaster's unpopularity, already great, was naturally much increased by this impious crime, and the Bishop of London thundered excommunications thrice a week from his pulpit at St. Paul's against the knights who led this band of murderers, the real instigator of the bloody deed he dared not actually name. Abbot Litlington closed the Abbey for four months, till by prayers and censing the sacred building was cleansed from the stain of blood; but he refused, although urged by the King himself, to re-consecrate it anew, as was the usual custom on such occasions, because,

said he, St. Peter had himself hallowed the original church, and no mortal man should follow in his wake. The Abbot purposely ignored the consecration of the Confessor's building, as the monks preferred to claim a supernatural origin for their foundation, dating from the time of Sebert. The rights of sanctuary, thus violated, were afterwards granted anew by Parliament. Hawle was first buried where he fell, but his body was removed soon after to a grave in Poets' Corner, where his friend Shakel was laid beside him eighteen years later.

When Richard grew to man's estate, he himself, while professing a veneration for St. Edward equal only to Henry the Third's, was guilty of an act of hasty temper within this church, which once again stained with blood the holy pavement, and caused ultimately the death and ruin of the man he injured, while from that time dates the ever-increasing unpopularity which led to his own deposition and murder.

It was on the 3rd of August 1394, when the mass for the soul of Richard's beloved first wife, Anne, daughter of the Emperor Charles IV., and sister of King Wenceslaus of Bohemia, had but just begun; the Abbey was lit up with the grand illumination, which Froissart describes as the greatest ever before seen, with flambeaux and torches, the wax for which had been brought with much expense from Flanders. The northern primate, Archbishop Arundel, and Abbot Colchester (who had succeeded Litlington), assisted by the principal clergy, vested in rich copes, were officiating, and the chief peers of the realm were present. The nobles had been summoned by an imperious letter from the King to attend the procession, which accompanied the Queen's body from Sheen the day before, as well as to attend the funeral ceremony. All had obeyed the royal mandate, save the turbulent Richard, Earl of Arundel, the Archbishop's brother, who had already been banished once from court this year, and recently recalled and pardoned. His absence from the lying in state at Sheen and from the procession had been a new offence, and now he pushed his way late into the church, and, bending his knee before the King, asked

permission to retire immediately on pressing private business. The young monarch, deeming this a wanton insult to the memory of his Queen, snatched a rod of ceremony from one of the mourners and struck the Earl so fiercely in his passion that he felled him to the ground, the blood which flowed from the wound polluting the holy sanctuary. The clergy, in horror at the sacrilegious act, suspended the service, and the rites of purification delayed the funeral till far into the summer night, while Richard, by this ill-considered blow, made a bitter enemy of the infuriated noble, and Arundel himself in after days expiated his foolish negligence and his future plots against his sovereign on the scaffold.

The same ungovernable temper which marred so much that was fine and lovable in Richard's character led him to pull down the Palace of Sheen, where his wife and his grandfather had died, and to curse the very ground upon which it stood. He ordered a magnificent tomb to be prepared for Anne's remains, upon which, in remembrance perhaps of his grandmother Philippa's last wishes, his effigy was placed by the side of hers, her hand clasped in his. Unfortunately this record of a royal romance—for there is no question about the devotion of the young couple—has gone, for when the Puritan soldiers stabled their horses in the Abbey, the arms were wantonly broken off, and Anne's head-dress mutilated. Otherwise the gilt brass effigies, which are portraits, are in fair preservation, and it is interesting to compare Richard's still handsome but worn face, taken after he had tasted the sorrow of bereavement, with that in the picture which hangs near the high altar. The painted likeness shows the youthful King in all the bloom of his early beauty, enthroned in the Coronation Chair, as he was wont to appear on the Confessor's feast days in the Abbey. Besides this Westminster portrait, and others less known, a very interesting painting, which once formed part of Charles the First's collection, is now in the possession of the Earl of Pembroke. The King is represented there also in his youth, aged about fourteen, with blue eyes and brown waving hair, the Abbey picture gives the colour as auburn. Behind him are his three patron saints, St. John the Baptist,

St. Edward the Confessor, who holds the famous ring, and St. Edmund; the white hart and broomscods are conspicuous on his robe, and in the background the white hart, with the gold collar and chain, is again represented, also the arms of the Confessor quartered on those of England, an innovation introduced by Richard.

The monument, which was begun in 1395 and finished about 1397, is a copy of Edward the Third's in general design. We have a record of the men who made it, the marble workers, Henry Yelverley and Stephen Lote, and the coppersmiths, Nicholas Broker and Godfrey Prest, all Londoners; also of the cost, £670, an enormous sum, equal nowadays to about £10,000, and typical of Richard's extravagance. A new feature is the badges stamped upon both effigies, amongst them the broomscods of the Plantagenets, and Richard's favourite device, the white hart, which he inherited from his mother, and caused to be painted on the walls of the Abbey in two places, the Chapel of St. Erasmus and the muniment room. In this case the canopy is in fair preservation, and the coats of arms, painted by one John Hardy, of Anne's family, the Bohemian lion and the imperial two-headed eagle, are still faintly visible upon it. With the loss of the wife whose love had so often soothed his fits of anger and won pardon for his enemies, real or imaginary, the brightness of the early years of the King's reign seemed to fade away, and clouds of misfortune and disaster began to gather. His second marriage with Isabella of France, which was purely one of policy, could not turn the tide. Three years after Anne's funeral, Richard's youngest uncle, Thomas, was ruined by the vengeful royal *coup d'état*, which struck in one blow at the lives of himself and his friends, Arundel and Warwick. At one time, before he asserted himself and threw off their yoke, the nephew had submitted to the sway of one or other of his uncles, and had granted the Dukedoms of York and Gloucester to Edmund and Thomas. But the latter presumed too much upon this apparent docility, and ventured on several occasions not only to chide the young man sharply, but even to threaten him with the fate of their common ancestor,

Edward II. Richard bided his time for retaliation, and waited till Gloucester's growing unpopularity gave him the opportunity he wanted. One summer morning he appeared suddenly at his uncle's castle of Pleshy, thirty-five miles from London, having ridden from Westminster all night accompanied by the city trained bands. The Duke came out to greet his sovereign with a procession of the ecclesiastics belonging to his newly founded college, but when he began to excuse himself, on the plea of ill-health, for his non-attendance at the royal banquet to which he had been summoned the day before, his royal nephew laid an imperious hand upon his shoulder, the same hand which had once crowned his head with the ducal coronet, and arrested him there and then. The King forced his protesting uncle into the chapel to hear mass, stilling his murmurs with the ambiguous words: "By St. John the Baptist, *bel oncle*, all this will turn out for the best for both of us." The rest is silence, for the best turned out the worst for the "good uncle," who was hurried off by boat down the river, and then shipped off to Calais, never to be seen or heard from again by his wife and children. Rumours of his sudden death from apoplexy came across the Channel early in August, but the end was not to be yet, for in September Gloucester was seen alive by a royal messenger, who received his written confession of his misdeeds. Early in October, three days before the meeting of Parliament, when the Duke was summoned to appear before the House, authentic news came of his death; he was nevertheless attainted, and his estates forfeited to the Crown. Foul play was suspected, but never proved till the reign of Henry IV., when two ruffians were executed after an account of the crime for which Richard had hired them had been extorted. According to this story the Duke was just about to sit down to dinner, and was washing his hands, when the murderers appeared, and while one guarded the door the other forced him on to his bed and smothered him with pillows. The body was not, as is usually said, first interred at Pleshy, but it was handed over to the widow, and buried in the Abbey, where it lay for a time in St. Edmund's Chapel. Henry IV., as if to atone to their uncle for his

cousin's crime, removed the coffin to a more honoured grave, close to Philippa's tomb and to the shrine. Above it the King placed a stone decorated "with fine imagery work in curiously wrought brass," and representing Gloucester's relatives with their coats of arms. The Duke himself, an aged man with hands clasped in prayer, stood in the centre, his wife and two children beneath him, while above, below his royal parents Edward and Philippa, were portrayed God the Father, the Virgin and Child, and a mitred ecclesiastic, probably the Abbot of Westminster. The grave of Thomas of Woodstock was opened in 1808, when an act of vandalism, no less than the intrusion of Addison's statue into the Chapel of the Kings, was actually contemplated. The gaping leaden coffin was seen with the bones inside it, but the broken slab above, from which the brass had already disappeared, was fortunately replaced without disturbing the remains.

The fine brass which commemorates the Duke's widow, Eleanor de Bohun (d. 1399), still exists intact over a low altar-tomb; she survived him only two years, which were spent in retirement at the nunnery of Barking, thus dying before their royal nephew, Henry of Lancaster's accession. In her will she desired to be buried in St. Edmund's Chapel, near the grave of her lord and husband, and ordered that "my body be covered with a black cloth with a white cross and an escutcheon of my arms in the middle of the said cross, with four tapers round it and four full mortars being at the four corners." In the same chapel two of their lineal descendants were interred. The one, Mary Stafford (d. 1694), also lost her husband, William Howard, Viscount Stafford, by a violent death, for he was attainted for high treason under Charles II. and died on the scaffold, protesting his innocence to the last. The widow was afterwards created a Countess in her own right, and her son received the Earldom of Stafford, but the title became extinct after the death of the fourth Earl (1762) whose tablet disfigures the ancient wall arcading; upon it are the arms of his ancestor, Thomas of Woodstock. The Viscount's attainder was reversed in 1824.

THE PORTRAIT OF RICHARD II

Richard II. was the first of our Kings who honoured his favourites by ordering their interment in the Abbey. Up till now only those connected with the monastery or with the royal family had been buried here, but from this time we shall find that persons connected with the court were admitted within these sacred precincts, apparently without any opposition from the authorities, and as years went on an Abbey grave or monument became simply a question of the payment of fees. Richard's first experiment in this direction was, however, an unfortunate one, and roused much opposition in the shape of covert murmuring from the populace, and remonstrances from the Abbot and monks, whose scruples were overborne by gifts of money and vestments. This was the burial, within the Chapel of the Kings, and close to Edward I., of Richard's treasurer, John of Waltham (d. 1295), Bishop of Salisbury. The King commemorated the Bishop by a fine brass, which represents him in his robes with mitre and crozier, and Bishop Godwin tells us that Richard "loved him sincerely and greatly bewailed his death." Three years later another prelate was interred by royal command in the chapel of St. Edmund, where this, the third example of a fourteenth-century brass left in the Abbey, is close to another in equally good preservation, that of the Duchess of Gloucester. Robert de Waldby (d. 1398), ultimately created Archbishop of York, a very learned ecclesiastic, was high in the King's favour and much honoured by the Pope. He had gone to France as a young man in the train of the Black Prince—according to some authorities, he had been tutor to Richard, then a very small child—but he had remained at Toulouse University, where he became a D.D., for some years, and on his return to England had received many preferments, including the Archbishopric of Dublin from the Pope. The See of Chichester was given him by the King after his visit to Ireland in 1395, when he found Waldby at Dublin in his official capacity as Chancellor and Primate. The following year (1396) another favourite—a secular one this time—Sir John Golofre, sometime ambassador to the court of France, was brought by the King's orders from Walling-

ford, where he was first interred, and buried in the south ambulatory. His widow, Philippa (1431), daughter of Lord Mohun, who survived three husbands, willed her body to Westminster, perhaps as a tribute of affection to the memory of her first spouse, for her only apparent connection with the Abbey is his grave. She married secondly Edward, second Duke of York, grandson of Edward III., and after his death at Agincourt, was granted his fief, the lordship of the Isle of Wight, where she lived in some state at Carisbrooke Castle. She left elaborate directions for her funeral; thirteen poor men, who were to receive twenty pence apiece, clothed in long cloaks and a black hat, and each carrying a torch, were ordered to meet her body at the Abbey and sing a requiem and two dirges for it, while upon the black hearse was to be a smaller one of wax; a sum of money was promised to each of the four orders of friars in London on condition that they attended the burial service. To her son by her third marriage, Walter, Lord Fitz-Walter, who seems to have died soon after, she leaves a cup, requiring him to help in carrying out her funeral arrangements. While the tomb of the Lady of the Isle of Wight, which was originally in the centre, remained the only monument in this chapel for over fifty years, the adjoining one of St. Edmund, although first set apart for the royal kindred, had been fast filling up at the end of Richard's reign. Against the wall is the monument of Sir Bernard Brocas (d. 1395), another of that King's trusty friends, who was master of the royal buckhounds, an hereditary office which he held in right of his second wife, and which remained in his family for three centuries. He was also chamberlain to Queen Anne of Bohemia. Before 1361 Brocas had been granted a crowned Moor's head for his crest by Edward III. as a reward for some unrecorded deed of valour, and he was one of the Black Prince's most favoured companions in arms, fighting with him at Poitiers and Creçy. The tomb was re-painted, and the recumbent effigy either restored or renewed by one of his lineal descendants, Mr. Brocas of Roche Court, Hants, in the eighteenth century, when the inscription at the back,

which confuses Brocas with his son, was inserted. The son was executed by Henry IV. (1400) on a charge of conspiring to restore Richard to the throne, and he is mentioned by Shakespeare as one of the lords whose heads were sent from Oxford to London. The Brocas monument is for many reasons a notable one, the vergers in old days were wont to tell a romantic story about Sir Bernard cutting off the head of the King of the Moors, a legend which is chronicled by Addison amongst the bits of historical information which Sir Roger de Coverley acquired in the Abbey.

CHAPTER V

THE HOUSE OF LANCASTER

THE last act of Richard the Second's chequered career was played out not at Westminster, nor at the Tower, where he resigned his crown (September 29, 1399) in favour of his cousin, Henry of Lancaster, John of Gaunt's son, but in silence and obscurity at Pontefract, early in 1400. Nor was his corpse buried in the Abbey, but in the Church of the Friars Preachers at Abbot's, close to King's Langley, where his only surviving uncle, Edmund, Duke of York, called the Lord of Langley, resided. In order to still the rumours of foul play, with which the air was full, the body was transported through London to Langley on an open hearse, the King's head, with the face uncovered, resting on a black cushion, while Henry IV. attended a solemn requiem mass at St. Paul's, and Abbot Colchester and the monks said funeral dirges for their late and once beloved sovereign at the Abbey. Meantime the hearse remained in Cheapside for a couple of hours, and the fickle populace, who had flung up their caps and shouted "Long live King Richard!" so often when their handsome young King rode from St. Paul's to Westminster, now fell to criticising his errors, few pitied him, and the majority decided that he deserved his fate. But of the few who pitied him there was one who proved the sincerity of his grief sixteen years later. When Henry of Lancaster was banished from the kingdom his eldest son remained at Richard's court, and the King seems to have taken a fancy to the promising boy, who was then eleven, even knighting him with his own hand in Ireland just before he lost his crown. Prince Henry never forgot his kinsman's kindness, and the first act of his own reign was to bring

Richard's body back from Langley, and solemnly inter it in the tomb which that King had prepared long ago for himself beside the other royal sepulchres in St. Edward's Chapel. Funeral dirges were ordered to be said for his soul, and four wax tapers were to burn "for ever" on the monument, while money was to be given to the poor, all paid for by the new King, who desired to atone in some small measure for his father's crime or at least for his harsh conduct.

Thus was this essentially Westminster King at last allowed to rest beside the wife, whom he had loved so well, within the church, which he had beautified. For besides his gifts to the monastery Richard had caused a sumptuous wooden porch, adorned with paintings and called Solomon's Porch or the Gate Beautiful, to be added to the north transept, the outside front of which transept was completed in his reign. Unfortunately the last vestiges of this were cleared away in the eighteenth century; the north front was almost rebuilt at the same time, and has been replaced during the past twenty years by a restoration modelled on the fourteenth century lines. The Latin inscription round the verge of the tomb is of special interest, for it was inscribed in 1398, during Richard's lifetime, and probably represents his own opinion of himself and his wife. Anne's charity, the medical care she gave to poor widows and mothers, her peace-making character, her sweet and fair countenance, are specifically mentioned, while Richard is compared to Homer, "in mind prudent as Homer," and described as "true in speech, and full of reason"; his person is alluded to as "tall and elegant."

During the eighteenth century the monument was shamefully neglected, the coffins rotted away and the bones sunk to only just over a foot above the ambulatory, while holes were broken on that side, through which the schoolboys used to push in all sorts of rubbish, including jews' harps, marbles, glass, &c. Many of the bones, chiefly those of the Queen, whose body lay nearest the ambulatory, were stolen, and one Westminster scholar, more audacious than his fellows, purloined the King's jawbone, in 1766, and

gave it to one of his companions, by whose descendants it is still treasured, with a card attached giving the above account of its origin in their grandfather's handwriting. When the tomb was opened under Dean Stanley's supervision in 1871, the lower jawbones of both sovereigns were missing, but otherwise Richard's skeleton was in a fairly perfect condition, no mark of violence could be found on his skull, thus disproving that version of his death which attributes it to a blow from an axe at the back of the head. His fate must ever remain shrouded in mystery; if crime there were, his guilty cousin never betrayed the secret, and none could disprove the official statement that the deposed King had pined away, voluntarily refusing food. Before the tomb was finally closed the bones were carefully collected and deposited in a divided chest, while two other boxes were placed beside it, one filled with the contemporary accompaniments of the interment, such as a fragment of a sceptre, a pair of gloves, the remains of peaked shoes, and a piece of the silk pall; the other containing all the miscellaneous objects shot into the tomb in later days.[1]

With the Abbey Richard's successor, Henry IV. is connected only by his coronation, which was a very magnificent one, and by the accident of his death within the precincts, otherwise he has no claim to belong to the Roll-Call; he bequeathed his "sinful body" to Canterbury Cathedral, where it lies near that of his uncle, the Black Prince. Two days before his coronation he created the Order of the Bath, and made his eldest son, Henry, one of the first knights. This order was afterwards connected with the Abbey by the installations of the knights (from 1725[2] to 1812) in the Chapel of Henry VII., where their banners and coats of arms still remain. These ceremonies no longer take place, but the Deans of Westminster are still *ex officio* chaplains of the order. At his father's coronation (October 13, 1399), young Prince Hal bore the

[1] See account in the *Archæologia*, 1879.

[2] When Sir Robert Walpole reconstructed the order, and thirty-six knights were installed, a number afterwards increased till after 1839 there was no longer space for the banners nor stalls for the new knights.

sword Curtana, which his grandfather had carried before Richard II., and Henry IV. was anointed with the holy cream which was said to have been miraculously presented to St. Thomas à Becket when in exile by the Virgin, and brought over to England in the reign of Edward II., or, according to another version, by the Black Prince. Since then the golden eagle, in which the chrism was preserved, had been kept at the Tower, and was mislaid until near the end of Richard's reign; that unfortunate monarch desired to be anointed afresh, but the Archbishop refused his request, for no sovereign has ever been anointed twice, and it was therefore first used at the coronation of his successor.

Henry IV. was rarely at Westminster during his short and troubled reign, for when not engaged in fighting the Welsh under Owen Glendower, and his own rebellious subjects, or his hereditary enemies the French and Scots, he usually resided at Eltham, where Prince John, Edward the Second's son, had built a palace. Yet he was a devout and orthodox King, and although there is no mention of his name amongst "the Kings that have been benefactors" to the Abbey, he continued the traditional reverence for the Confessor, and was wont to come and pray before the shrine, offering up there also thanksgivings for his victories, as on the defeat of the French off Dartmouth in 1404. Here it was that he fell insensible on the pavement early in 1413, his hopes of joining in a new and mighty crusade for ever blasted, although the prophecy that he was to die at Jerusalem was thus strangely fulfilled. For his attendants bore him to the Abbot's house, and there in the parlour, where the head of the convent received his guests, Henry was laid on an improvised couch before the open fireplace, probably the only one, save that in the centre of the dining-hall close by, then existing in the monastery. As soon as he rallied, the King asked the name of the Chamber, and when he heard that it was called "Hierusalem," he knew that his last hour was approaching. Then it was that the great scene, for which the French chronicler Monstrelet is originally responsible, was enacted, a scene so familiar

to all lovers of Shakespeare, when the Prince fitted on the crown during one of his father's trances, and received it again from the hands of the dying monarch with words of pardon and wise counsel. The busts of father and son, the one stout and heavy featured, the other ascetic and refined, ever recalls their memory in the Jerusalem Chamber, and it is impossible to look upon that of Henry V., which is evidently a copy of the early portraits lately exhibited at the New Gallery, and believe in the legend of the madcap Prince, even though Shakespeare himself has set his seal upon it. Yet Shakespeare has also immortalised the historic Henry, the brave and merciful soldier, the patriotic English King, who was crowned on Passion Sunday, 1413, in a March snowstorm, emblematic of the purity of his ideals, and of his life from the time of his coronation. His religious bigotry, shown by his persecution of the Lollards, his harsh treatment of the unfortunate French soldiers who resisted him, are certainly blots upon his character, yet a comparison between this King and his Plantagenet forebears marks an extraordinary advance in royal morality. Even in his wars Henry showed an unusual mercy to his enemies. The traditions still repeated at Harfleur, for instance, of his cruelty to the villagers are quite unfounded; he was stern to those who resisted his mighty arm, yet uniformly kind to the defenceless, and instead of sacking the towns he captured, such as Calais, after the usual wont of conquerors in those days, he granted protection to the unfortunate inhabitants, and never failed to show mercy to women and children. Henry's favourite badge, repeated several times upon his chantry chapel, with the swan of the De Bohuns, is a cresset with a beacon-light burning, the flame pointing ever upwards, an illustration of his constant desire to lead a holy life. To the Abbey he was a benefactor from the time of his accession; he contributed an annual sum of 1000 marks towards the rebuilding of the nave, which, after having remained almost stationary during the construction of the new conventual buildings under Litlington, was now pushed on vigorously by that great Abbot's two successors,

Colchester and Harounden. Colchester had been Abbot since 1386, and survived till 1420. He seems to have been somewhat of a time-server, and not one to risk his neck even for the sovereign who had been so generous to his convent, for he did not shrink from going to the Tower to be present at Richard's deposition, nor from assisting immediately after at Henry of Lancaster's coronation. Moreover, he was much favoured by both the Henries, and besides other important missions was sent to the Council of Constance in 1414, a proof that he did not die in 1400, as stated by the chroniclers. His name survives for all time in Shakespeare's pages, with the fiction of his death after his supposed plot to reinstate Richard II. had been discovered :—

> "The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
> With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
> Hath yielded up his body to the grave."

Colchester left the rebuilding of the nave in the hands of the new Abbot, Harounden, a capable monk who had already been treasurer for the money granted by Henry V. for this purpose, and his grave is close to the fine altar-tomb which he erected in St. John the Baptist's Chapel to commemorate his predecessor. The paint has long been rubbed off Colchester's once beautiful monument, the interesting fifteenth century canopy destroyed, and even the jewels picked out from the gloves and mitre of the portrait effigy. Another of the Westminster brethren, Ralph Selby, a very learned man, who was much trusted by Henry IV. and his son, and probably would have succeeded Colchester in the Abbacy, died in the same year, and lies in the south ambulatory, where his grave was once distinguished by a brass.

Of our wars with the French during these reigns two warriors remind us here. The one, Sir John Windsore (d. 1414), lies under a very ancient gravestone ornamented by a brass plate, and a curious Latin rhyming inscription in the north ambulatory; in the vault below, the Parliamentary leader, John Pym, lay from his death in

1643 till his bones were disinterred in 1661. Windsore had been in his youth a great commander in Ireland, he had afterwards fought for Henry IV. at the battle of Shrewsbury in 1403, but the latter part of his life was given up to piety, also we may add to fighting in the law courts against his more famous soldier uncle Sir William of Windsore's widow, the same Alice Perrers who had robbed Edward III. of his rings on his deathbed. The other tomb, that of Ludovick Robsert, 1431, forms part of the stone screen of St. Paul's Chapel, and is, or rather was, richly painted and gilt, covered also with family coats of arms and scriptural mottoes. Robsert was a native of Hainault, and Dart identifies the crest on his arms with the armorial bearings of his fellow-countryman, Sir Payne Roet—"*gules three Catherine wheels or*," thus inferring a relationship, which has never been substantiated, between his family and that of Chaucer's wife. She and her sister, Catherine Swynford, who ultimately married Henry the Fifth's grandfather, John of Gaunt, were Roets. Robsert distinguished himself at Agincourt, and was rewarded for his valour by the office of royal standard-bearer; his subsequent employment in the household of the King's French wife led to his appointment as Lord Chamberlain to the young King Henry VI.; he had already received the title of Lord Bourchier after his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Bartholomew Bourchier, who is buried beside him. The great victory of Agincourt was celebrated (November 23, 1415) by a thanksgiving service at the Abbey, which the King attended in person, clothed not in gorgeous raiment, as had been the custom of his predecessors on such auspicious occasions, but in simple garb, probably that of a mailed warrior, and we may be sure that Robsert bore the royal banner in the procession. It is recorded as a proof of Henry's modesty that he refused to exhibit the dinted helmet, which he had worn on the day of battle, to the populace; but the tilting casque above his tomb has taken its place in the imagination of many succeeding generations, who, till the actual bill was discovered proving that it had been supplied for the funeral,

believed that they were gazing on the actual helm of Agincourt. Soon after this festive day a solemn requiem mass was chanted here for the souls of the brave soldiers who had lost their lives in gaining that bloody battle, chief amongst them was the name of the King's cousin, Edward, Duke of York, whose widow was destined to lie in the Chapel of St. Nicholas. Henry demonstrated his own attachment to the Abbey in the will which he made before this victory, when he knew himself to be in danger of death on the battlefield. He directed that his body should be buried here, and gave specific instructions as to a high chantry chapel, which was to be raised over his tomb, where 20,000 masses were to be said for his soul; he bequeathed £100 to defray the expenses, and the stone steps, worn by the knees of countless pilgrims, which lead up to this chapel demonstrate the fact that his anniversaries were loyally kept up, as long as there were monks left at Westminster to pray for his soul. Three brethren were to say three masses every day at the altar, which was afterwards called the altar of the Annunciation and dedicated to the Virgin; plate and vestments were provided for it by the King's bequest. Henry himself somewhat audaciously planned the site of his memorial, which fills up the whole east end of the royal chapel, encroaching on the tomb of his ancestress, Eleanor of Castile. He also arranged for the removal of the relics, hitherto kept in a chest on this spot, to the chantry chapel, where the cupboards intended to receive them, without doors but with the original hinges intact, are still visible on each side of the altar. All his directions were faithfully carried out by his French widow, who caused a portrait effigy, made of "heart of oak" cased in plates of silver and gilt, with a head of "massie silver," to be placed upon the tomb. The iron grille, supplied in 1431 by a London blacksmith, one Roger Johnson, proved useless for the purpose of protection, since in the time of Henry VIII., after the dispersal of the monks, when the various treasures here were less carefully guarded, some robbers stole the head and the plates of precious metal, which were never recovered, although a warrant was issued by the Privy Council.

After a short but brilliant reign of nine years Henry died, aged 34, at Vincennes, probably of dysentery (August 31, 1422), balked by death, even as his father had been before him, of his cherished desire to conquer the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels. "Good Lord, thou knowest that mine intent hath been, and yet is if I might live, to re-edify the walls of Jerusalem," were his last audible words. The funeral was more elaborate and imposing than that of any other English sovereign, for no other has ever been crowned King of France, nor have the royal standards of France and England been carried before or since at the obsequies of an English monarch. The French and English nobility, united in appearance only, joined in the long funeral procession, which started from Vincennes, and in the course of many weeks traversed France and ultimately reached London in early November. More than once, as had been the case at the funeral of Eleanor of Castile, did the *cortège* pause on its way, and the great King's effigy lay in state, while solemn masses and requiems were sung for his soul's repose. First did it tarry for a space in the Church of Nôtre Dame, at Paris, then at Rouen, where the inhabitants, so lately crushed and conquered by this mighty man, must have gazed with mingled feelings on his painted image lying upon the closed coffin. The corpse itself was so emaciated, so altered by illness, that it was immediately embalmed and anointed with sweet spices and ointments, and, after being wrapped in a waxed linen cere-cloth in the same manner as that of Edward I., it was placed in a leaden coffin. For the first time on record the effigy was substituted for the embalmed body, not only at the lying in state but also in the funeral procession. Hitherto these figures of the deceased royalties, which were usually made of wood, the faces painted and modelled as far as possible after the likeness of the dead person, had not been carried in the procession, but had been placed at first upon the open hearses standing within the church where the burial took place, and afterwards laid for a time upon the actual tomb; the back of the head in those which still exist is flat to allow of this.

The earliest of which there is any record is that of Edward I., and amongst the relics of these battered images of Kings and Queens in the Ragged Regiment, now decently closed from sight in the Islip chapel, various sovereigns have been from time to time identified, such as both the first and the third Edwards, with their wives, Henry V. and Catherine, Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, James I. and Anne of Denmark; latterly the figures ceased to be recumbent, but used to stand by the graves. Dart saw all these in open presses in 1723, and speaks of Edward III. as still having the rags of an old red robe about him; he identifies a wooden one as that of Henry V., and suggests that the hides were stretched over wood, since the effigy is described as of "boiled leather." This figure was carried through France and afterwards in England on an open chariot drawn by four horses, the arms of France and England embroidered upon their trappings: it was attired in every particular like the King himself, in royal robes of purple trimmed with ermine, with a crown upon the head, and the sceptre and orb in the hands; beneath it a couch of crimson satin concealed the coffin. Around the funeral car was a throng of men in white, carrying torches; then came the long and imposing processionof mourners, followed at a distance of two miles by the widowed Queen. From Canterbury Cathedral, where again the coffin rested for a while, the funeral seems to have gone by water to St. Paul's, and here another formal lying-in-state took place. From thence to the Abbey the procession formed up again, and the most impressive part was added, the 500 men-at-arms clothed in black armour, mounted on black horses with sable trappings, and carrying the butt ends of their spears reversed, even as we saw our modern soldiers holding their rifles at Queen Victoria's funeral. At the west door the Abbot and other notable ecclesiastics met the bier, which was taken from the car and borne up the nave to the high altar; the King's three chargers were led behind it, ridden by men in armour bearing the arms of England and France. Chief of all the mourners was another hereditary foe, James I. of Scotland, taking precedence of the King's uncle, the Duke of Exeter;

after them followed the great nobles of England and France, and a bewildering multitude of knights and squires bearing banners, pennons, and achievements. Thus was Harry of Monmouth solemnly laid to rest in the historic burial-place of his ancestors; the day seemed turned to night, the church was draped with black, symbolic of the great loss which his country sustained in his early death. From this time, while a feeble infant, who afterwards became a feeble monarch, sat on his heroic father's throne, wars and rumours of wars filled the air, first in France, where the French regained their just rights and unseated their nominal foreign King; then in England, where the red and white roses, brother fighting against brother, bathed their own country in blood for many a long year.

Henry VI. inherited only the constitutional delicacy and the mild and pious side of his father's character: "there was not in the world a more pure, honest, and more holy creature;" in some ways he resembled the Confessor himself, especially in his long reveries, his ecstatic dreams and trances. The "Holy King," as he was afterwards called, acquired also the reputation of a saint, his statue was put up in various churches, notably at York Cathedral, and much venerated; miracles were worked at his grave and pilgrims came from far and near to visit it. He was first buried at Chertsey; but the universal respect felt for his memory obliged the man, who was popularly credited with his murder, Richard, then Duke of Gloucester, now King of England, to remove the coffin to a more fitting royal sepulchre within the collegiate chapel which Henry had himself founded at Windsor. A controversy, to which allusion will be made later on, afterwards raged between Westminster and Windsor, each foundation claiming the sacred corpse: Westminster by right of the King's own expressed desire to lie beside his forefathers, Windsor by right of possession and a natural wish to retain their founder's body in his own chapel. But although there seems little doubt that the coffin remains at Windsor, Henry has every right to take his place in the Abbey Roll-Call, for surely his shade must still haunt the aisles where he loved to come during his life, and,

THE BUST OF HENRY V

with his hand resting familiarly on the shoulder of Abbot Kyrton, plan out the very spot where he wished to rest in death.

After refusing all suggestions either to make room for his own grave by shifting his noble father's tomb to one side, or by removing the sepulchre which he had himself erected to receive the remains of his mother in the Lady Chapel to another site, he finally selected the place where the chest of relics[1] then stood, between the shrine and the tomb of Henry III., and went so far as to have the relics removed to another convenient situation behind the high altar, not to the cupboards prepared for them in the chantry chapel above. From the day of his coronation (November 16, 1429) when, as a child of eight, he sat in St. Edward's Chair, raised on a scaffold above his subjects, and regarded "the people all about sadly yet wisely," to these last visits to the Abbey during the gloomy days of the civil war, there is little to connect his reign officially with the monastery, no royal gifts of money granted to the fabric fund. Yet artistically more than one rich specimen of fifteenth century work marks this period, notably the tomb and chantry of Henry V., raised during the long minority of his son, and the stone screen, carved with legends of the Confessor's life, at the west end of the royal chapel, which may have been placed here by order of Henry VI. himself, whose veneration for the saint equalled that of his predecessor, Henry III. Besides this there was another fine screen between the chapels of St. Michael and St. Andrew, forming part of the tomb which Abbot Kyrton (d. 1466) erected for himself, and which must have been a work of art from the description left of it by the seventeenth century writers, who saw it intact before it was destroyed to make room for the monument to Holles, Duke of Newcastle. It seems to have been covered with finely carved birds, flowers, and cherubim, and decorated with the arms and mottoes of many noble familes to whom Kyrton, who belonged to the old house of Cobbledik, was related. The brass

[1] It had been removed from its original place at the east end to make room for the chantry chapel.

resembled in design that of Esteney's — which is still extant—and represented the Abbot with his mitre and pastoral staff and in his mass vestments, crowned eagles at his feet, and a very elaborate and beautiful canopy. A less elaborate but similar screen containing the tomb of Abbot Esteney (d. 1498) divided the chapel of St. John the Evangelist from the ambulatory, and was cleared away in the middle of the seventeenth century.

Not a year after Abbot Kyrton had supported the steps of his liege lord the gentle Henry, another and very different person, the handsome and warlike Yorkist Prince, came likewise to the Abbey and knelt in prayer before the shrine. But a few months more and the Abbot had to take his official place at the coronation (June 23, 1461) of this blood-stained man, Edward IV., while Henry fled a homeless exile to Scotland. Sick at heart, with this strife between the royal kinsmen, Kyrton resigned his post soon after, and died while peace was still afar off. Once more was the Lancastrian King destined to come back to Westminster, while a new Abbot, Millyng (d. 1474) received Edward's Queen and her children, who took sanctuary during the temporary discomfiture and flight of her lord, and here her elder son, Edward, of whom we shall hear more in the children's chapter, was born.

Again the scene changed, and Edward returned in triumph, having finally crushed the Lancastrians at the battle of Barnet, 1471. He brought with him for burial in St. Edmund's Chapel the body of his staunch adherent, Sir Humphrey Bourchier, who was killed on that bloody field, and whose name is of special interest to the historian on account of his more famous son, Lord Berners, the translator of Froissart's "Chronicles." Edward IV. himself, although he was a generous benefactor to the monks in various ways, and gave oaks and money towards the continuation of the nave, has no right to belong to our Roll-Call, since he rests at Windsor. Of his brother Richard III. there is no visit to the shrine, no benefaction to record. His reign is connected with Westminster only by his magnificent coronation, and a forgotten grave,

which contains the dust of his unhappy wife, Anne Neville, daughter of Warwick, the King-maker.

Anne had been affianced at the age of fourteen to young Prince Edward, son of Henry VI., who was cruelly murdered after Tewkesbury, with the connivance, if not the direct aid, of the man whom she afterwards consented to marry, we know not whether by her own choice, fascinated as Shakespeare has it by Richard's clever tongue, or forced to consent by his strong will. Anne was crowned on the same day as her husband, while men spoke with bated breaths of the disappearance of the young King, Edward V., for whose coronation all preparations had been made, and of his brother. The ceremony, of which a full account is given in several chronicles, outshone in splendour that of any before it; of Anne's actual share in the service an interesting record has lately been unearthed from the state papers. We read that after the sovereigns had gone on "ray cloth" to St. Edward's Shrine and returned to the "seat of estate . . . when they were sett the queene sung the Lettany with other service ordained therefore . . . that done, St. Edward's robe was put unto him (Richard) and then he tooke the ball with the crosse in the right hand and the Scepter in the left hand, also the queene with her Scepter in her right hand and the Rodd with the Dove in her left hand. . . . And then so coming forth againe the queene sange *Te Deum* with organs going." Once more only does the figure of this unfortunate young Queen stand out in the sunshine of royal pomp before it is lost for ever in the mist of black sorrow which was to obscure it from sight. We see her walking the streets of York hand in hand with her redoubtable husband, both wearing crowns, on the festal day (September 8, 1483) when their only son, a boy of about seven, was created Prince of Wales. But a few months more and the child was in his grave; henceforth we hear no more of the grief-stricken mother save for rumours, on the one hand, of her failing health, on the other, of the scandalous report that her husband was already planning to wed his niece, the daughter of Elizabeth Woodville, as soon as his Queen should expire. Anne survived her

son barely eleven months; she died on a day of bad omen for Richard, marked by a total eclipse of the sun, and was laid to rest with no funeral pomp in the north ambulatory, amidst mutterings of plots and poison. With her death, Richard's hopes of founding a dynasty were brought to naught, and he was doomed before long to lose crown and life on the battlefield.

CHAPTER VI

ROYAL BENEFACTORS AND GREAT BUILDERS

IT was inevitable that the various branches of Edward the Third's numerous progeny should have come to blows over the succession to the throne, since the failure of the Black Prince's line in the deposition and death, without issue, of his son Richard II. had opened the way for the claims of the old King's other descendants. The families of Lancaster, the heirs of his second son, John of Gaunt, by his first wife, and of York, those of the third, Edmund of Langley, had now each been tried in turn, and had failed to hold the crown; but a solution was at hand in the union of the two rival houses by the marriage of their representatives, Henry Tudor,[1] who traced his descent through his mother from John of Gaunt, by his second wife Catherine Swynford, and Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward IV.

Henry's paternal grandmother, the French widow of Henry V., became the ancestress of the great Tudor dynasty by a *mésalliance*, for so it was regarded at the time, with a Welsh knight, Sir Owen Tudor, one of her first husband's household. Notwithstanding that Owen's family belonged to the ancient blood royal of the British Kings, Catherine's brothers-in-law were extremely angry when the fact of her clandestine marriage leaked out, some years after it had taken place. Her husband was imprisoned in Newgate for a while, and the poor lady herself obliged to retire to the Bermondsey nunnery, where she ended her days in obscurity and disgrace soon afterwards (1437). Her young son, Henry VI., raised an altar-tomb over his mother's remains

[1] Though Henry's great-grandfather, John Beaufort, was born before Catherine Swynford's marriage to John of Gaunt, he and the other Beauforts were legitimatised by Act of Parliament, 1397.

in the Lady Chapel at Westminster, but showed the effect of his uncle's influence by omitting all mention of her second marriage from the inscription, which was in brass letters round the verge. Nevertheless it is evident that Henry himself had no prejudices against the Tudors, for he superintended the education of his half-brothers, and was uniformly kind to them and their families. One of the three, Owen, took sanctuary during the civil wars, and ended his days as a monk at Westminster, where he is buried in the south transept. Another, Jasper, fought for his royal kinsman on many a battlefield, while the third, Edmund, was created Earl of Richmond by the King, who also arranged a marriage for him with the daughter and heiress of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, Henry's own cousin. Thus, after the deaths of the King and his son, the offspring of this union, Henry Tudor, afterwards Henry VII., remained the representative of this elder branch of the royal family, with the right of succession as well as that of conquest, and his claim was destined to be consolidated by his marriage with the heiress of the house of York. His mother, Margaret Beaufort, the descendant of a long line of English sovereigns, proved worthy of her ancestry, and her name was venerated by her own and subsequent generations as the type of all that was purest and noblest in woman. She was in fact one of the brightest lights of her time, and one turns with relief from the bloody records of the Wars of the Roses to the example of her refined and pious life amidst the glitter of a court and the turmoil of civil strife. The studious turn of her mind would have led Margaret to choose the seclusion of a convent from her childhood, but at the age of nine, her marriage with Edmund Tudor was already settled by the King, and her religious scruples were appeased by the fortuitous vision of her patron saint, St. Nicholas, who "appeared unto her arrayed like a Bishop, and naming unto her Edmund, bade her take him unto her husband."

Girls were married very young in those days, and before she was fifteen Margaret was already wife, mother, and widow, for her husband died when their baby was barely three months old. From this time the warmest affections

of her heart were concentrated on her son, while Henry's love for his mother was only equalled by his respect for her character, and the deference he showed to her opinions before and after he became King. Although but a child at the time of her first marriage, Margaret never forgot the husband of her youth, and always preferred to be addressed by his title, that of Richmond, rather than that of Derby, for she was ultimately Countess of Derby in right of her third husband. So turbulent were the times that no woman of her rank and wealth could safely remain a widow, and before three years had passed she found it expedient to seek a protector for herself and the child by a marriage with her relative, Henry Stafford, son of the Duke of Buckingham, a staunch Lancastrian, and a descendant of Thomas of Woodstock. This second union lasted nearly twenty-two years, but, beyond the mention of his dearly beloved wife, in Sir Henry's will, nothing is known of their domestic life. Whenever the red rose was temporarily triumphant, Margaret and her son appeared at court and secured themselves in royal favour. During Henry the Sixth's brief restoration to the throne in 1470 he sent his nephew to his recently founded college at Eton, and not only took notice of the promising boy, but is said to have prophesied his future. Shakespeare enlarges his traditional words: "Lo, surely this is he to whom we and our adversaries shall hereafter give place," in the beautiful lines addressed by the doomed King to his courtiers :—

> "Come hither, England's hope,
> . . . . . .
> This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
> His looks are full of peaceful majesty ;
> His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
> His hand to wield a sceptre ; and himself
> Likely in time to bless a regal throne."

But a period of ill fortune followed, and for the next fourteen years the young Earl was a wandering exile abroad, while his mother dwelt at one of her numerous country seats during the reign of Edward IV., never ceasing to plan

for her son's return, yet apparently occupied only with works of charity or with her studies. She translated at this time various works of divinity, some of which were printed by William Caxton, when he set up his press within the Abbey precincts.

After the death of her second husband she took the apparently strange step of espousing (1482) a prominent Yorkist noble, one high in the King's favour, Lord Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby, who by his second marriage became the founder of the present house of Stanley. But her devotion to the interests of her absent son may well explain this union with the house of York, which in the end fulfilled all Margaret's desires. For Edward IV. on his deathbed confided his eldest daughter, Elizabeth, expressly to Stanley's care, and when she came out of the Westminster sanctuary, she was received into his household, and thus the way was paved for the marriage with the absent Tudor upon which Margaret and her friends had set their hearts. In the meantime the new King, Richard III., caused Richmond to be attainted and his lands forfeited, but he dared not offend the powerful Stanley by laying hands upon either the Countess herself or the young Elizabeth. Lady Margaret was given the honourable post of train-bearer to his Queen at the coronation, and a place of marked distinction not far from the sovereigns themselves at the subsequent banquet. The reported murder of the Princes in the Tower, the arrogant behaviour of the usurper himself, and finally his preposterous proposal to wed his own niece, Stanley's ward, as soon as his wretched wife, Anne Neville, breathed her last, all alienated the sympathies of Richard's most faithful adherents. Before long Margaret's husband secretly joined her in conspiring for his step-son's return, and at the battle of Bosworth openly went over to Henry's side. After the victory was won Stanley himself took the golden circlet, which the slain Yorkist monarch had worn all day upon his helmet, from the thorn bush into which it had fallen, and crowned the young Earl of Richmond King of England on the battlefield, hence the badge so prominent on the gates of Henry's Chapel—the crown upon a bush.

With her son's accession and his marriage with the gentle Elizabeth of York, Margaret at length found peace and happiness. She was given the title of Princess, and treated with much honour on her rare appearances at court, such as when she was present at Elizabeth's coronation in the Abbey, or stood sponsor to the eldest daughter, who was called Margaret after her grandmother, and destined to be the ancestress of the royal house of Stuart. Although in the prime of life—she was but forty-five—she separated from her husband and took the vows of a nun, thus at last fulfilling her earliest aspirations towards a religious life; but she still lived in the world, though not of the world, at a palace she built for herself at Woking, where she collected all the men of learning in England round her. Learning has good cause to bless her name, for she enriched one college (Christ's) and founded another (St. John's) at Cambridge, while the chairs of divinity at both universities ever recall the memory of their foundress, "the venerable Lady Margaret." She loved the Westminster monastery, and her own inclinations would have led her to endow it with her vast wealth, but her friend and confessor, Bishop Fisher, foreseeing perhaps the coming ruin of the conventual foundations, persuaded his patroness to divert the bulk of her riches to the universities. She therefore contented herself with founding anniversaries in memory of her son and daughter-in-law, both of whom she outlived, and instituted a weekly dole to the poor widows of Westminster, which is still continued under the name of the Dean's Gift.

From the first Henry VII. is connected with the Abbey, and takes a foremost place amongst the "Kings that have been benefactors," whose statues were placed outside on the completed west front before the end of his reign. Although his own coronation was not a great affair, no pains were spared to celebrate that of his Queen, which took place two years (November 24, 1487) after his own, and must have been a magnificent pageant. The detail of "her fair yellow hair hanging down plain behind her back" seems to bring the beautiful young Queen vividly before us, but henceforth we hear little of her, save on the occasion of the birth or

the death of her numerous children. According to one chronicler, she was kept in subjection by her severe mother-in-law, while others, followed by Bacon, without sufficient evidence, accuse Henry of having been a cold and unloving husband. Whatever the truth, he showed much grief on her death (February 11, 1503), and lavished money upon her funeral, besides leaving directions in his will that her figure should lie beside his on the tomb. A grand procession of clergy and laity, including the Lord Mayor, followed the gorgeous hearse through the city from the Tower to the Abbey. Elizabeth's effigy (a wooden body with a composition head) in royal robes, with its long golden hair dishevelled, lay like that of Henry V. above the coffin, white banners carried behind it showed that she died in child-bed, and eight ladies on white horses followed the bier; another train of clergy, bearing torches and headed by the Abbots or Westminster and Bermondsey, met the hearse at the cross of "the dear Queen,"[1] and the coffin was then solemnly interred in one of the side chapels till the vaults in the new Lady Chapel should be ready to receive it. For barely three weeks before this, on the 24th of January, the foundation stone of this "wonder of the world" had been laid by the hands of Abbot Islip, a great monastic builder, worthy to rank with his predecessors Litlington and, more recently, with Esteney. Early in Henry's reign, under the personal superintendence of this last energetic Abbot (d. 1498), whose tomb will now be found in the north ambulatory, the vaultings of the nave had been completed and the great west window set up, while the idea of pulling down the old ruined Lady Chapel and constructing a new and more splendid building was already germinating in the King's mind. His ostensible reason was a laudable desire to honour his uncle "of blessed memory," Henry VI., by transferring his body from its comparatively obscure resting-place at Windsor to the Abbey, where, as we know, the Holy King had chosen his own grave. During the two years of Esteney's successor, Abbot Fascet's rule over the monastery, a lawsuit for the possession of this

[1] Charing Cross, *i.e.* the cross of the *chère reine*, Eleanor of Castile.

royal corpse, which cost a great amount of money and led to no practical result, was fought between Windsor and Westminster. Later on the Pope decided in favour of Westminster, and a sum of money—£500—was entered in the monastic accounts as expended on the cost of the removal, but it was really advanced as a loan to the King towards the expenses of the building. Henry mentions in his will his design "right shortly to translate" the holy corpse hither, but it is evident that the original intention was forgotten in the course of time, and the new chapel, which was not completed till 1519, long after Henry's own death, was called by his name and treated as the chosen burial-place for himself and his descendants. The detailed history of the foundation and erection of the Chapel of Henry VII. does not belong to our present scope: we are here concerned only with the tombs which were gradually raised beneath its beautiful roof. Although Henry speaks with much reverence in his will of his Grand Dame of right noble memory, Queen Catherine, yet her monument, which was removed from the old chapel during the rebuilding, must have been destroyed, for the coffin only was placed by the side of her first husband's tomb, and there remained in a decaying state, neglected by all Catherine's descendants for the next three hundred years. The story of old Pepys, who kissed the shrivelled mummy of the Queen upon his birthday, is familiar to every one who visits the Abbey, also the fact that, after the remains had been hidden away under a monument in St. Edmund's Chapel for some time longer, Dean Stanley removed them to the chantry chapel above the tomb of Henry V., with the late Queen's permission, and there suitably interred them beneath the ancient altar slab, in the place where the altar used to stand.

While the walls of the new chapel were slowly rising like a phœnix from the ashes of the old one, a few persons not of the blood royal were interred in the side chapels. We have referred before to the tomb of Abbot Esteney, which, with that of a noble, Sir John Harpeden, who had died many years before (1457), formed the screen of St. John the Evangelist's Chapel, which was destroyed in the

eighteenth century, and the tombs moved into the ambulatory. The Abbot's body has been twice inspected by curious antiquaries, and was described to Dart by an eye-witness as "lying in a chest quilted with yellow satin; he had on a gown of crimson silk, girded to him with a black girdle; on his legs were white silk stockings, and over his face, which was black, a clean napkin doubled up and laid cornerwise, the legs and other parts of the body firm and plump." In the other chapel of St. John, dedicated to the Baptist, and often called the Abbots' Chapel, several other Abbots will be found. Amongst them is the fine perpendicular altar-tomb of Fascet, Esteney's successor; upon it lies the stone coffin of Millyng (d. 1492).

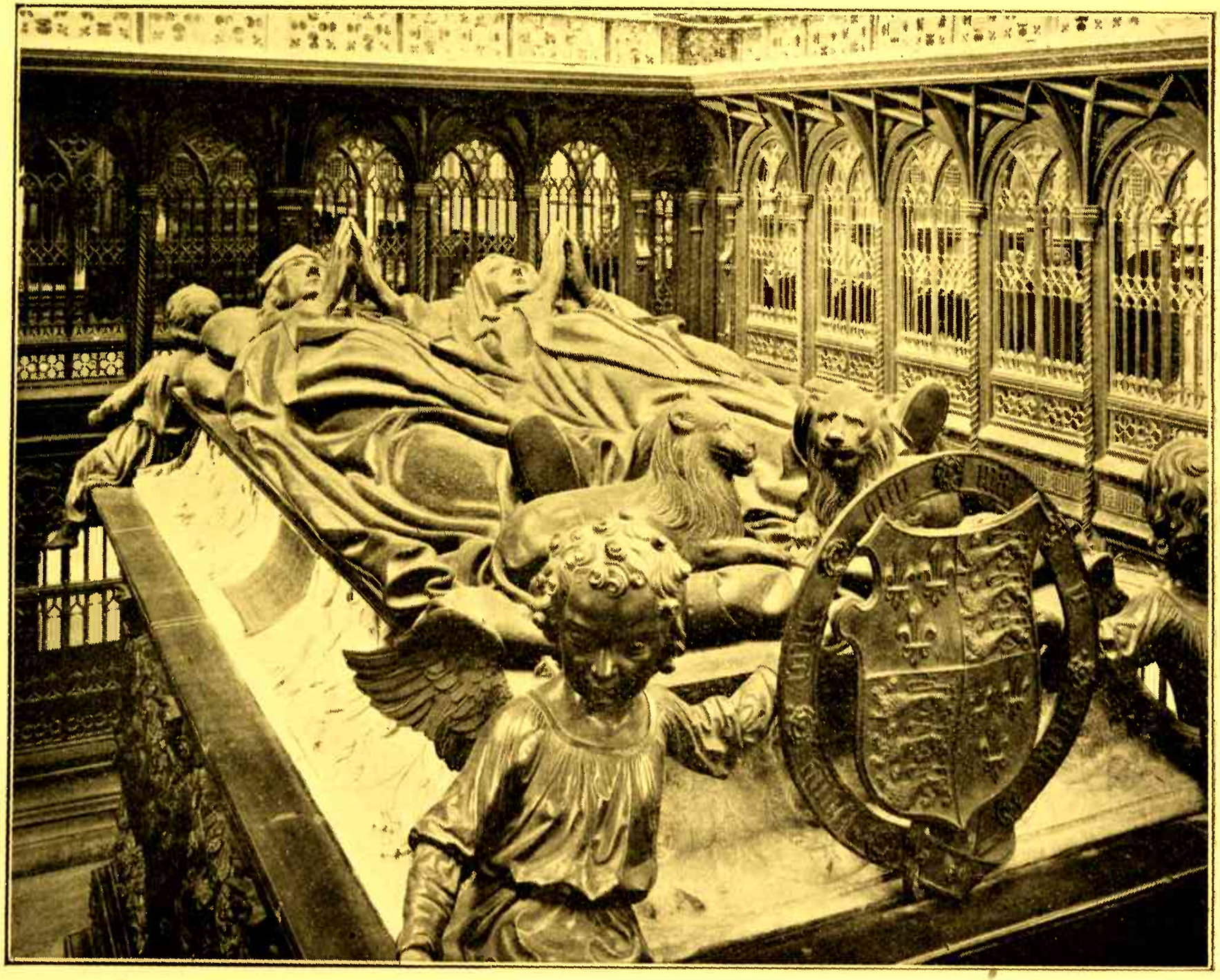
Just a year before Henry himself passed away, his friend and "trusty servant . . . these twenty six years and above," Giles, Lord Daubeney, was laid in St. Paul's Chapel, buried by his own desire as near as possible to his master's new chapel and future resting-place. Daubeney had been knighted by Edward IV., and was present at Richard's coronation; but his sympathies were already enlisted on the Lancastrian side, and he was soon afterwards implicated in Buckingham's rebellion, attainted, and forced to fly abroad. On Henry's accession his fortunes changed; he was rewarded for his services by a barony and a K.G., and afterwards received various honourable posts, including the Lord-Lieutenancy of Calais and the Mastership of the Mint. As Lord Chamberlain (1485) he had to make the arrangements for Elizabeth of York's elaborate coronation, the preparations for which ceremony took nearly two years. It is interesting to note amongst his commissions eight Flemish horses to draw "the chares," probably the same stamp of animal as the famous cream-coloured steeds, which we are accustomed to see nowadays in the royal carriage on state occasions. Daubeney's funeral was celebrated with much pomp, and attended by the chief nobles of the realm. The beautiful altar-tomb, which was restored in 1889 by his descendants to some of its pristine splendour, when the ancient grille was replaced by a modern one copied from

prints of the old design, was probably erected by Daubeney's wife, Elizabeth, who survived him, and rests by his side. The original inscription, few traces of which remained before the present restoration, was copied and translated by Camden (who gives wrong dates, subsequently followed by the restorers and all the Abbey historians), and the Latin epitaph, written by André, the poet laureate of the time, has also disappeared; but the character for kindness, honesty, and simplicity which he gives Daubeney is quite borne out by the features and expression of the portrait effigy. The effigies are of alabaster, and good examples of the costume of the period. Daubeney himself wears plate-armour with the collar and insignia of the Garter; upon the soles of his plaited shoes are crouching figures of friars with rosaries in their hands, considered by some writers to be satirical caricatures, but there seems no ground for this theory. His wife has the long dishevelled hair seen in the effigy of Henry the Seventh's Queen, which is described in the account of the figure carried at her funeral; it is here confined by a close head-dress elaborately bordered with flowers and jewellery, her feet rest on a dog and a wolf, her husband's on a lion. The Daubeney badge, two dragon's wings joined by a knot, has been replaced upon the present grille.

Before his death, April 21, 1509, Henry VII. had done all in his power to ensure the completion of his chapel, and of a suitable sepulchre for himself and his wife. He drew up elaborate indentures, signed with his own hand and seal, between himself and the convent, and provided for every detail as to the priests and services. The royal founder not only gave large sums of ready money to the Abbot for this purpose and for the west end of the nave, but left valuable estates towards the endowment of his chapel, and plate, vestments, and relics to the altars, one of which was dedicated to Henry VI. Although exhorting his executors in his will to avoid "all dampnable pomp and outragious superfluity" at his funeral, he takes pains to remind them that they should have a special respect "to the wealth of our soul and somewhat to our dignity royal," for which purpose he leaves all the

cash in his coffers, his jewels and valuables of every kind. It was therefore only natural that his young son, Henry VIII., who loved all kinds of pomp and ceremony, should order a magnificent funeral, worthy, in every particular, of the founder of this beautiful chapel. There was first a lying-in-state at Richmond, where the King died, then at St. Paul's, and afterwards at the Abbey, where an elaborate hearse, covered with wax tapers, was set up in the Confessor's Chapel, within it was the customary lay figure in royal robes, lying upon cushions of cloth of gold above the coffin. The embalmed body was buried the next day in the presence of the chief clergy and nobility with elaborate funeral rites, in the vault,[1] to which Elizabeth's coffin had already been transferred, at the east end of the new Lady Chapel. The hearse was placed near the vault, and "a goodly rich pall of gold" laid over it, while the heralds hung their coats of arms upon the rails. This hearse remained here for several years, and on the anniversary of Henry VII. and his Queen, which was celebrated annually on the 12th of February, the Abbot and his monks, the Lord Mayor and other chief officials assembled round it, and a solemn service was held, while a hundred wax tapers were lit upon the hearse and the altar, which used to stand at the east end of the tomb within the grille. Henry had left instructions with regard to every detail of his tomb, and the grille seems to have been begun before his death, but the design was altered from Gothic to Classic under the talented superintendence of the great Italian sculptor, Torrigiano, to whom we owe the wonderfully modelled effigies, the figures of little angels, the reliefs of saints, and in fact all the decoration on the monument. That the chapel was only completed as far as the vaulting and the scaffolding for the roof may account for the long delay (four years) before the fine part of the work was actually begun, though it is probable that the black marble foundation of the sepulchre had been put in hand before. In any case the whole monument, and that of the King's mother in the south aisle,

[1] Hitherto the bodies of the sovereigns had been buried above ground in the tombs.



THE TOMB OF HENRY VII. AND ELIZABETH OF YORK

which is by the same hand, were apparently completed by 1518, when Torrigiano undertook to do the high altar. The groups of twelve saints in copper and gilt around the tomb were specially provided for by Henry's own directions, and represent his patrons or guardians; amongst them are the Confessor, and both the St. Johns, as well as the Virgin and St. Anne. On the grate or closure which protects them from injury, and is the work of English hands, are some of the royal badges, including the Tudor rose, the greyhound of the Nevilles, and the Welsh dragon; upon the gates of the chapel will be found the others, such as the portcullis, and Lady Margaret's root of daisies. The portrait effigy, which is seen best in the accompanying photograph, must have been, from contemporary accounts, a life-like image of the "Solomon of England." The stern, ascetic lines of his features resemble those of his mother, whose beautiful figure, the face and hands wrinkled and seamed with the marks of old age, is perhaps Torrigiano's *chef-d'œuvre*. Henry gave minute directions in his will concerning an image of himself to be made of wood covered with fine plates of gold "in manner of an armed man kneeling on a table of silver and gilt, and holding betwixt his hands the crown which it pleased God to give us with the victory of our enemy in the first field." This was to be placed either on the crest of the shrine or somewhere upon it, but there is no reason to suppose that such an image was ever constructed, since no record of it remains. The inscription round the verge of the tomb may have been composed by Erasmus, and is not unlike "the plain and just" one he wrote for his patroness, Lady Margaret. Upon the coffin itself is a more fulsome Latin epitaph, which was seen and copied at the time Dean Stanley opened the vault in 1869, inscribed upon a leaden plate. It describes the King's person and character in most eulogistic terms, and his Queen as "pleasant, very fair, modest, and fruitful," concluding with the words: "Parents happy in their progeny, to whom thou, Land of England, owest Henry VIII."

Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, only sur-

vived her dearly loved son a few months. She died on June 29, 1509, before the coronation of her grandson, at Westminster Palace, commending the young King to her friend Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who afterwards rescued her estates from the rapacious royal hand, and paid for his fidelity to his religious principles on the scaffold. Fisher had preached the funeral sermon at St. Paul's for her son, and now performed the same sad duty at the obsequies of his patroness. The sermon was printed by Wynken de Worde, who had succeeded Caxton as printer to the royal family, and contains an eloquent and deserved tribute to this noble lady. He enumerates some of the many persons who had "cause to complain and to mourn her death," the university students to whom she was a mother, the priests, clerks, and religious people of both sexes, to whom she was "a loving sister . . . and true defender; all the noble men and women, to whom she was a mirror and example of honour; all the common people . . . for whom she was in their causes a common mediatrix, and took right great displeasure for them; and generally the whole realm. . . ." The royal founder, his wife, and his mother had thus passed away long before the chapel, where their bodies rest, was finished, and of the two principal persons concerned in its design, Sir Reginald Bray, who is supposed to have been the original architect, died shortly after the laying of the foundation stone, and the Abbot of Westminster alone survived to carry out the work.

Islip, who had entered the monastery about 1480 and became Abbot in 1500, lived till 1532. During his long Abbacy he superintended first the destruction of the thirteenth century Lady Chapel, then the erection of Henry's new building, and watched the Italian sculptor at his work upon the royal tombs, which were put up in the completed chapel during this time. With the rents from the valuable estates which the monastery had accumulated since its foundation, Islip was able not only to repair the ancient parts of the fabric, but also to make the west end worthy of the eastern part, thus completing the building of the whole church, a task which had taxed the resources of Kings and

monks alike for three centuries. He designed a central tower, which was intended for a peal of bells, but the piers were too weak to bear the weight, and the project, taken up long afterwards again by Wren, had to be abandoned. The Abbot was obliged to content himself with adding some rooms to his house and making the little gallery leading from these apartments into the new part of the nave, now called the Abbot's Pew. The screen of St. John's Chapel, where his immediate predecessors rested, had lately been closed by the addition of a Bishop's tomb, that of Ruthall (d. 1523), Bishop of Durham and private secretary to both Henry VII. and Henry VIII., who is said to have died of vexation on discovering that an inventory of his own vast wealth, amounting to a hundred thousand pounds, had been sent to the palace instead of a volume of state papers. The story, as told by the chronicler, goes on to say that Wolsey, whose hard-working drudge the secretary was, discovered the mistake, but handed the book to the King nevertheless, with the callous remark that "he knew now where a man of money was in case he needed it." Shakespeare uses this picturesque incident in the play of "Henry VIII.," but makes Wolsey, not Ruthall, the principal.

The Bishop was in his way as great a builder as Islip himself. He restored the bridge at Newcastle-on-Tyne, founded a grammar school at Cirencester, and "intended many more benefactions had not death surprised him." Since his tomb, which was once covered by a canopy, took up the best available space in the Abbots' Chapel, Islip constructed a mortuary chapel and chantry close by on purpose for his own sepulchre, and there he lay undisturbed in solitary state, while prayers were offered up for his soul, as long as the monastery lasted; it was dissolved only eight years after his death. The tomb itself, made of two slabs of black marble, has since been shifted from its place in the centre, and the alabaster figure of the Abbot in his vestments, or, according to Dart, his skeleton in a shroud, which used to lie on the lower slab, has disappeared. In the chantry chapel above it are now kept the wax effigies to which we have referred before. Islip was buried here with extraordinary

splendour. A description of his death and funeral is in the Islip[1] roll. Henry VIII., who condescended to call this venerable Abbot "a good old fellow," sent Lord Windsor to represent him as chief mourner, the last mark of favour which he paid to the monastery, and during the funeral ceremonies, which lasted two days, the coffin lay upon a hearse, covered with a pall of gold tissue, in the choir, and two branch candlesticks of silver gilt held the tapers. During the last years of Islip's Abbacy, his friend, the satirical verse writer, Skelton, took sanctuary here, and probably stayed with him in his house, to escape from the wrath of Wolsey, who had already imprisoned him once or twice. Skelton is said to have employed his enforced seclusion by composing the Latin and English rhyming epitaphs which were inscribed on wooden tablets and used to hang from iron chains, until they rotted away in the eighteenth century, close to the royal tombs. Tradition only connects Skelton with these quaint epitaphs, and it has often seemed probable to the present writer that many of them are of a more ancient origin; they are quoted *in extenso* by Dart and other persons who actually saw them *in situ*.

[1] Copied in the "Brit. Mus. Addit. MS." 5829, f. 61; extracts are also given in Dugdale's "Monasticon."

CHAPTER VII

THE ABBEY UNDER THE EARLY TUDORS

THE last years of Henry the Eighth's reign are marked in the Abbey annals by the dissolution (1540) of the ancient monastery, and the instalment of a Bishopric here, with a Dean and Chapter under episcopal authority, an arrangement which lasted only for the brief space of ten years. Abbot Boston, though dispossessed of his former power, was allowed to stay on as Dean under his family name of Benson, till his death nine years later, when he was buried in the south transept, and his successor, Edward's tutor, Richard Cox, the first Lutheran Dean, took his place. In the meantime no persons of any note had been interred in the church, and the coronation of Edward VI. was the only historic event which took place here, for Henry VIII. himself preferred to lie near his heir's mother, "his true and loving wife, Queen Jane," at Windsor. Once again a small weak boy of nine years old sat in St. Edward's chair, not, like his kinsman, Henry VI., looking round him with timid glances, but regarding his powerful uncle, Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, who stood beside him, with a cold and calculating eye; for Edward was by no means a gentle yielding nephew, as the Protector was destined to discover later on. The coronation (February 20, 1547) was a notable one. For the first time did an English King claim the headship of the Church as well as of the realm, and Archbishop Cranmer not only called the young sovereign Head of the Church in his sermon, but presented him to the people as their King by right of succession, not as elected by their free choice, thus inaugurating the "divine right" of the Tudors and Stuarts to the throne. Three crowns—St.

Edward's, the Imperial Crown, and a golden circlet made to fit the boy—were used for the first time. It was noted that the Duke took the crown from the altar, and held it in his hand for a certain space before he, against all precedent, assisted the Primate to place it on the King's head. During Edward's short reign such of the vestments, plate, and relics which had been spared by the rapacious hand of his father and were not successfully concealed with the Confessor's coffin by the monks, were cleared out of the Abbey by his greedy uncle, who posed as a strong reformer, and one of the Seymour family, the first Baron Wentworth, Lord Chamberlain of the royal household, was buried (March 7, 1551) with much pomp in the sacred chapel where the last Prince Abbot, Islip, had lain alone hitherto. About the same time, and owing to Somerset's influence, the honour of an Abbey sepulchre was granted to a divine of ultra-Protestant opinions—John Redman, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and one of the first prebendaries of Westminster in 1540. The graves of the Seymour family, represented by the Protector's widow and daughter, belong to a later period in the history of the monuments and will be referred to again.

Edward VI. died of consumption (July 6, 1553) in his sixteenth year, before he could show more of his true character than was revealed by various significant remarks and acts; before, in fact, he was old enough to wield the despotic power to which he already inclined. As soon as Mary, daughter of the divorced first wife of Henry VIII., Katharine of Arragon, had successfully suppressed her rival and kinswoman, Lady Jane Grey, she turned her attention to the preparations for her brother's funeral, and is said to have expended about £5000 upon this state ceremonial, thus emptying the already impoverished royal treasury. The place she selected for Edward's coffin was at the west end of his royal grandfather's vault, where it was seen and identified by Stanley. The same indefatigable Dean discovered and restored to their place the fragments of Torrigiano's beautiful altar which stood above Edward's

grave; it was the high altar of the chapel, and therefore spared when the side altars were destroyed in 1561, only to be demolished by the Puritans in the seventeenth century. Twenty-six years after its destruction, this work of art was engraved, probably from an old drawing, in Sandford's famous genealogical work on the Kings of England, as the monument of Edward VI. While Mary heard a requiem mass in the Tower Chapel the burial in the Abbey was conducted according to Protestant rites, Archbishop Cranmer officiating for the last time at a public service. In every other detail the funeral resembled those of the earlier sovereigns, save that the body was removed the night before in darkness and silence from Whitehall Palace to Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and the effigy only was carried in the procession next day (August 7, 1553). Before the bier, after the choir and clergy, walked for the first time the Abbey bedesmen, a body of pensioners constituted by Henry VIII., after the directions in his father's will, and in the rear came "a goodly horse covered with cloth of gold unto the ground, and the Master of the Horse, with a man of arms in armour, which was offered, both the man and the horse. There was set up a goodly hearse in Westminster Abbey with banner(s) and pencils and hung with velvet about,"[1] covered also with lighted tapers according to ancient custom.

The Protestants, "who made the greatest moan . . . ever was heard or seen" at the funeral of this boy King, were conspicuous chiefly by their absence at his Roman Catholic sister's coronation; many of them were already in prison, for the customary general pardon granted on this occasion contained so many exceptions as to be practically a dead-letter. Mary was obliged to borrow £20,000 from the citizens of London to meet the heavy expenses incurred by the pageantry and pomp of this great ceremony. The chief feature of the procession through the city to Whitehall the day before was the seventy ladies robed in crimson velvet, and mounted on white horses with trappings of gold and silver, who followed the Queen's litter, amongst

[1] Machyn's Diary.

them were two of Sir Anthony Cooke's learned daughters, Mrs. Bacon and Mrs. Secretary Cecil, of whom we shall have occasion to speak later on, also a grand-daughter of Sir Thomas More's. From Whitehall to the landing-stage at Westminster Palace, the Queen and her ladies went in barges, very early the next morning, and before 11 A.M. the procession from there to the Abbey progressed slowly along the blue cloth laid down for it. The Queen, dressed in her crimson Parliament robes, her train carried by the Duchess of Norfolk, walked under a canopy held above her head by the Barons of the Cinque Ports, followed by her father's repudiated wife, Anne of Cleves, and her sister, Elizabeth, who took precedence on that day of all the court. A raised and boarded platform strewed with rushes led from the great west door to the stage before the altar, where the coronation chair and stone awaited the first female sovereign of this realm, and all around the grey stone walls and polished marble pillars were concealed by rich arras. Since the two Archbishops and Dean Cox were prisoners in the Tower, Mary chose her favourite Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, to officiate at the ceremony, while her new Dean, Weston—a man of notoriously bad character—performed those duties which had belonged beforetime to the Abbots, and received the regalia. In one small detail the precedent could not be followed, for never before had a Queen-Regnant[1] been anointed with the sacred chrism, and to her personal attendant, Mrs. Walgrave, fell the Abbot's usual duty of closing the royal garment, in this case a purple corset, after the unction.

A third crown was again used, and unlike that of her brother, it was a very rich one, heavy and loaded with gems; the ring upon her marriage finger, the token of fidelity to her realm, which Abbot Feckenham tells us "she never put off after during her life," had a single diamond, not a ruby as was usual. Four days later Mary opened her first Parliament, and rode to the Abbey to hear mass, dressed again in her scarlet velvet robes and attended by her nobles; a significant incident, which marred the ceremony, showed that

[1] Mary's predecessors were Queen-Consorts.

the restoration of the Roman ritual was not universally welcomed by her subjects, for two Bishops refused to kneel during the elevation of the Host, and were violently ejected from the church. As soon as possible after her accession—that is, in 1556, for the state of her treasury made such a costly undertaking impossible before—the Queen restored the ancient foundation at Westminster, sent her unworthy Dean off to Windsor, and appointed a worthy man, Feckenham, then Dean of St. Paul's, as Abbot, with a few monks, collected from different parts to fill the empty dormitory, and to keep up the ancient anniversaries. But the attempt to bring back the vanished glories of the monastic times proved futile, for both the royal and the clerical purses were almost empty. All that could be done was to put together the remnants of the Confessor's tomb, and replace his coffin above the inadequately restored basement, within a wooden shrine, since it was impossible to find the money to pay for another golden top, or to enrich it with jewels. It was not till March 1557, when the Queen was already faint and weary with mortal sickness, worn out also by the troubles of her short reign, that the newly restored shrine was ready to receive the saint's coffin. A grand service was held on the occasion, Mary herself and her Spanish husband, Philip II., accompanied by the Russian ambassador, following the sacred coffin, and such relics as still existed, in procession round the cloisters. Abbot Feckenham replaced the old and worn-out inscriptions on the royal tombs by modern ones, adding to them according to his own fancy now and then, or sometimes in imitation of the original, as may be the case in the mottoes "Pactum serva" and "Scotorum Malleus" on the tomb of Edward I. With the pathetic story of the last Abbot and his doings at the Abbey we are not now concerned—it has already been told at length by the same pen in the annals of this church; he was destined to spend only a few years of his life at Westminster, and to be reft from the place he loved so well long before his death.

During Mary's reign a few persons of no very great importance were buried here, such as her own retainer,

John Jennings, whose funeral seems to have been a very grand and pompous one, with an abundance of wax lights; a noble Spaniard, one of her husband's household, and an English knight, Sir Thomas Clifford, Governor of Berwick. One tomb, however, there is belonging to this period which calls for some remark, for within it lie the remains of that ill-used Flemish lady, Anne of Cleves (d. July 1557), who was fortunate in her divorce from her tyrannical husband, Henry VIII., before his disappointment vented itself in the divorce of her body and soul. There was perhaps some ground for the passionate King's annoyance; Cromwell's exaggerated praise and Holbein's picture had led him to expect a paragon, a beautiful young person with yellow locks flowing on her shoulders. But when he flew to greet his bride he found a heavy Flemish girl with black hair and eyes, a face pitted with smallpox, a tongue slow to speak, and only capable of speaking, or indeed her ears of understanding, any language but her own, caring chiefly for needlework, with no taste for music, no love of dancing. Six miserable months passed, Henry called his meek and gentle wife wilful and stubborn, and exerted himself to get rid of her by fair means or foul. Fortunately for Anne, he forced the lawyers and divines—amongst them that Redman to whom we have referred before—to sign a decree of divorce, and after enduring much mental suffering, emphasised by a fainting fit when the news of her release from the royal tyrant was brought to her, the discarded Queen was allowed to retire into private life. Henceforth she lived away from the gay court, at Richmond and other places, but she was rewarded in after years for the neglect of her husband by the attentions shown to her by both her step-daughters, Mary and Elizabeth. Her last public appearance was at Mary's coronation, and the Queen always treated her with affection, and perhaps influenced her change of religion, for the Protestant Fleming died a Roman Catholic. That even *her* heavy wits mastered the English tongue in the course of years is demonstrated by an English letter, which she wrote to Mary on the occasion of her marriage; that her inclinations led her to prefer

Elizabeth may be inferred from the fact that she bequeathed "her second-best jewel" to the Princess, and a favourite maid of honour to her protection. She was buried in the Abbey by Mary's orders; the account of her funeral given by the diarist, Machyn, and in the following extract describes it as of "regal splendour, the burial of a Queen."

"The 3rd of August my Lady Anne of Cleves (sometime wife of Henry VIII.) came from Chelsea to Westminster, with all the children of Westminster (of the choir), with many priests and clerks, and the *gray amice* of St. Paul's, and three crosses, and the monks of Westminster. My lord bishop of London (Bonner) and my lord abbot of Westminster (Feckenham) rode together next the monks. Then rode the two executors, Sir Edmund Pecham and Sir Richard Preston, and then my lord admiral and my lord Darcy, followed by many knights and gentlemen. After her banner of arms came her gentlemen of the household and her head officers, and the bier-chariot with eight banners of arms and four banners of white taffeta, wrought with fine gold. Thus they passed St. James and on to Charing Cross, where were met a hundred torches, her servants bearing them, and the twelve bedesmen of Westminster had new black gowns, and they had twelve burning torches and four white branches; then her ladies and gentlewomen, all in black, on their horses. At the Abbey door all did alight, and the bishop of London and my lord abbot, in their mitres and copes, received the good lady, censing her; and their men did bear her under a canopy of black velvet with four black staves, and so brought her under the hearse, and there tarried dirge and all the night with lights burning. The next day requiem was sung for my lady Anne, daughter of Cleves, and then my lord of Westminster preached as goodly a sermon as ever was made, and the bishop of London sang mass in his mitre. And after mass the lord bishop and the lord abbot did cense the corpse, and afterwards she was carried to her tomb, where she lies with a hearse and cloth of gold over her. Then all her head officers brake their staves, and all her ushers brake their rods, and cast them into her

tomb, and all the gentlemen and ladies offered at mass. My lady of Winchester[1] was chief mourner, and my lord admiral and lord Darcy went on each side of her, and thus they went in order to a great dinner given by my lord of Winchester to all the mourners." (Copied by Miss Strickland from a restored fragment of a half-burnt Cotton MS.) The tomb, little of which is now visible, so hidden is it by the monuments of Busby and South, was left in an unfinished state, and early in the reign of James I. Dean Neile added a black marble slab, which was afterwards taken away and used for the high altar; the stone panels (upon which will be found the arms of Cleves and Juliers, with the initials "A.C.") on the ambulatory side are interesting as the first example of the skull and cross-bone decoration in England; the artist who designed it is said to have been a native of Cleves, one Theodore Haveus. Anne was destined to obscurity in death as in life, for her tomb was long concealed altogether by the tapestry which used to hang in the choir, and was replaced by wainscotting in the early eighteenth century; the latter was not finally cleared away till the coronation of George IV. Her step-daughter, Mary Tudor, survived her for little more than a year, and died November 17, 1558, practically of a broken heart—the poor heart which is still preserved in a vase inside her vault—neglected by her husband, who did not trouble even to come to her death-bed. Unpopular with the bulk of her people, and a prey to remorse on account of the many murders committed in the name of religion during her reign, which won her the epithet of "bloody," Mary herself was guilty of passive rather than active persecution, and was wholly under the influence of her episcopal favourites, Gardiner and Bonner, as well as of her bigoted spouse. Let her memory rest in peace even as her remains were allowed to lie forgotten so long, for Mary's grave was unmarked by any memorial save the broken altar stones piled above it, till the coffin of that sister whose fame has far eclipsed hers was laid in the same vault. Her funeral was conducted with the usual cere-

[1] First wife (d. 1558) of William Paulet, first Marquess of Winchester, whose second wife lies in St. Nicholas' Chapel, and is noticed later on.

monials, but it may be noted that her corpse, which was embalmed and lay in state, first in the Privy Chamber then in the palace at St. James's, watched day and night by her ladies, was clad in the dress of a *nun* not of a Queen, only the effigy wearing the customary royal robes, with "many gemmed rings upon the hands." The ladies, who had followed her litter on horseback in their gay dresses at the coronation, now rode behind the bier clad in black velvet robes, "long enough to sweep after them on the ground." For the last time the Westminster monks were present at a royal funeral, and the Abbot officiated with a sad heart; his funeral sermon, which was preached after the interment, while the hearse stood in the church, is a tribute to the best side of Mary's character, a lament also for the old order so soon to pass away. Elizabeth took her place as chief mourner at the burial service. White, the Bishop of Winchester's funeral oration, called "a black sermon" by his religious opponents, so annoyed her that she ordered his arrest, according to one account directly he left the pulpit; an order which the bellicose prelate actually defied at the time, and he even dared to retaliate by excommunicating his new sovereign. No wonder that the blood of the Tudors boiled in Elizabeth's veins when she heard him declare that "the dead deserved more praise than the living, for Mary had chosen the better part," and it was certainly not calculated to soothe her wrath when the preacher wound up with the proverb[1] about a living dog being better than a dead lion, even although he advised her people to give their allegiance to their new sovereign.

In the College at Arms is a long and detailed account of the various ceremonies and services connected with Mary's burial, including a description of the embalming and casing of the body. The hearse, which stood apparently before the high altar, was more elaborate than any before or since; besides the usual tapers and banners it was decorated with escutcheons of metal and of wax, also "with angels, mourners, and Queens in their robes of estate made of wax," and above the effigy "a great dome of painter's work with four evangelists of fine gold," there was

[1] "Melius est canis vivus leone mortuo."

a small altar within the rail of the hearse covered with velvet and "richly garnished with plate." Scarcely had the heralds broken their staves, and the committal to the grave ended, than the black hangings, which covered the Abbey walls in token of mourning, were torn down by an eager mob of people, some of them mourners who wished to keep fragments in memory of the Queen, others bigoted Protestants, who only desired to erase the memory of her reign in every possible way. The fine broadcloth, the wax images, and all the decorations of the hearse were taken by the Abbot and his monks as their perquisites, and at that very time a lawsuit was going on between the monastery and the heralds, caused by the fact that the brethren had seized on and despoiled the hearse of Anne of Cleves in the same way. This dispute was not finally settled till ten years later, when the Heralds College won the day, and the Dean and Chapter were obliged to give up henceforth their ancient claim to the hearses. In her last will Mary desired that the body of her dearly loved and much injured mother, Katharine of Arragon, might be brought from Peterborough and laid beside hers "within as short a time as conveniently it may"; she also ordered her executors "to cause to be made honourable tombs for a decent memory of us," but, as we have seen, these last wishes were never carried out, and only the Latin sentence placed upon Elizabeth's monument by James I. recalls her memory here. "Consorts both in throne and grave, here rest the two sisters Mary and Elizabeth in hope of one resurrection." Ten days after the papist Queen's obsequies, a solemn requiem mass was celebrated in the Abbey by Elizabeth's orders, in honour of Philip's father, the Emperor Charles V.

The gloomy years of Mary's short reign had cast a shadow over the land; Spanish and Jesuit influences had pervaded even the court, and instinctively men turned to the rising sun with mingled hope and fear, for little as yet was known of Elizabeth's true character, so sedulously had she been kept in the background by her sister. The royal treasury was again nearly empty, and although the city pageants were as magnificent as usual, the actual

coronation, which took place on Sunday, January 15, 1559 —a day fixed by Elizabeth's soothsayer, Dr. Gee—was not nearly so imposing a ceremony as heretofore. The absence of the chief spiritual peers was one of the most noticeable differences, for the leading Bishops, including the Archbishop[1] of York, to a man had refused to take the oath of allegiance, because it contained a clause which acknowledged the sovereign to be supreme Head of the Church. At length, however, one prelate, Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle, consented to crown the Queen, and in order to equip himself in the proper costume for the part usually played by an Archbishop, he was obliged to borrow the mitre and vestments belonging to Bonner, Bishop of London, who was already in disgrace. Save for the fact that the Litany, gospel and epistle were read in English as well as in Latin, the service was performed according to Roman Catholic rites, with Abbot Feckenham in his official place, for Elizabeth made no violent changes at first. It was not indeed till the 12th of July in this year that the monastery was again dissolved, and Abbot Feckenham deposed and imprisoned. Several months more were to pass, during which time the first English burial service was held here, at the funeral of Elizabeth's kinswoman, the Duchess of Suffolk, before the charter which established the collegiate church of St. Peter's was ratified by the Queen, May 15, 1560. The first Dean of the new foundation, William Bill, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Provost of Eton, held strong Protestant views, for which he had suffered deprivation and exile in Mary's time, and under his brief rule—he only survived his appointment twelve months—the Latin service was finally abolished, and the reformed liturgy introduced into the Abbey. Before his death he drew up the first draft of the new statutes, which received the royal signature under his successor, Gabriel Goodman, and thus although his connection with Westminster was so short, he has left an indelible mark on the constitution of the Chapter. Bill lies near Archbishop Langham in the little Chapel of St. Benedict, to which he had left money in his will, probably

[1] The See of Canterbury was vacant.

merely in order to pay for and keep up his monument; the altar must have been destroyed with the rest of the side altars in April of this year, and anniversary services could no longer be held in the chapels as in monastic times. Upon his altar-tomb is a brass plate, with a quaint figure of the Dean in the long black robe or cassock worn by the early reformers, and his coats of arms; while five rhyming couplets of Latin verse extol his learning and charity, and record his benefits to the three colleges—St. John's, Trinity, and Eton—with which he was connected.

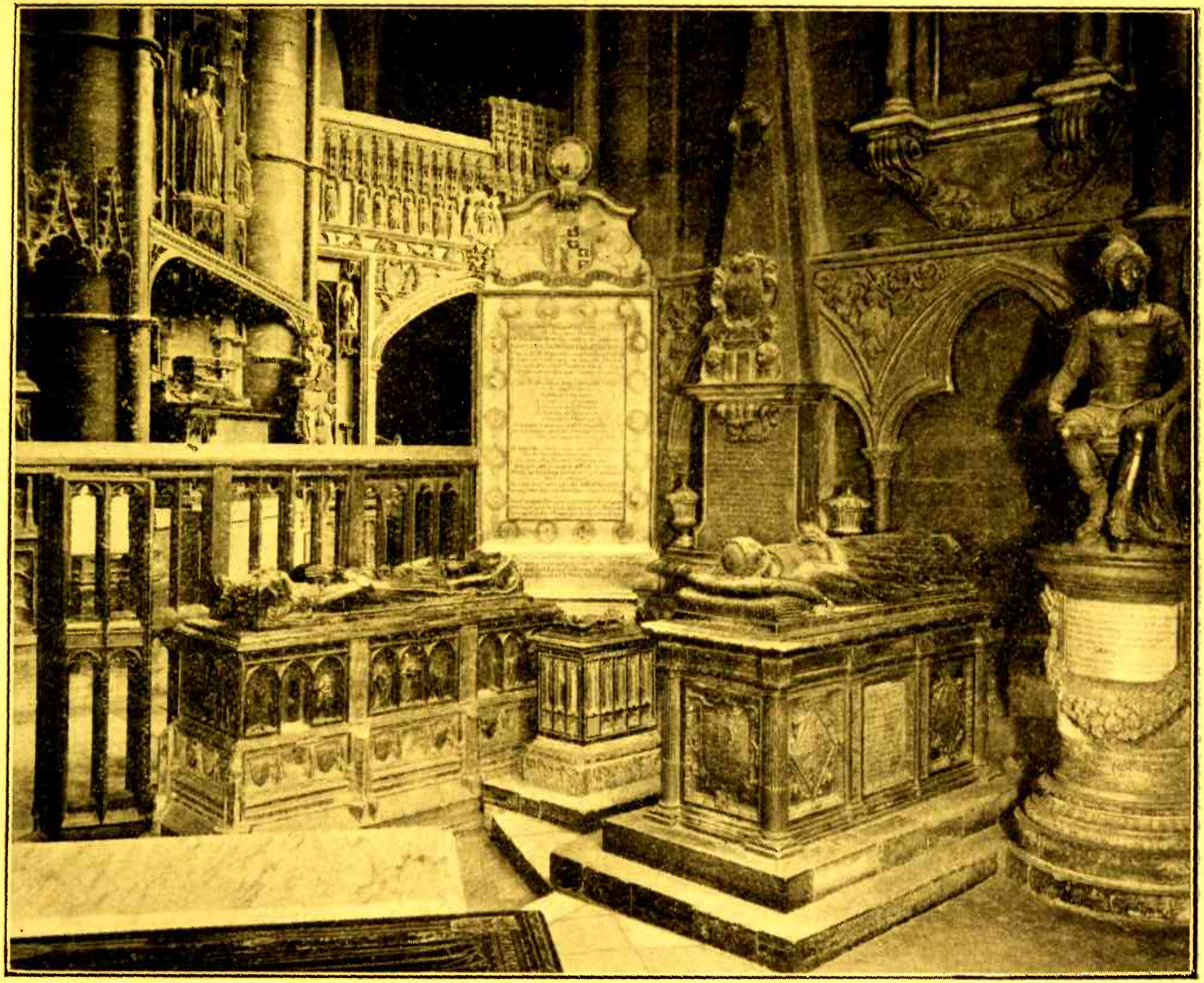
Of Goodman (d. 1601), whose monument, with a figure of the good Dean—his nature was goodness like his name—kneeling in prayer, is close by, there is much to tell as we gather up one by one the names of the numerous persons buried here during his long rule of forty years. He completed the changes in the ritual which his predecessor had only had time to inaugurate, and arranged the details of the daily services according to the statutes. To him the Chapter owe the remains of the monastic library, the few documents and records which still exist, as well as the preservation of the Litlington Missal, Ware's *Consuetudines*, and the *Liber Regalis* from destruction. Goodman collected these manuscripts, and such printed books as existed here in his time, and placed them in part of the old dormitory, with a keeper appointed especially to look after them. In the following century Dean Williams turned the whole of the dormitory into a library, of which the photograph represents the room as it has been ever since his time. With the school, which had recently been refounded by the Queen, Goodman was also closely connected, keeping up the tradition of the old days when the monks taught their scholars in the cloisters, and when the Abbot was head of school and monastery; but we are not concerned here with the history of that great foundation, nor with the development of the reformed religion as it affected the Abbey, rather with the monuments and graves which accumulated year by year within its walls.

CHAPTER VIII

TWO ROYAL DUCHESSES

IN Elizabeth's charter the tomb of her grandfather is specially mentioned, and there is little doubt that she regarded this church as a place of sepulture for the royal family and also for such of her own favourites as she desired to lie here. There was no Abbot, and no Pope behind him, to refer to. The Queen was *ex officio* the visitor, the Dean her most humble servant. Goodman was proud to be called her friend, and we find the chapels rapidly filling up with monuments during her long reign. The Confessor's shrine was no longer visited by reverent pilgrims, no longer were prayers said for the repose of the souls of the dead; but, instead, thanksgiving services marked the days of the great Queen's accession and coronation, and she herself attended service here regularly on the occasions of the opening of Parliament. A woman herself, it is natural perhaps that most of the fine tombs erected in her time should have been those that commemorated women, and we have therefore chosen here, and in subsequent chapters, to dwell at some length on the noble ladies who were buried in the Abbey during the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. Three of these are peculiarly important persons, since they and their descendants represented the branches of the royal family who stood next in the succession to the throne—Frances Grey, Duchess of Suffolk; Ann Stanhope, Duchess of Somerset; and Margaret Stuart, Countess of Lennox. Of the former and their families we would speak first, leaving Margaret Stuart and her history —although both technically belong to the Elizabethan age— to a later period, when her descendant, James I., was in possession of the throne.

So closely were the families of Grey and Seymour connected both politically and socially that the proximity of the tombs of their two great female representatives in Westminster Abbey seems more than a mere chance. The Duchess of Suffolk lies in the small chapel of St. Edmund; in the same vault is the coffin of young Jane Seymour, a daughter of the Duchess of Somerset, whose own tomb is in the adjoining chapel of St. Nicholas. The characters and destinies of these proud Duchesses bear a striking resemblance. Each was brought low by ambition; each lost the husband, for whose advancement she had intrigued, on the scaffold; and each consoled herself by a second marriage with one of her own household. The fortuitous resemblance of their lives was accentuated by the marriage of their children, Catherine Grey and Edward Seymour, a marriage which was destined to bring disaster on all concerned in it, as well as to add another tragic story to the family annals. Frances Grey takes precedence of the other Duchess by virtue of her direct Tudor descent. She was the eldest daughter of Mary, "the French Queen," younger sister of Henry VIII., by her second marriage with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. By his unjust will Henry disinherited the descendants of his elder sister Margaret, Queen of Scotland, represented by the Countess of Lennox, in favour of Mary's children, and thus, although she only belonged to the youngest branch of the royal family, Frances was brought perilously near the throne, and had just cause to rue the distinction. Her mother Mary was far the most attractive of all the Tudors, for, while possessing a fair share of their strength of character, she also inherited the sweet nature and charming manners of her own mother, Elizabeth of York, whose attractions had won the heart not only of her husband Henry VII. but of his somewhat austere mother, the venerable Lady Margaret. At the early age of sixteen Mary was forced by her royal brother to wed the old and decrepit French King, Louis XII., but this unnatural union of youth and age only lasted a few months. Henry rashly chose as the bearer of his message of condolence on the French monarch's death an



A CORNER OF ST. EDMUND'S CHAPEL

Showing the tombs of Prince John of Eltham, the Children of Edward III., the Duchess of Suffolk, and the figure of Francis Holles

unscrupulous and fascinating courtier, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. It is said that Mary had flirted with the Duke before her first marriage, and had extorted, as a condition of her compliance with her brother's wishes, a royal promise that she might choose a second husband according to her heart's desire. Whatever the truth of this rumour Brandon lost no time now in pressing his suit, and before long he and the youthful Queen-Dowager were secretly betrothed. So lax, indeed, were the morals of Henry's court at this time that the fact that Brandon had already married twice and divorced both wives, one of whom was still living, seemed no impediment to his third marriage, even in Mary's eyes, although some doubt, which was afterwards overcome in the royal wife's favour, was thrown at first on the validity of this stolen match. The ceremony took place privately in Paris early in March 1515, barely three months after the old King's death, and Henry's wrath blazed out fiercely on the news of this alliance coming to his ears, but he soon forgave his chosen friend and his favourite sister for their temerity, and welcomed them back to the English court. A son and heir, who died in infancy, was the first-born, and in the following year (July 16, 1516) Frances, the future Duchess of Suffolk, was born at Hatfield, now the family seat of Lord Salisbury. She was called Frances after Francis I. the new King of France, and had the distinction of two royal ladies for her godmothers, Katharine of Arragon, who held the babe at the font, and her little daughter Princess Mary, then only eighteen months old, who was destined to be both a friend and benefactress to her goddaughter. The childhood of Frances and her sister Eleanor was spent partly at the Suffolks' favourite country seat, Westhorpe Hall, partly at court; as she grew to girlhood, her cousin Margaret Douglas (afterwards Countess of Lennox) was taken into the household by her kind mother, and thus the young girls were educated together, unconscious of their rival claims to the succession. By the time she was sixteen Frances was, we are told, as beautiful as her mother had been at the same age, and young Henry Grey, Marquess of Dorset, fell a victim to

the maiden's charms. The match was in every way a most suitable one, and was strongly supported and perhaps even suggested by the King himself to Frances's father. Grey was one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic young noblemen in the kingdom, tracing his descent direct from Queen Elizabeth Woodville, the mother-in-law of Henry VII., by her first marriage with Sir John Grey of Groby, and he was thus nearly connected with the reigning royal family. The course of true love would have run smoothly to the end had it not been for a trifling difficulty in the fact that the ardent lover had already been solemnly betrothed, perhaps even married, to a daughter of Lord Arundel's. Suffolk could, however, scarcely raise objections on the score of morality, for he had, as we have seen, already one if not two wives alive when he married Frances's mother. So Henry Grey, after some trouble and the expenditure of a large sum of money, managed to get out of his first engagement, and was free to take a new bride. The marriage between himself and Frances Brandon took place some time in 1533, and immediately afterwards the bridegroom and his father-in-law hurried off to the court in order to take a leading part in the elaborate ceremonies which attended the marriage of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn. Dorset, as one of the first nobles in the realm, was chosen to bear the sceptre before the new Queen at her coronation in the Abbey, a ceremony long remembered as one which vied in splendour with that of Elizabeth of York. Scarcely were the grand doings over at court than Westhorpe was changed from a house of joy into a scene of mourning and bitter sorrow, for Mary, Duchess of Suffolk, died somewhat suddenly, having lived to see her former maid of honour become her sister-in-law and Queen of England.

The body was carried to the Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds, the daughters riding behind the hearse on two splendid black horses richly caparisoned with mourning trappings, the one presented to Frances by her husband, the other to Eleanor by her betrothed, Lord Clifford; before leaving the church each sister placed a costly pall of gold upon the bier.

The young Marchioness of Dorset afterwards retired to her husband's country house, Bradgate, in Leicestershire, where she spent her days of mourning in seclusion. Here, in October 1537, the same month and year in which her royal cousin, Edward VI., was born, she gave birth to her famous daughter, Jane; two elder children had died as infants. Upon the death of the poor young Queen Jane Seymour, after whom her daughter was called, twelve days subsequent to her boy's birth, Frances went to court and rode in the Queen's funeral procession to Windsor Chapel immediately behind her cousin, Lady Margaret Douglas, and both were afterwards made ladies-in-waiting to the neglected new bride, Anne of Cleves.

It is now time to give some account of Frances Grey's character and domestic life. The high place her husband held at court during two reigns (of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.) was due rather to his position than to his personal qualities. He was a weak man, easily swayed by external influences, which characteristic, added to boundless ambition, ultimately proved his ruin. His contemporaries called him "a man for his harmless simplicity neither much liked nor much regarded," while his wife, "of higher birth and greater spirit," had entire ascendency over him, although she was clever enough to outwardly conform herself to the will of her husband.

As a mother Frances appears in no amiable light. She had two younger daughters, Catherine (born 1539) and Mary (born 1545) who was so small as to be almost a dwarf. The eldest girl, Jane, spent part of her childhood with Henry the Eighth's last wife, Catherine Parr, and after her death remained in the charge of the Queen's second husband, Admiral Seymour, till his fall, when she returned home. With all their ambitious projects for her future, one of which was a marriage with her cousin, Edward VI., the parents seem to have had little real affection for their beautiful and accomplished daughter. One of the greatest benefits God ever gave her, Jane says somewhat naïvely of herself, was the not unmixed blessing of sharp parental discipline, which made her take refuge with her gentle schoolmaster, and find

her chief delight in study. "When I am in the presence of either father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go; eat, drink, be merry or sad; be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it as it were in such weight, measure, or number even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered that I think myself in hell till the time come that I must go to Mr. Aylmer" (her tutor). This throws a very unpleasant light on the Lady Frances's maternal qualities, and, unfortunately, there are no anecdotes of her domestic life which might soften her daughter's account of her upbringing. It must, however, be remembered that in olden days, even so late as the first half of the last century, children were obliged to show great deference to their elders, never to sit down in their presence without leave, never to speak unless spoken to, besides other severe restrictions touching their behaviour.

During Edward's reign the fortune of the Greys was at its height. The Duke of Suffolk married a fourth wife after the "French Queen's" death, and left two sons by his last marriage; in July 1551 both these boys, who were undergraduates at Cambridge, died of the sweating sickness, and the Dukedom of Suffolk was conferred upon Henry Grey, Marquess of Dorset, in right of his wife, who was the eldest surviving child of Charles Brandon. About a year later the new Duchess herself fell seriously ill, and her husband hastened with his good daughter Jane to Sheen, to her deathbed as they thought. But Lady Frances rallied from this attack, and in November she and her three girls spent a few days with the Princess Mary, who presented them all with trinkets when they left her as a proof of her goodwill. Hitherto the friendship between Frances and her godmother had continued without a break, although the Greys belonged openly to the Reformed party. With the Protector Somerset's fall Grey's power had increased, and his new title gave him an additional importance at court. He now fell entirely under the influence of Dudley, Duke

of Northumberland, and lent a too willing ear to the latter's ambitious schemes. Edward VI. was visibly growing weaker every day, and therefore Northumberland determined, with the other Duke's hearty consent, to make a match between his eldest son Guildford and Jane Grey, trusting to make good his daughter-in-law's claims to the throne on Edward's death by the terms of the young King's will, which he practically dictated. Great preparations were made for the wedding: "For the more solemnity and splendour of this day the Master of the Wardrobe had divers warrants to deliver out of the King's wardrobe much rich apparel and jewels. As to deliver to the Lady Frances—for wedding apparel—certain parcels of tissue and cloth of gold and silver, which had been the late Duke and Duchess of Somerset's, forfeited to the King." On the same day, in May 1553, Jane's sister Catherine was married to the Earl of Pembroke's second son, from whom, however, she was divorced after her family's disgrace. Edward was too ill to appear at the marriage feast, and lingered only for another two months; scarcely did his untimely death take place (July 9) than his cousin, Lady Jane Dudley, was proclaimed Queen. The Lady Frances, her mother, fell on her knees in front of the bewildered girl, and performed homage to her almost before poor Jane could realise her changed position, and on the following day the haughty Duchess herself carried her daughter's train from the landing-place to the great hall of the Tower on the new Queen's royal progress. Nine days later all these ambitious hopes were dashed to the ground by Mary Tudor's prompt courage, and the Tower, which had been entered with such jubilation so short a time before, became the prison of the girl Queen and her relations. Mary knew too much behind the scenes to be severe with the feeble Suffolk, and old friendship forbade stern measures with his wife, who flung herself at her feet and besought the royal clemency for herself and her husband, avoiding all mention of her daughter. The Princess at once released the Greys, keeping the young Dudleys as hostages, while Northumberland and his adherents justly suffered for their plots on the scaffold. Unfortunately Suffolk himself afterwards

abused Mary's clemency, and destroyed all hope of mercy for his innocent child. During the first days of the Tudor Queen's reign he and his wife remained quietly at their London home, the Charterhouse at East Sheen, but early in the new year (1554) Wyatt's fatal rebellion once more kindled the Duke's ambition. He was actually mounting his horse to join the rebels when a message came from the too confiding Mary offering him a command against them. He disregarded her olive branch, and by his suicidal conduct lost both his own head and his daughter's. Lady Frances herself was no accomplice in her husband's treason, and she was therefore left undisturbed at home during his trial and execution. Of her feelings on the double tragedy we know nothing, but that they were not very deep was shown by the indecent haste with which she wedded a second husband. She chose her Master of the Horse, "so far forgetting the greatness of her descent as to accept for an husband Adrian Stokes, a gentleman, but in mean circumstances; which, however much it might tend to her dishonour, yet she seemed to do it for her own security." The Duchess's contemporaries believed that she hoped by her union with "a mean person"—*i.e.* a simple esquire, not a man of title—to palliate the danger of her nearness to the throne. Stokes was a good husband as well as a man of some education, and the couple resided at the Charterhouse in considerable state after Frances's *mèsalliance*, where three children, all of whom died in infancy, were born to them. The two young girls, Catherine, wedded, yet no longer a wife, and Mary, were taken into the royal household as maids of honour, and that the Queen continued to regard their mother with friendly eyes is shown by the high estimation in which the Duchess was held at court, she and Lady Lennox taking precedence over the Princess Elizabeth. Amongst the newly created ladies-in-waiting were two of the late Duke of Somerset's daughters, and the connection between the Greys and Seymours, which ended so disastrously for poor Catherine Grey, originated in her girlish friendship for Jane Seymour, a friendship no doubt cemented by the fact that both the girls' fathers had lost their heads.

Here seems the fitting place to speak of the Seymour family; we must therefore leave Lady Frances for a while in her seclusion at Sheen and turn back to her contemporary, the Duchess of Somerset.

Anne Stanhope was a direct descendant from Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of Edward III., and never did she forget that she had royal blood in her veins. By her marriage with Edward Seymour, afterwards Duke of Somerset, she became the sister-in-law of Jane Seymour, the favourite wife of Henry VIII., and on the succession of Jane's puny son, Edward VI., to the throne, the boy's uncle took the highest place after royalty in the kingdom as Lord Protector. The Duchess thus reigned as queen in all but name, having absolute ascendency over her husband. Sir John Hayward may have exaggerated when he called her "mannish," and "devilish, . . . a woman for many imperfections intolerable but for pride monstrous . . . exceedingly subtle and violent in accomplishing her ends, for which she spurned over all respects, both of conscience and of shame," but she was undoubtedly a very unpleasant character. Yet the gallant Earl of Surrey admired her so much that he tried to flirt with her, but was repulsed with scorn and contempt, a repulse which he chronicled in a sonnet on "a lady who refused to dance with him," addressed to the haughty dame. Edward Seymour, like Henry Grey, was weak, and "so easy to be wrought on by all that knew on which side he did lie most open to assault and battery," that his wife could sway him as she liked, and she used her influence wholly for ill. For instance she induced her husband to cut off his son by his first marriage from the entail, a mean act, punished by the forfeiture of the Somerset title and estates to the Crown on the Duke's fall.

A quarrel for precedence between the Duchess and Catherine Parr, though not the prime cause of Somerset's brother, the admiral's ruin, certainly contributed to it, for Anne never forgot or forgave an injury. In her anger at the time she is reported to have cried out, "Did not Henry VIII. marry Catherine Parr in his doting days?

Have I so long commanded him who commands two kingdoms . . . if Mr. Admiral teach his wife no better manners I am she that will." The Dowager-Queen died soon after this dispute, which was none of her making, although her husband had taken up the cudgels on her behalf. The Duchess then transferred her "malice" to the widower, and continually "rubbed into the Duke's dull capacities that the Lord Sudeley, dissenting from him in opinion of religion, sought nothing more than to take away his life. . . . The Duke, embracing this woman's counsel (a woman's counsel indeed and nothing the better), yielded himself both to advice and device for destruction of his brother." There is in fact no doubt that the Duchess might have used her influence to save her brother-in-law had she wished, even if she be maligned by the above accusation. On the Protector's fall and execution (1551) this haughty woman was cast in a moment from her high position to a prison cell, "no man grieving thereat because her pride and baseness of life overbalanced all pity." All her husband's riches and estates were confiscated, the chief part being, however, restored afterwards to their eldest son, Edward, and a pittance of £100 a year was, in 1553, assigned for the maintenance of the Duchess. Two of her six daughters were already married, and the four youngest were taken charge of by the King and Council, by whom they were "commended" to the care of Lady Cromwell, with a hundred marks for the expenses of each. All the girls were bred up to learning, and three of them wrote verses; they were renowned also for their "eloquence of wit and rare probity of manners." The Protector had intended the third girl, Jane, now only ten, as a bride for the young King, but the scheme of course fell through after his fall. The Duchess was not released from prison till the accession of Mary Tudor, when she knelt before the new Queen at the Tower Gate on her triumphal entry into London, and successfully sued for freedom and forgiveness.

Scarcely was the unfortunate lady released (August 1553) than she married her house-steward, Francis Newdigate, an example followed, as we have recorded, by the Duchess

of Suffolk. It was just about this time that the friendship spoken of before between the Ladies Jane Seymour and Catherine Grey first arose. Jane's brother Edward had therefore many opportunities of meeting his sister's bosom friend, and soon fell in love with the attractive girl, who was then only about fifteen. Towards the end of Mary's reign Jane fell ill, and was taken in a horse-litter, escorted by the "mother of the maids of honour," to Hanworth, where she was nursed at home by her own mother. With her went Catherine Grey, and it seems almost impossible that the keen-sighted Duchess did not observe her son's infatuation. Soon after the accession of Queen Elizabeth Edward Seymour, lately created Earl of Hertford, rode over to East Sheen to broach the subject of his marriage with her daughter to the Duchess of Suffolk. Lady Frances had a great liking for the young man, whom she was wont already to call her son, and she now lent a willing ear to his proposal. The mother sent for Catherine, and told her she had found her a husband, "if you can like well to frame your fancy and goodwill that way." There was no doubt of the girl's consent, but it was necessary to keep the matter secret, even from Hertford's mother, till the jealous Queen's approval had been obtained. So with her husband's help Lady Frances proceeded to draw up a letter to Elizabeth on the subject, which was delayed by the lover's cautious fears, and before it could be sent the Duchess fell ill, and died at the early age of forty-two (November 20, 1559). By the Queen's orders her cousin was buried as a Princess in the quasi-royal Chapel of St. Edmund at Westminster Abbey. The King-at-Arms was commanded to cause the royal ensigns to be borne at the funeral, and afterwards placed upon the tomb, "for the good zeal and affection which We of long time have borne to our dearly beloved cousin . . . and especially that she is lineally descended from Our grandfather Henry VII." Clarencieux (the herald), standing at the head of the bier, proclaimed the titles of the deceased lady, and Bishop Jewel preached the funeral sermon; the communion service was read in English, not in Latin; and this was probably the first Protestant service

held in the Abbey since the accession of Elizabeth. Her daughters Catherine and Mary were chief mourners, and took part in the sacrament after the sermon. Adrian Stokes erected (1563) a fine altar-tomb over his wife's grave, which took the place of the recently destroyed altar of St. Edmund, with a Latin epitaph recording her virtues.

Catherine was now the eldest representative of Mary Tudor's descendants, and her marriage therefore closely affected the succession, and was a matter of first importance to Elizabeth herself. Her love affair was kept a secret from everybody except Edward's sister Jane, and the lovers used to snatch stolen interviews in the young court lady's dressing-room, now at Hampton Court, now in Whitehall Palace. It was not till nearly a year after the death of Catherine's mother, when her days of mourning had expired, that the irrevocable step was taken. Between All Hallows and Christmas 1560, while Elizabeth was absent on a hunting expedition, the two girls slipped out of Whitehall Palace early one morning, and stole off on foot to Hertford's house in Cannon Row. Here the young couple were privately married by a minister, whom Jane had bribed with a gift of £10 to undertake the perilous job, and for a few months longer all went on as before, and no connection between the Earl and Lady Catherine was even suspected. Unfortunately for all concerned except herself, the clever confidante, Jane Seymour, died suddenly in March of the following year, aged only nineteen. She was buried on the 26th by orders of the Queen with great pomp in the same vault with her sister-in-law's mother, Lady Frances. All the maids of honour clothed in deep mourning, poor Catherine with quaking heart taking her place amongst them, besides two hundred other court mourners, followed the bier, before which was borne a banner with the Seymour arms, and again the herald was present. Hertford afterwards placed a small tablet, the first mural monument in the Abbey, over his sister's grave as a slight token of his love and gratitude. Possibly his mother had gleaned a hint of his entanglement with Catherine during Jane's illness, for on the very day of her daughter's death

she wrote to beg Cecil to send the young man abroad, adding that her "motherly love wisheth him here matched in some noble house to the Queen's Majesty's liking and his own contentment." Accordingly Hertford was despatched on "the grand tour," and by the summer Catherine, who was left without husband or confidante and imminently expecting her confinement, could conceal her marriage no longer. As usual when a marriage was in question, Elizabeth's wrath was great, Hertford was sent for from Paris, and the unhappy young couple incarcerated in the Tower. The Duchess hastened to disclaim all responsibility for the rash match. Although she practically admitted her knowledge of her son's love for Catherine by declaring, in the same letter to Lord Cecil, that she had "schooled and persuaded him to the contrary," she implored the Queen to believe that she was not privy to the marriage, nor consenting thereto. She concludes with the selfish and characteristic hope that her "unruly child's wildness" would not diminish Elizabeth's favour towards herself. Well was it for Jane that she was safely in her grave, and thus spared the troubles which befell her poor brother and sister. For two years the married pair languished, apart from each other nominally, but allowed to meet in private by their sympathising jailers, in the Tower, where Catherine gave birth to two sons, and thus added fuel to the Queen's wrath. At last, in the summer of 1563, the plague raged so fiercely in London that for very shame Elizabeth allowed Hertford and his elder boy to go to his mother's house, while his wife was handed over to the care of her uncle, John Grey, in Essex. But before long a real or fancied plot, in which Hertford's stepfather was implicated, was discovered, and the young people were sent back to prison.

Goaded by her husband's arrest and her son's long disgrace, the Duchess now appeared at court for the first time for many years; she was no favourite with Elizabeth, who had not forgotten her share in the admiral's disgrace nor her treatment of herself when under Sudeley's care. So although the Duchess persuaded the Earl of Leicester to intercede for her son with the Queen, he met with no success

nor did he dare to press her suit very warmly. Early in the new year of 1565 the haughty woman wrote more importunately than ever to both Cecil and Leicester, begging each "to set in your helping hand to end this tedious suit," and again in April of the next year urged the two powerful favourites to take the holy time of Passion Week in which to move the Queen to mercy. In the end, after his wife had been dead two years, Hertford was at last restored to favour. She, poor thing, died practically of a broken heart; all her pathetic appeals to be reunited to her husband and children, from whom ever since the second imprisonment she had been rigorously secluded, were totally disregarded by the adamantine Maiden Queen; she was removed to the country under care of the Lieutenant of the Tower shortly before her death, and lies in Salisbury Cathedral. The Earl's heart was easily mended, for although changed and broken at first by his long imprisonment he lived to marry two more wives.[1] The second, Lady Frances Howard, sister of the great Admiral Howard of Effingham, was cousin and maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth; she lies under a monument raised over her remains by Hertford himself, in St. Benedict's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

In 1531 the old Duchess of Somerset lost her second husband, who seems to have been in the service of the Stanhope family before Anne married Seymour, and says he received his preferment by her marriage with the Duke. He left his widow all he possessed, only begging her grace to be kind to her servants in his behalf, and mentioning one or two retainers by name. The covetous old lady did not, however, obey her husband's behests in this matter, she herself left very small sums to her household, and while there is a large inventory of jewels and valuables in her will, a proportionately tiny sum is set apart for charitable bequests. She was also most unfair to her second son, Henry, who was in poor circumstances, and although Elizabeth herself sent a peremptory message to the Duchess on her deathbed, she refused to change her will, but left her wealthy elder son, Edward, her sole heir and executor. She died at a

[1] The third, another Frances Howard, survived him, and is described in connection with her second husband, Ludovic, Duke of Lennox.

great age in 1587, and over her grave in St. Nicholas' Chapel the favoured son raised an alabaster tomb, "in this dollful duty, careful and diligent, doth consecrate this monument to his dead parent." We shall hear more of this same Earl of Hertford again in connection with his son's stolen match with Arabella Stuart. Meantime the last of his wife's family had passed away. During his sister Catherine's imprisonment, Mary, the deformed and youngest daughter of Frances Grey, had also incurred Elizabeth's displeasure by not consulting her about her marriage, with "Mr. Sergeant Porter Keys" (1565). "Here is an unhappy chance and monstrous," Cecil wrote at the time, "the Sergeant-Porter, being the biggest gentleman in this court, hath married secretly the Lady Mary Grey, the least of all the court." The poor girl's only fault lay in the secrecy of the match, and the inferior status of her husband, but the pair were at once separated after Elizabeth's usual wont; Mary was sent off to the country, and Keys to the Fleet prison. It must be remembered, in exoneration of the Queen's severity to all her young relatives with regard to their marriages, that she herself had been pronounced illegitimate by her father's will, and the other branches of the family preferred before her for the succession, and she was always anxious lest a claimant to the crown should spring up in one family or the other. Mary Grey was consigned to the care of her mother's step-mother, Charles Brandon's widow, and afterwards to Sir Thomas Gresham's house. In 1571 Keys died in prison, and his widow attempted to get the Queen's leave to adopt his children by his first marriage, likewise to wear mourning, but it is not recorded whether either request was granted. She was however now allowed to go where she liked, and lived for awhile with her stepfather, Adrian Stokes, at East Sheen. She died on April 20, 1578, bequeathing her body "to be buried where the Queen's Majesty shall think most meet and convenient," and some of her jewels to her step-grandmother, the only relative besides her stepfather who survived her. Mary Grey's body was long supposed to lie in her mother's vault in the Abbey, but the record of her burial in a city church has recently been discovered.

CHAPTER IX

THE COURT OF THE MAIDEN QUEEN

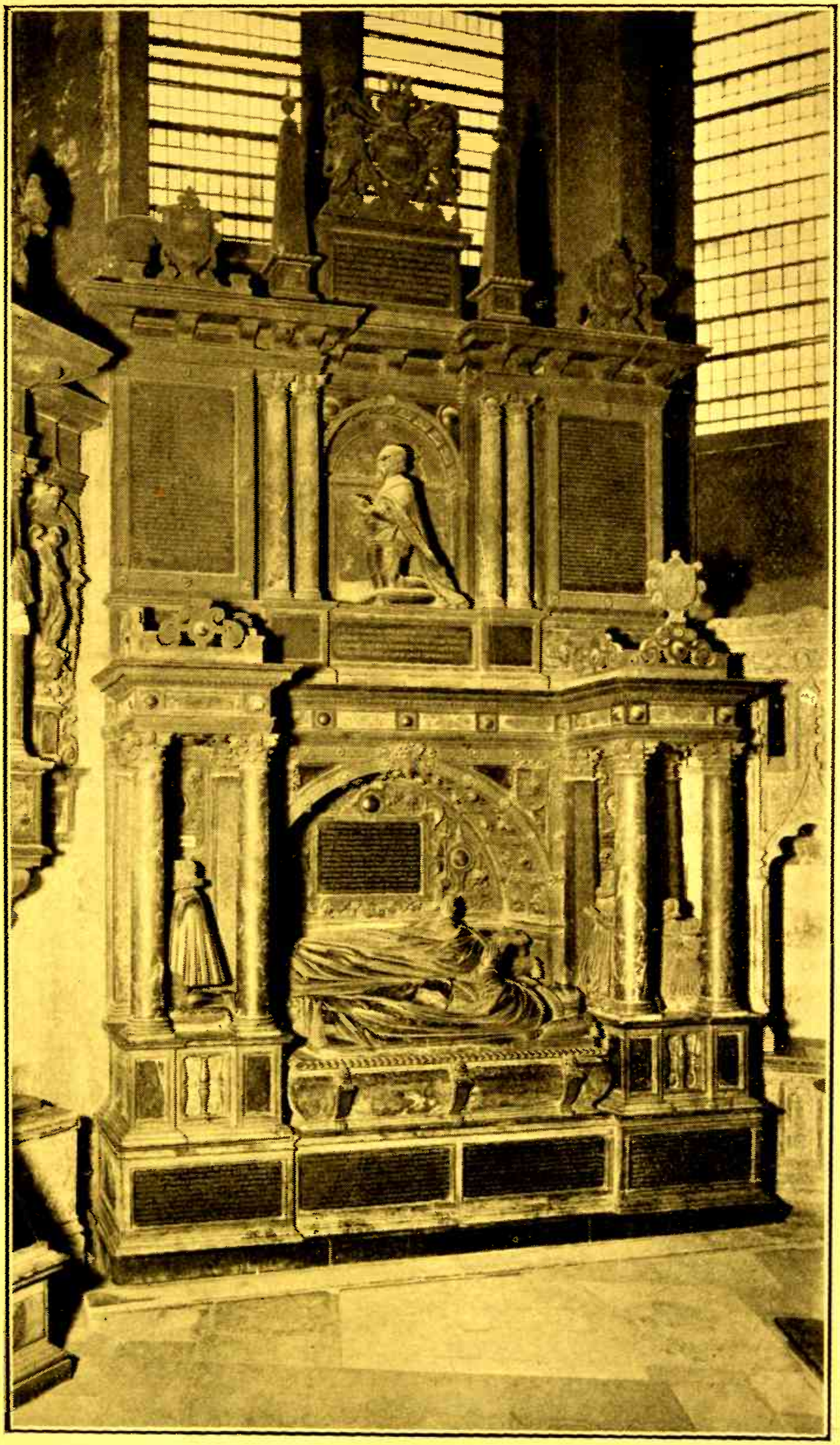
THE galaxy of ladies noted for their wit, their beauty, and their learning at the English court in the days of the Maiden Queen boasted of more than one famous sisterhood besides the Greys and the Seymours. The five daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, sometime "Governor" of Edward VI., for instance, were learned even beyond the standard of feminine acquirements then in fashion. "My life is your portion, my example your inheritance," was a constant saying of their father's, and in truth the girls followed his precepts to the letter, and became not only wise in book-learning but models of every domestic virtue. Mildred Cecil, Lady Burghley, was also notable for her benevolence and charity; she alone of the sisters lies in the Abbey. Of the others, Anne is especially remembered as the wife of the great statesman, Sir Nicholas Bacon, and the mother of the famous Lord Bacon. Mildred was the eldest and perhaps the most learned of them all. She understood and spoke Greek like English, "so that it may be doubted," said Roger Ascham of her, "whether she is most happy in the possession of this surpassing degree of knowledge or in having had for her preceptor and teacher, Sir Anthony Cooke (her father), whose singular erudition caused him to be joined with Sir John Cheke in the office of tutor to the King; or, finally, in having become the wife of Sir William Cecil, lately appointed Secretary of State, a young man indeed, but mature in wisdom, and so deeply skilled both in letters and in affairs, and imbued with such moderation in the exercise of public affairs, that to him would be awarded by the consenting voice of Englishmen the four-

fold praise attributed to Pericles by his rival Thucydides." In another place Ascham declares Mildred Cecil and Jane Grey to be the two most learned women in England. Curiously enough Cecil's first wife—who died young, leaving an infant son—had been the sister of the above-named John Cheke, who was styled the profoundest Grecian scholar of the time; he married Mildred on December 21, 1545, about eighteen months after his first wife's death. Although the romance of the great statesman's life was buried in the past, he became devotedly attached to his accomplished second bride, and their domestic life was a very happy one. She seems to have had great influence with the powerful minister, and was often appealed to for aid when favours were wanted, or political matters went wrong. Thus we find some Latin verses addressed to Lady Cecil by her younger sister, Catherine, in which she begs Mildred to intercede with the Lord Treasurer, who was about to send her husband, Killigrew, to France as ambassador on a difficult and dangerous mission. Fuller translates these verses so quaintly that they are worth quoting, if only to show the reliance placed by Lady Killigrew on her sister's power over Cecil.

"If Mildred by thy care he be sent back whom I request,
A sister good thou art to me, yea better, yea the best,
But if with stays thou keep'st him still, or send'st where seas may part,
Then unto me a sister ill, yea worse, yea none thou art.
If go to Cornwall he shall please, I peace to thee foretell,
But Cecil if he set [send] to seas, I war denounce, farewell!"

Lady Cecil was the worthy "partner of her husband's fortunes through good and evil during the reigns of Henry, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth," and the latter Queen regarded her with no little favour. On July 6, 1564, she stood godmother and gave her name to the Cecils' daughter, Elizabeth, who was baptized with great pomp in the Abbey, and who at the age of eighteen married Lord Wentworth (she and her husband both

died under two years later). Of the seven children born to the Cecils, three sons died as infants, and one only, the famous Lord Robert, who succeeded his father in the Queen's favour, and became Earl of Salisbury, lived to maturity. In 1571 Cecil received the title of Lord Burghley, and his long life seemed destined to conclude in well-deserved glory and honour. But instead its peace and happiness were marred by one dark shadow after another. First he lost his much-loved mother (1587); then, in the next year, followed the death of his daughter Anne, wife of the Earl of Oxford, a marriage which had turned out a very unhappy one for her. Burghley was closely connected with Westminster; in his youth he had lived in the Abbey precincts, and later on he became High Steward of Westminster; Dean Goodman had been his secretary and was now his own intimate friend, and his wife's chief adviser. So for all these reasons his daughter, who died of a fever at Greenwich, was brought to the Abbey for burial, and laid in the Chapel of St. Nicholas. Before another year had passed (1589) the mother herself was buried beside her daughter; she died, aged sixty-three, at Burghley House in the Strand. The broken-hearted husband and father raised a fine monument over the graves of "those who were dear to him beyond the whole race of womankind." At the mother's feet kneels her son Robert. At the daughter's head are portrayed her three children. The most pathetic figure is that of Lord Burghley himself, kneeling above in his robes of state, a record of the affection with which the old man clung to the memory of those he had loved so well. In the inscription he himself records his wife's learning and also her charity. How she was "versed in the sacred writers, and those chiefly of the Greeks," and was a benefactress to several colleges in both universities. How she took particular care of the poor of Rumford, where she was born (Giddy Hall was her father's house), and of Cheshunts, where she lived (at Theobalds), by leaving money and food to be distributed to the widows and orphans every first Sunday in the month, besides



THE BURGHLEY MONUMENT

In the Chapel of St. Nicholas

gifts of money to be given every year to poor tradesmen. Burghley wished to resign all his offices on his wife's death, but the Queen would not hear of it, so he lived on, a lonely old man in the midst of the stir of the court, for ten years longer, and, dying (August 4, 1598) at the age of seventy-six, five years before his Queen, was buried at Stamford. On the day of his burial a grand funeral service was held in the Abbey.

Not far from here, in the south aisle of the choir is a fine marble alabaster figure of a judge, Thomas Owen (d. 1598), a noted counsellor who "was much resorted to for advice," and was employed by Burghley to draw up various legal documents for the marriage settlement of one of his grand-daughters. In the same chapel, St. Nicholas, where is the Cecil family tomb, are the graves of two other Elizabeth Cecils; one was Burghley's daughter-in-law, the other the wife of his grandson William, the son of his only child by his first wife. The first named (d. 1591) was the wife of Robert, Lord Salisbury, whose figure kneels on his mother's tomb close by; she was Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Elizabeth. Over her grave the widower erected a fine altar-tomb of alabaster and black marble, with quaint Latin inscriptions on either side; the one is in the form of a dialogue between husband and wife recording their mutual affection; the other, put into English by Dart, tells us her name was Brooke "the Baron Cobham's childe . . . nature made her wise and welbeseeminge . . . silente, trew and chaste . . . her virtues rare wonn her much esteeminge, in court with sovereigne still [always] with favour graste [graced] . . . blest with two babes her thirde brought her to this." The other Elizabeth Cecil, commonly called Lady Roos, a title she inherited from the Rutland family, was daughter and heiress of the Earl of Rutland, and married Robert Cecil's half-brother's son, afterwards the third Lord Burghley. Her only son William, an infant of a year old at the time (1591) of her death, was proclaimed by his mother's title as Lord Roos, given out with a flourish of trumpets by the herald after

her funeral in the Abbey. Her tomb, moved from its original place to make way for the Percy vault, has a curious figure upon it representing her as in full court costume with a huge Elizabethan ruff. Her father-in-law (d. 1622), who was created Earl of Exeter, in addition to his own title of Lord Burghley, by James I., lies also in the Abbey, under a cumbrous tomb which he made for himself and his two "most dear wives" in St. John the Baptist's Chapel. The place left for the effigy of his second wife, Frances Brydges, has always remained vacant; the lady survived her husband more than forty years, and was buried in Winchester Cathedral. The empty slab gave rise to a legend, handed down from one Abbey verger to another until quite recent times, which accounted for the absence of the second wife's effigy by the supposition that her pride would not allow her to be represented on the left-hand side of her lord.

Close to the tomb of the Duchess of Suffolk in St. Nicholas' Chapel is that of John, Lord Russell (d. 1584), a son of the second Earl of Bedford. We mention him in this connection because his wife Elizabeth was Lady Burghley's sister, and not less renowned for her linguistic attainments, she published a book translated from the French, and is extolled by Fuller with her sister as those "eminent scholars, the honour of their own and the shame of our sex." But her greatest delight seems to have been in the arrangement of pompous funerals, and for these she had ample opportunity. Her first husband, Sir Thomas Hoby, died in 1566, and she received the honour of an autograph letter from the Queen herself condoling with her loss. By the time the splendid monument and chapel, which she erected at Bisham in memory of Sir Thomas and his more renowned brother, Sir Philip, was ready, Lady Hoby had become Lady Russell, and after ten years of married life she had further scope for her funereal tastes in the death and grand funeral of her second husband. With him lies his infant son Francis, whom the mother apostrophises as—

> "His grandsire's joy, his sire's delight,
> My very soul, dire fate hath closed in night."

Upon the elaborate altar-tomb, which Lady Russell placed over her husband's grave, she displayed her learning by inscribing no less than three inscriptions, in Latin, Greek, and English, addressing her fatherless daughters in the first, her spouse and baby in the two next, while the fourth and last epitaph was written by her son, Sir Philip Hoby, in praise of his step-father. So closely was the Russell family connected with the Abbey, owing to Lady Russell's intimate friendship with her sister, Lady Burghley's friend, Dean Goodman, that her eldest daughter Bess, called by Stanley "the child of Westminster," was actually born (1575) within the precincts, where her mother had taken refuge from the plague, which was then raging in London, in lodgings provided for her by the Dean in part of the old monastery. A magnificent christening was arranged for the child, partly to console her parents for their disappointment on the score of her sex, and Dean Goodman conducted the service; the Queen, who was represented by the Countess of Warwick, was one godmother; the royal favourite, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, stood as a godfather. Lady Warwick's splendid brocaded train was borne by the baby's aunts, Mildred Cecil and Anne Bacon, while the smart courtiers and court ladies thronged the aisles to see the sight. Lady Bacon carried little Bess to the font, while Sir Philip Sidney brought a gold basin from the Confessor's Chapel after the ceremony was over, in which the Queen's proxy washed her hands. The child's other godmother, Frances Radcliffe, Countess of Sussex, aunt to Sir Philip Sidney, was herself buried here in 1589, and must therefore be noticed in passing. She bequeathed her body to the Abbey, and if in her lifetime her tomb (in St. Paul's Chapel) was not finished, £200 or more for making it, "with her picture in alabaster stone and other garnishing; with a superscription thereon declaring her name and pedigree." Her executors were bidden to purchase a perpetual annuity of £20 "to the use of a godly and learned preacher," who in her name was to read two divinity lectures in the Abbey "every week for ever on such days in the week as no other sermons were preached there." The words "for ever" sound curiously

ironical nowadays, when the fund has long lapsed, and the custom of preaching on the virtues of Lady Sidney-Sussex (she kept her maiden name as a prefix to her title) was honoured in the breach rather than in the observance generations ago. The rest of her large fortune went to the endowment of a new college at Cambridge, called Sidney Sussex by her own desire, which has recently shown gratitude to the memory of its original foundress by the renovation of the Countess's monument.

Her goddaughter, Bess Russell, did not live long enough either to write learned inscriptions like her mother, or to found colleges like her godmother. Through her mother's friendship with her royal sponsor, Bess and her younger sister Anne were early created maids of honour to the great Queen, and there is a famous picture, at Sherborne Castle, which represents the visit of the sovereign in 1600 to Lady Russell's house at Blackfriars, on the occasion of Anne's marriage to Lord Herbert. Bess herself had been in dire disgrace with her capricious royal mistress in the spring of this same year, and she and her companion in misfortune, Miss Brydges, had been sent away from the court to the house of Lady Stafford, where they were left in penitence for three nights before the Queen would grant them her forgiveness. The girls had offended against the rigid court etiquette by going unchaperoned through the private galleries of Whitehall Palace "to see the lords and gentlemen play at ballon." By the time of her sister's wedding Bess was restored to favour again, and took a leading part in the masque got up for the royal amusement after the marriage ceremony was over, when she wore a dress of silver and gold brocade, and danced with seven other ladies, their hair hanging loose about their shoulders, "to the music that Apollo hight." Poor little Bess, her dancing days were all too soon over, and she must even then have borne the stamp of death upon her face, for she was already in a rapid decline, and scarcely a fortnight after the gay wedding festivities was carried to her grave (June 1601), which is close to her father's tomb in St. Edmund's Chapel. Her statue, put up by her sister Anne, the young bride, is

seated in an osier chair, and is the first figure in the Abbey not recumbent upon a tomb. The finger pointing to a skull, an emblem of the Russell family, gave rise to the "vulgar error" that she died from the prick of a needle, further embellished by later vergers with the additional fact that she was working on a Sunday when the accident happened. Addison, who collected all the legends told about the Abbey monuments in his day, repeats the story, and makes Sir Roger de Coverley call poor Bess "a martyr to good housewifery." Under the feet is a Latin motto: "She is not dead but sleepeth," alluding to the pathetic fact that "she had made death so familiar to her that her departure, regular and composed, might be called a sleep." She has the usual Elizabethan ruff, and the stiff costume worn by maids of honour at the period. Another of Elizabeth's court ladies, one who belongs to an older generation, must now be mentioned, for her mural tablet is close to the Russell monuments.

Catherine Carey, sister to the great Lord Hunsdon, married Sir Francis Knollys, treasurer to the royal household. She was especially endeared to Elizabeth, not only because she was a close kinswoman of her own, as the niece of Anne Boleyn, but from the fact that she was with that unfortunate Queen on the scaffold, and was therefore in high favour at the daughter's court. She died (1569) "in the flower of her age," thirty-nine, while in waiting on her royal mistress and cousin at Hampton Court, leaving eleven children to mourn her loss; the bereaved husband tells us in the epitaph that as he loved her living, so he would not forget her dead, and, unlike most of the other courtiers of his age, kept his word and never married again. Elizabeth felt the loss of her chief lady-in-waiting very keenly, and showed the warmth of her feelings by opening her purse and paying the expenses of the funeral. It is interesting to note here that Lady Knollys's daughter, Lettice, was the mother of one of the Queen's favourites, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and married his elder rival in Elizabeth's favour, the Earl of Leicester, for her second husband.

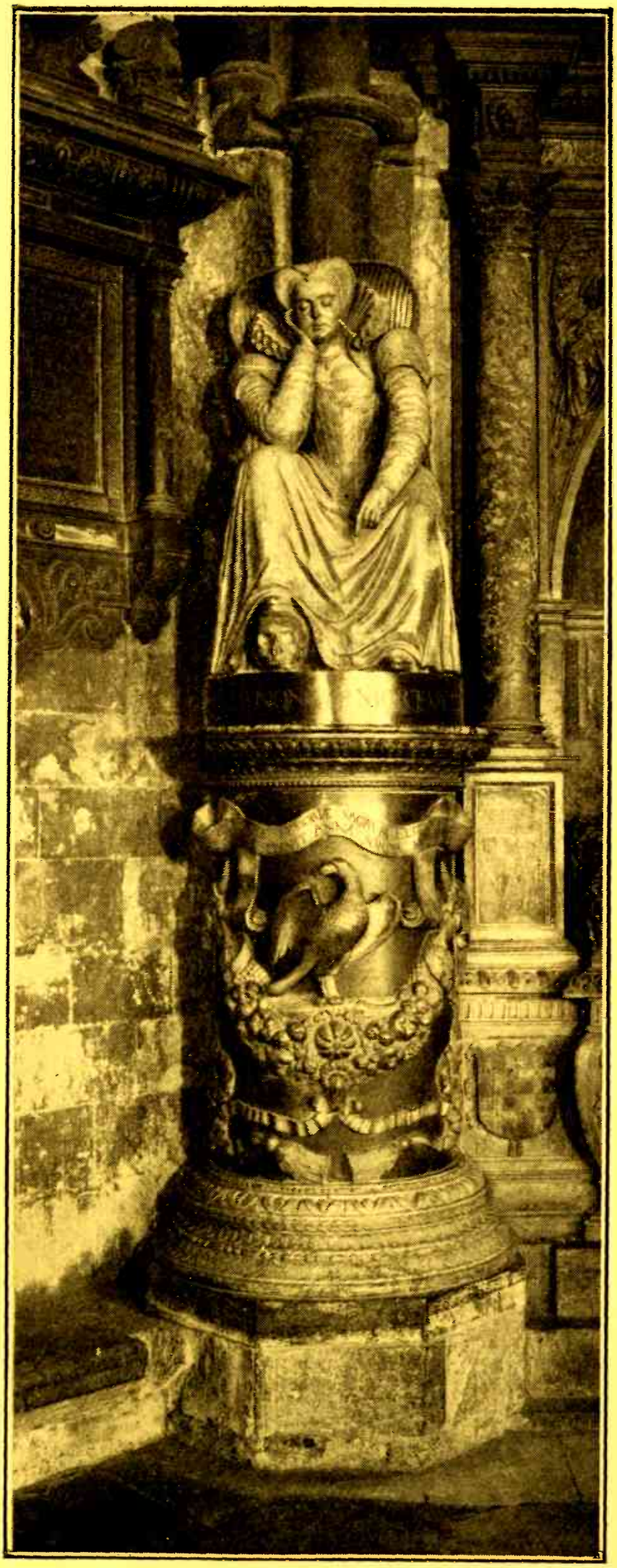
In the adjoining Chapel of St. Nicholas is the tomb of another court lady, who was chiefly famous through her

relatives. Winifred Brydges was the daughter of Sir John Brydges, Lord Mayor of London, and Lieutenant of the Tower in the troublous times at the beginning of Mary's reign; it was he who suppressed Wyatt's rebellion, and attended Lady Jane Grey on the scaffold. So touched was he by his prisoner's innocence and charm, that he begged for some memorial of her at the last. She handed him her English prayer-book with a pathetic farewell inscribed on the fly-leaf, which relic is now preserved in the British Museum. By her first husband, Sir Richard Sackville, Chancellor of Exchequer, Winifred was the mother of the poet, Lord Buckhurst, author of the "Mirror for Magistrates." Her daughter Anne, who married Lord Dacre, is remembered in Westminster as a benefactress to this day, for, dying childless in 1595, she left her fortune to build a hospital in Tothill fields for poor women and children—the building still exists, it is now the Greycoat School—and the Dacre bequest continues to be given to deserving women in the form of small pensions. Her mother married again when Sackville died, becoming the second wife of old William Paulet, Marquess of Winchester, who had been one of Henry the Eighth's executors, and had lived through many changes. When he was asked how it was he had managed to keep in royal favour during four such diverse reigns, Paulet was wont to reply by a pithy Latin sentence, quaintly Englished in the following couplet—

> "I am a willow, not an oak,
> I chide, but never hurt with stroke";

an illustration of his amiable and bending nature. He died in 1572 at the great age of ninety-seven, and his widow survived him fourteen years. Below her effigy kneel her poet-son and charitable daughter, with them is the small sarcophagus of an infant in swaddling clothes.

In St. Edmund's Chapel is a mural monument to Sir Richard Pecksall (d. 1571), Hereditary Master of the Royal Buckhounds, a post he inherited through his mother from the Brocas family; of his ancestor, Sir Bernard Brocas, whose tomb is close by, we have already spoken. Pecksall



BESS RUSSELL

"The child of Westminster"

kneels between his two wives, one of whom was the daughter of William Paulet by his first wife, and thus Lady Winifred's step-daughter. Few, indeed, of the persons buried here at this period but were either closely connected with the royal family, or related, as in this case, one with another; therefore the chain of names upon our Roll-Call is linked together in almost every instance, and is very different to the detached register of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

One more great lady of Elizabeth's court, whose name carries us back to the tragic stories of the Grey family, lies in a nameless grave not far from her aunt, the Duchess of Suffolk's monument. Lady Margaret Clifford was the only child of Eleanor, younger daughter of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, of whose family history we have spoken at length already. On the death of all her relations, the Greys, Margaret remained, with the exception of the Earl of Hertford's sons by her cousin Catherine Grey, the only direct descendant of the younger branch of the Tudors. At the age of fifteen (1556) she was married by Queen Mary's commands to Lord Strange, who became Earl of Derby on the death of his father. Lady Margaret does not show in a very amiable light when we are told that she had no scruple in asserting her right (in 1557) to take precedence of her cousins, Catherine and Mary Grey, at Mary's court, "on account of the treason that was in their house"; thus coming immediately after Margaret, Countess of Lennox (her mother's cousin), who was chief lady-in-waiting to the Queen. On the death of Catherine (now Countess of Hertford) Lady Derby and her sons stood too near the throne for Elizabeth's peace of mind, and they therefore became the objects of her suspicion and jealousy. On a frivolous pretext, a trumped-up charge of witchcraft, Margaret was separated in 1590 from her husband and family, and when released at last after several years' captivity, she was forbidden to live with the Earl, who was Lord Steward of England, or to return to court. The last part of her life was spent in obscurity at Clerkenwell (she died in 1596), and her only memorial

is a portrait at Skipton Castle, with a long inscription beneath in her praise, containing the words: "She was a virtuous, noble, and kind-hearted lady, full of goodness," simple praises, it is true, but eloquent enough to condemn her royal relative of something more than unkindness.

Elizabeth has been accused of unkindness and ingratitude not only towards her female relatives but towards her faithful old servants, such as Henry Carey, the brother of Lady Knollys, whose death (1596) was, according to the gossiping old historian, Fuller, hastened by her conduct towards him. Although the Queen had created him a baron, long before he was made the first Lord Hunsdon, it seems that he had set his heart on being an earl, and coveted one particular earldom, that of Wiltshire, a title borne by his mother's brother Sir Thomas Boleyn. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and it was not till Hunsdon lay sick unto death upon his bed that his royal mistress relented and came herself to visit him, bearing the coveted patent and even the earl's robes. But the pride of the old nobleman revolted at the tardy favour, and he refused it with the dignified words, that since he was not counted worthy to receive it during his life he counted himself unworthy now he was dying. On the other hand, in justice to the Queen, who rarely forsook the friends of her early life or those connected with her mother, it must be remembered that Fuller is the only evidence for this story. Elizabeth seems to have always shown great affection for her kinsman by word and deed, although she used to be much annoyed by his neglect of his duties as Governor of Berwick, a neglect excused by the common grievance from which all her servants suffered—want of money. Hunsdon served his sovereign faithfully, and that she placed implicit trust in his fidelity is shown by the fact that she sent for him from the north to take charge of her person and command her body-guard at Tilbury during the scare caused by the approach of the Spanish Armada. He was buried in St. John the Baptist's Chapel by the Queen's command and at her expense; the lofty monument—36 feet high—raised by his son near his vault takes the place of the ancient altar, and is made of coloured marble and alabaster.

There is no effigy, and the whole is very ornate, probably after an Italian design ; amongst the numerous crests will be found the Tudor Rose and the Swan of the De Bohuns, which was adopted by the Careys as their badge. Within Hunsdon's vault, it is interesting to note, were afterwards buried the bodies of two ladies, both of whose names were connected with literature. To the one, Lady Eure (d. 1618), Spenser dedicated his "Mother Hubbard's Tale" ; the other, Lady Alice Vaughan (d. 1689), daughter of John Egerton, 1st Earl of Bridgwater, took the part of the lady in "Comus" and was a pupil of the musician, Henry Lawes.[1] Amongst his other posts about his royal cousin's person Hunsdon held that of Lord Chamberlain ; and in the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist are the graves of no less than three Controllers of her household, all buried there by the Queen's orders. Sir Thomas Vaughan (d. 1560), a Welshman whose surname, Ap Harry, was contracted into Parry, had been early in attendance on Elizabeth, introduced to her notice by his friend and kinsman, William Cecil, when she was living at Hatfield in Mary's reign, and had helped Admiral Seymour to press his suit with the Princess, desisting, however, in time to keep her favour. Parry was knighted by the Queen immediately after her accession, and received the post of controller ; but he seems to have been noted for his rude manners and short temper, and when the Dudley marriage project, in which he was also concerned, came to naught, he died "of mere ill-humour." His grey altar-tomb, described by old writers, has long disappeared, and only a stone marks his grave. His son, Sir James (d. 1616), who lies near Hunsdon, was Ambassador to France in 1601, and afterwards succeeded Sir Thomas Hesketh (d. 1605)—an eminent lawyer, who has a fine tomb in the north aisle of the choir—as Master of the Court of Wards and Liveries, an office held previously by the elder Parry. That Sir James was considered a person worthy of trust is shown by the fact that the King confided his royal cousin, Arbella Stuart, to his care at Lambeth, where he had a house ; but he treated the unfortunate lady rather as an honoured guest than a prisoner, and was therefore

[1] See page 299.

obliged to give her up to a sterner custodian, the Bishop of Durham, in 1611. Sir Edward Rogers (d. 1567), who succeeded Sir Thomas Parry as controller, and is, like his own successor, Sir James Croft (d. 1591), buried in the Evangelist's Chapel, was an ardent Protestant who had been knighted at the coronation of Edward VI. and exiled for his faith under Mary; he was made Captain of the Guard and Vice-Chamberlain by Elizabeth soon after she came to the throne. Croft was a more notable person, and a man with two faces; he was Lord Deputy of Ireland during Edward's reign, and Vice-Constable of the Tower on Mary's accession, where, after Wyatt's rebellion, he was arrested and imprisoned at the same time as his future Queen. He contrived to worm his way into the Princess's confidence in these early days, but was always playing a double part, and justly suspected of treachery by Cecil, who at one time sent him again to the Tower. But Croft, although constantly in and out of royal favour, contrived to keep Elizabeth's friendship to the end, and "died," says Camden, "in a good age, his Prince's favourite, and in fair esteem with all that knew him," although the envy of the court "had well-nigh crushed him." Very different to the wily Croft are the brave soldiers, who served their country without a thought of personal preferment, and lie so near his grave in the Chapels of St. Michael and St. Andrew.

Sir John de Burgh (d. 1594), of whose monument of alabaster and black marble in the former chapel no trace remains, was a descendant of the famous Hubert de Burgh, Chief Justice in Henry III.'s reign, and was worthy of his distinguished ancestry. He was twice knighted, first by Leicester in the Netherlands campaign of 1585, then by Henri IV. on the field of Ivry, and wound up his career by a naval exploit. When commanding one of the squadron sent by Sir Walter Raleigh to capture some Spanish merchant vessels, De Burgh boarded and took the great Spanish vessel, *Cormack*, a treasure ship worth about £14,000, after a fight of sixteen hours. His premature death soon after, at the age of thirty-two, is conjectured to have taken place in a duel, arising out of a dispute with his "bold and crafty" enemy, one Gilbert, over the prize

money, to which De Burgh challenged his adversary with the insulting message "not to use boyish exercises or he would beat him like a boy." The huge Norris tomb close by commemorates a family of loyal soldiers. Henry, Baron Norris (d. 1601), of Rycote, the father of that "martial-spirited brood," which is represented by the silent alabaster figures kneeling round his tomb, was a son of that Sir Henry Norris, who had been executed "about the business of Anne Boleyn protesting her innocence to the last." His wife (d. 1599) was a daughter of Lord Williams of Thame, who was Elizabeth's keeper, "while in restraint under her sister and civil unto her in those dangerous days," and remained all her life a great friend of the Queen's. Elizabeth beheld both husband and wife not only "with gracious but grateful eyes," and she used to call Lady Margaret her own dear crow, in allusion either to the lady's dark complexion or to the Norris crest, a raven. Norris himself she created a baron, and sent as ambassador to France; he and Sir Francis Knollys, of whom we have already spoken, though both connected with Anne Boleyn's execution, were not friends but rivals for the Queen's favour, and the two families were at daggers drawn. The six Norris sons were all "valiant and expert commanders," who won their spurs in the Netherlands, in Ireland, and in France. They are described by Naunton as "men of haughty courage and of great experience in the conduct of military affairs . . . persons of such renown and worth that future times must, out of duty, owe them the debt of honourable gratitude." One only, Sir Edward (d. 1603), Governor of Ostend, survived his parents—(the male line of the Norris family became extinct thirty years later)—and raised this huge memorial to their memory; the recumbent effigies and statues are undoubtedly portraits, and it may be noticed that Edward alone looks cheerfully upward, the rest are in the attitude of prayer.

The second son, Sir John (d. 1597), who was the most noted general of them all, and was wounded more than once fighting his Queen's battles, came to a tragic end. After struggling in vain to crush the Earl of Tyrone's rebellion in Ireland for nearly two years, he found himself superseded in the command of the army by Thomas, Lord Borough, who

was also put over his head as Lord Deputy, a slight which chagrined him so much that he was popularly believed to have died of a broken heart, after having served his Queen faithfully for twenty-six years. Borough himself did not live long after his appointment, but expired within a few months of Norris, fighting against the untamed Tyrone; his body was brought over to England and lies near the Norris tomb.

Away in the south aisle of the choir is a black tablet commemorating another military man, distinguished on land and sea, who is connected both with John Norris and with Ireland. Sir Richard Bingham (d. 1599) had been a soldier from his youth up, and his earliest campaigns were fought in Scotland under the Protector Somerset; he afterwards spent many years in naval warfare, fighting now with the Spaniards against the French, now with the Venetians against the Turks, and was present at the famous battle of Lepanto. After seeing much service in France and in the Netherlands fate led him to Ireland, the grave of so many reputations, and there his name became infamous for his cruelty, and notably for the part he played in the capture of Smerwick, which was followed by the massacre of all the unfortunate inhabitants, who were put to the sword regardless of age or sex. For thirteen years Bingham held the post of Governor of Connaught, busily employed in suppressing various abortive rebellions, all with "smale charges to her Ma^tie," but his treatment of the wild Irish, whom he tried to force to conform to English customs, was looked upon as so severe and unjust, even in that cruel age, that Norris advised his recall, and he was sent back to England and incarcerated for a while in the Fleet prison. He was released by Burghley's favour, and after Norris's death sent back to Ireland to suppress O'Neill's insurrection, but died in Dublin soon after he landed. His faithful friend and body servant, Sir John Bingley, put up the tablet, and describes his master in the laudatory epitaph as "a man eminent both for spirit and martial knowledge, but of very small stature."

Many of Elizabeth's distinguished military men lived on into the reign of her successor, James, but may fitly be noticed here. Several members, for instance, of the Vere family,

"the fighting Veres," are interred near the Norris tomb. In the adjacent Chapel of St. John the Evangelist lies Sir Frances Vere (d. 1609), who commanded the auxiliary forces of Holland and England in the Netherlands for twenty years. The design of his beautiful tomb was copied from that of Engelbert, Count of Nassau, at Breda, and put up by his widow; the name of the sculptor is unknown. The alabaster effigy lies without armour, showing that the general died in his bed and not in battle. Above it is a marble slab, supported by four kneeling knights, upon which are the pieces of his armour; the oft-quoted epitaph, which is not inscribed on the monument, will be found in Pettigrew's collection :—

"When Vere sought death arm'd with the sword and shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field;
But when his weapons he had laid aside,
Death like a coward struck him and he died."

Close by, beneath the statue of Vere's kinsman, Sir George Holles (d. 1626), who fought under him and was knighted for his services the year of Vere's death, is a representation of the battle of Nieuport. This victory, due chiefly, it is said, to the counsels and personal courage of Vere, was won by a small army of Dutch and English (1500 only, of whom 800 were killed and wounded), commanded by the Grave Maurice, against an overwhelming force of Spaniards under the Archduke Albert. Vere was wounded, and one of the officers who helped to rescue and carry him off the field is also buried in the Abbey, with no inscription to mark the place of his grave. This was Sir John Ogle (d. 1640), a gallant soldier whose long life of seventy-one years was spent almost wholly in warfare; he was thirty years fighting in the Netherlands, where he served under Vere three parts of the time, and was with him when the English were shut up for five months at Ostend, bravely and successfully defending that port against the Spaniards. Ogle was one of the earliest and most enthusiastic promoters of the Virginia Company. He was knighted by James I. soon after his accession, and was present at that monarch's funeral in the Abbey; he completed his military record by serving

under Wentworth in Ireland, and died only just before the civil war broke out at home. On the opposite side, in St. Edmund's Chapel, is a gallant youth who fought under his uncle Sir George Holles throughout one campaign in the Netherlands, and died, from the effects of the hardships he had been exposed to in the field, during his voyage home, at the early age of eighteen (1624). His father, the Earl of Clare, put up statues to his son and brother, for the taste of which the sculptor, Nicholas Stone, was responsible. No longer lying in peaceful repose like Vere's effigy, both figures are upright; Francis is seated and Sir George standing, each is clad in Roman armour, instead of wearing the costume of the period, a detestable fashion followed in the eighteenth century on the monuments to Colonel Townshend and Admiral Holmes, the latter is fortunately the last sailor in the Abbey who is made to ape a Roman warrior. The year after Francis Holles's death, one of the Vere family, Henry, 17th Earl of Oxford, was killed at the siege of Breda (1625), and was buried in St. John the Baptist's Chapel; while the last Earl of Oxford, Aubrey de Vere (d. 1703), lieutenant-general of the forces under William III. and Anne, lies close to the tomb of his great ancestor in St. John the Evangelist's. Near Sir George Holles is another brave soldier who fought in the Low Countries, Sir John Burrough or Burgh (whether connected with either Sir John Burgh or Lord Borough, to whose burials we have already referred, is a question for the genealogist). The colonel of one of six regiments sent to the Palatinate in 1624, he became Governor of the Netherlands under Lord Essex, but met his end during the expedition sent against the French to the Isle of Rhé. He was "slayne with a musket bullet," September 11, 1627, when besieging the citadel of St. Martin, a fact recorded beneath a portrait forming the frontispiece to a poetical account of his death (published 1628). Amongst the younger soldiers who distinguished themselves on this same expedition was one Colonel Degory Collins (d. 1672), who rose from the ranks to the command of a regiment, and dying long afterwards in retirement was buried in the Abbey cloisters.

CHAPTER X

THE ENGLISH TUDORS AND SCOTCH STUARTS

FROM the time of Henry III. to that of George III., when Windsor became once and for all the royal mausoleum, each dynasty in turn has been represented by more than one name inscribed upon the Abbey Roll-Call. Without doubt the most formidable of all Elizabeth's dreaded kinsfolk was the family of Stuart, whose claims to the succession far outweighed those of the Greys and Seymours. For the hereditary rights of this elder branch of Henry the Seventh's family were further consolidated by a triple alliance between the royal houses of England and Scotland; the marriage first of Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of Henry VII., with James IV., King of Scotland, then of Margaret Douglas, her daughter by her second husband, the Earl of Angus, with Matthew, Earl of Lennox, a younger member of the royal house of Stuart, and thirdly, of their son Darnley with his cousin Mary, Queen of Scotland, both grandchildren of Margaret Tudor. Lady Margaret Douglas suffered all her life from her connection with the reigning houses of England and Scotland. She was born in a fortress, where her mother, who had forfeited her claim to the regency of Scotland and to the guardianship of her young son, James V., by her ill-advised marriage with Angus, a boy of nineteen, had taken refuge from her husband's enemies. While yet a babe she made her first appearance at the English court, where Henry VIII. received his sister with brilliant festivities and words of fraternal forgiveness for her stolen match, and where the baby cousins, Margaret and Mary, who were destined to be life-long friends, were first introduced to one another. Poor Margaret's childhood was no

less storm-tossed than her maturer life. Her parents soon quarrelled irrevocably, and were ultimately divorced. It was the child's fate to follow the fortunes of her father, and during her early years she was dragged about from place to place with him, now in France, where they lived in some splendour at the French court, now flying from one border castle to another, pursued by the Scotch King, James V., who was always trying to restore his half-sister to her mother's custody. Finally, however, Margaret's godfather, Wolsey, thought it time to rescue the young girl from this life of constant hardship. She was therefore sent for to the English court, and there lived first with her aunt, Mary, Duchess of Suffolk, in whose household she made friends with her cousin and contemporary, Frances Grey, then with her other cousin, Princess Mary, to whom she was appointed lady-in-waiting. During the next few years Margaret was treated with marked favour by her royal uncle, and even the divorce of her godmother, Katharine of Arragon, and the consequent dismissal of Mary's ladies did not affect her position, for she was transferred to the houshold of the new Queen, Anne Boleyn, and on the birth of Elizabeth created one of the baby Princess's maids of honour. Her beauty and high rank won the good graces of all who visited her uncle's court, and her fortunes culminated, when, after the fall of Anne Boleyn, both her cousins, Mary and Elizabeth, were declared illegitimate, and she thus took precedence of the whole court as heir to the crown. But all too soon the scene changed, and the fêted young lady made her first, and by no means her last acquaintance with prison walls. About three weeks after the execution of Anne Boleyn, Henry discovered that his favoured little niece, who had just reached years of discretion—she was twenty-one—had forfeited his confidence by a secret betrothal with no less a person than his late Queen's uncle, Lord Thomas Howard. The lovers were immediately separated and thrown into the Tower, whence Margaret was soon removed for the sake of her health to Syon Abbey, and where her unfortunate fiancé pined away and died in the following year of prison fever,

or, as his nephew, the Earl of Surrey, more poetically terms his disease, of a broken heart. Three days after his death Margaret was released, and since the King had now made up his mind that her own birth was illegitimate, and as the succession in his own immediate family had been lately secured by the birth of his only son and heir, Edward, son of Jane Seymour, she was completely restored to favour, and made a lady-in-waiting once more, an office which she filled under three Queens—Anne of Cleves, Catherine Howard, and Catherine Parr. Once again, however, she nearly wrecked her own position at court by a foolish entanglement with Catherine Howard's brother, but, after that lady's fall, she managed again to secure the King's forgiveness and to resume her former place, this time in attendance upon his last wife, Catherine Parr. Before long, however, Henry married his dangerous niece to a powerful Scotch noble, Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox, and this *mariage de convenance* turned out a most happy union, for a strong attachment sprung up between the married pair, and throughout their subsequent poverty and many misfortunes their affection never wavered. The Earl's letters are full of love for his "sweet Meg," while the Countess, who survived her husband and all her eight children, never ceased to mourn his loss, and always wore a golden locket in memory of him round her neck, which was ultimately bought by Queen Victoria at the sale of Horace Walpole's curios.

The slur on Margaret's birth had been definitely removed before this by her mother, who on her deathbed expressed penitence for her long neglect of her only daughter, bequeathed her few jewels to her, and declared her to have been born in wedlock. With her father Margaret had quarrelled some time before, and her resentment, the fierce pride which she inherited from the Tudors, was not finally appeased till shortly before his death (he died in 1556). Her Roman Catholic leanings, which became strongly marked after her marriage, led to one more quarrel with her royal uncle at the end of his life, with the result that he cut her name out of his will;

but this very change of religion still further endeared her to her friend and cousin, Mary Tudor, and throughout the latter's reign she was in high favour at the English court, the last period of prosperity in her chequered life. For Elizabeth was not inclined to smile upon the Lennoxes, more especially when rumours of treasonable conversations and Popish practices came from Settrington, their Yorkshire estate, and her wrath was roused by the discovery that Margaret was plotting a match between her eldest son Darnley and Mary Stuart. Once again, as in her uncle's days, Lady Lennox used her powers of dissimulation to some purpose, and succeeded in hoodwinking Elizabeth so completely that she, her husband and son became "continual courtiers," and were much made of by the Queen, who favoured young Darnley because of his skill upon the lute. When the news of the actual marriage arrived, Margaret was the only one of the family within reach, and she was immediately thrust into the Tower, where she remained till after Darnley's death, and where an inscription, discovered in 1834 in her room, which now forms part of the governor's house, records the date of her imprisonment (June 20, 1566). On Mary's arrival in England in the next year, the Lennoxes went to court to demand satisfaction for their son's murder, and Margaret, her face swollen and stained with tears, knelt with her lord before the Queen, crying passionately for vengeance. There is a curious picture painted by Lady Lennox's orders and now at Kensington Palace (a somewhat similar one is at Hampton Court) in which the Lennox family, the Earl, his wife, and their only surviving son Charles, with the baby King James VI., are depicted kneeling round Darnley's tomb — an imaginary one — Latin sentences calling for justice on the murderers are inscribed on labels proceeding from their mouths. The Queen, pleased with her kinswoman's indignation against her own Scotch rival, took her back again into favour, but kept both herself and her son as hostages at Windsor, while the Earl returned to Scotland, where he was slain in a skirmish at Stirling Castle in 1571.

MAGNATES ET HEROES SANGVINE REGALI SCOTIAE ET ANGLIAE PROGNATI,
Qui Justo Cenotaphium HENRICI DARNLEY SCOTORUM Regis effingendum Curarunt ejus MATTHAEUS Comes LENOXIAE cum Uxore MARGARETA Fratre CAROLUS
Infansque Filius JACOBUS tunc SCOTIAE postea vero BRITANNIAE Rex ejus nominis primus: Omnes Regis genibus DEUM orantes supremae caedis vindicem,
Tabulae hujus Archetypum, jussu MATTHAEI STEWART Comitis Lenoxiae anno MDXXXI depictum Serenissima Regina CAROLINA anno MDCCXXXI in Palatio Kensingtoniae posteri servant:
Cujus Regum Permissu Princeps Carolus Richmondiae Lenoxiae et Aubigneii Dux, Stuartii Regalis Comitis, nobilissimi Ordinis Periscelidis Eques,
suae aulae ornamentum devotissimus D.D.D. Georgius Vertue.

THE APPEAL FOR VENGEANCE

Margaret was destined once more to provoke her royal cousin's wrath, and again by a marriage project. "Thrice," she tells us herself, "have I been cast into prison, not for matters of treason but for love matters . . . lastly for the love of Charles, my younger son, to Elizabeth Cavendish." This last match was no doubt arranged by the two ambitious parents, for the bride was a daughter of that fiery old virago, Bess, Countess of Shrewsbury, and the whole affair was settled in a short visit which Charles and his mother paid to Hardwick Hall early in 1573. Both Countesses were imprisoned for a while, till the Queen had let off the steam of her annoyance, and then Lady Lennox was allowed to retire to her own house at Hackney, where she and the young couple lived in extreme poverty, neglected and ignored by their royal kinswoman. Elizabeth's haughty attitude was not without justification, for it seems that the changeable Countess had patched up a reconciliation with the Queen of Scots, and during her sojourn in the Tower she worked a piece of embroidery, using her own grey hairs for lack of thread, and sent it secretly with an affectionate message to her imprisoned daughter-in-law, an incident not likely to have escaped the notice of Mary's attendants. The sands of the old Countess's hour-glass were now nearly run out, and domestic sorrow, added to the stress of unpaid debts and want of the actual necessaries of life, were soon to bring her grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. Her son Charles died of consumption three years after his marriage, leaving his young widow absolutely dependent on her harsh mother, Lady Shrewsbury, and his little daughter, Arbella—whose life was darkened by her proximity to the throne—heiress only of the casket of jewels, which her grandmother had inherited from Margaret Tudor, and of an empty title to the Lennox Earldom, soon to be wrested from her by her cousin James. The Countess survived two years longer, dying in 1578, at the age of sixty-three, and as no money was forthcoming for the burial, the Queen took all the charges upon herself. Whether moved by remorse for her previous neglect of her poverty-stricken relative, or merely from family pride, Elizabeth ordered a state funeral, with

Clarencieux, the herald, in attendance, and all the usual pomp and ceremony of a royal burial.

Both Lady Lennox and her son rest in a vault in the south aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel, where another member of the Stuart house, Esmé, Duke of Lennox, was afterwards (1624) laid. Above it is a marble altar-tomb, put up early in his reign by Margaret's grandson, James I., with alabaster figures of her eight children kneeling round their mother's effigy; Darnley's statue was originally marked by a crown which has been broken off. The inscription round the verge names the Countess's great-grandfather, Edward IV., her grandfather, Henry VII., her uncle, Henry VIII., and her relatives the Kings of Scotland, James V., and VI., and I. of England, calling Darnley also King of Scotland. In this same aisle are two other family tombs, first that of the venerable lady, whose name was given to her granddaughter, Margaret Tudor, and descended to her great-granddaughter, the Countess of Lennox, and secondly, the somewhat heavy and pompous erection raised by the first Stuart King of England above the vault of his ill-fated mother, the Queen of Scots.

In St. Paul's Chapel are the monuments of two lawyers who assisted in Mary's trial and were responsible for her execution, and here seems the most fitting place to recall their memory. Sir Thomas Bromley (d. 1587) succeeded Sir Nicholas Bacon as Lord Chancellor in 1579, and his advice was much thought of by Elizabeth, perhaps because he was utterly without fear, and treated her with the same frankness and freedom of speech to which his predecessor had accustomed her. He was president at the trial of Mary, and as soon as his royal mistress's consent was wrung from her unwilling lips, for Elizabeth vacillated to the last moment, he affixed the great seal to the warrant for the Scotch Queen's execution, and thus assured, as he believed, the safety of his beloved sovereign's throne and person. But the terrible strain and the responsibility of this necessary though apparently cruel act broke the chancellor's heart, and he may be counted amongst those faithful servants who gave their lives for their Queen and country; he took to

his bed and died (April 12, 1587), aged fifty-seven, within two months of Mary Stuart's execution. His fine monument of marble with alabaster effigies, put up by his eldest son, closely resembles that of the parliamentary lawyer, Puckering, in the same chapel, and other tombs of the Elizabethan period, on all of which the Tudor rose is conspicuous. Beneath their father's effigy kneel the eight children, one of whom married Cromwell's uncle and godfather, and was thus connected with another "regicide"; the third daughter became the ancestress of the Lyttelton family. The inscription bears testimony to Bromley's virtues, recording his integrity and his knowledge of the law, while the mottoes below—"By labour and industry. By study and diligence"—demonstrate the qualities by which he raised himself to his high position. Sir John Puckering (d. 1596) shares Bromley's responsibility for Mary's death; as Speaker of the House he presented to Elizabeth the resolutions passed by the Commons in favour of her speedy execution, and helped to obtain the royal consent. His nerves, however, were stronger than those of his older colleague, and survived the shock, and the horror which broke out on all sides when the deed was done. He remained high in his sovereign's favour till the end of his life and succeeded Sir Christopher Hatton as Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in 1592, dying at the age of fifty-two, four years later. Above his monument are the figures of a purse and a mace-bearer, interesting to the student of costumes, as are also the effigies of Puckering and his wife, and the figures of their eight sons and daughters, two of whom hold skulls to show that they predeceased their parents. Dart has so quaintly Englished the Latin epitaph that it is worth quoting *in extenso*:—

"The Publick Care and Laws engag'd my Breast,
To live was toilsome, but to die is Rest;
Wealth, Maces, Guards, Crowns, Titles, Things that fade,
The Prey of Time and Sable Death were made.
Virtue fires men.
His Wife this Statue rears to her lov'd Spouse,
The Test of Constancy and Marriage Vows.
I trust to see the Lord in the Land of the Living."

We are now at the end of a great period of history which has left indelible marks on the old West Minster. We have seen Kings and Queens alike constant worshippers and benefactors to the church where they were always crowned, often married, and usually buried. As time goes on royal visitors become less and less frequent, and the aisles, which once were given up to monks and pilgrims, gradually fill with monuments, till scarcely a vacant space remains. During Elizabeth's reign a great many women of high rank were buried here by the Queen's command, and for this reason we have given up more space to the ladies of Westminster than appears in fair proportion to the rest of our Roll-Call. It must also be remembered that until the union of the Stuart and Tudor blood in the person of James I. the different branches of the royal family all stood a fair chance in the succession to the crown, and that most of these noble ladies were very important personages, not only at the court, but in the history of their times.

The last and greatest of these female descendants of the direct Tudor line, before the family name and descent were merged in that of the Stuart dynasty, was the Maiden Queen Elizabeth herself, but so much has been already written about her death and funeral that a detailed account is superfluous here. Enough to chronicle the fact of the solemn pageant, which took place a month (April 28, 1603) after the Queen's death, the sighing, groaning, and weeping which arose from the vast crowd assembled outside in the streets and within the church, a lamentation which can only be compared with the more heartfelt and silent sorrow which overwhelmed her people at the obsequies of Victoria, a greater sovereign even than the great Elizabeth. In the British Museum will be found a full and detailed account of the ceremony, drawn up by the Clarencieux herald, an office then held by William Camden, of whom we shall speak later on. It may be noticed that in the long list of official mourners there is no near relation of the deceased mentioned, for she had no husband or child to mourn her loss, while her nearest English relative, Arbella Stuart, whose pride had been bitterly hurt by the late Queen's harsh treatment, refused to take her rightful place as chief

mourner. No one can look at the face of the effigy, of which we give an illustration[1] here, without recalling the last days of that lonely royal lady as she sat sleepless on her cushions, her old friends dead, her younger favourites eager to be off to the new sovereign, yet still constrained to remain in her presence, quelled even when speech failed by her piercing eye. True, the actual figure is not the "lively picture" carried at her funeral, but one made to replace the ancient one (which had been stripped of its royal robes long before) in 1760, the centenary of the constitution of the present capitular body and of the school, yet the mask is undoubtedly the original, a cast from the face taken after death. The monument, which was completed about 1606, was erected under the superintendence of Burghley's son; his successor in the onerous post of secretary to the sovereign, Sir Robert Cecil, who was created Earl of Salisbury by James I., and stands above the vault in the north aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel, where the royal sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, so antagonistic during their lives, were united after death. The cost, amounting to nearly a thousand pounds (over £865), was defrayed from the public exchequer, not, as in the case of the other royal tombs, from the King's private purse, and the names of the chief sculptor and painter — Maximilian Colt[2] and John de Critz — are recorded. It is certain also that Nicholas Hilliard, the famous miniature painter, "goldsmith, carver, and limner," to the late Queen, had a hand in the design, if he did not actually work himself upon the painting and gilding of the effigy and the decoration of the tomb. The iron rail, ornamented with *fleur-de-lis* and Tudor roses, which formerly protected it, was removed in 1822, and since then the Queen's crown and other accessories, easily removed by relic-hunting tourists, have disappeared. The Latin epitaph, probably composed by Cecil, calls Elizabeth "the Mother of this her Country, the Nurse of Religion and Learning, for perfect skill of very many Languages, for glorious Endowments as well of Mind as of Body, a Prince Incomparable." (Speed's translation.)

Fired by the sight of this regal memorial to the cousin

[1] Facing page 240.

[2] Also called Coult and Poutrain. He received £600 for his share of the work.

whom he had no cause to love, rather to abhor for her treatment of his mother, James determined to raise a yet more splendid monument in memory of her rival, the Queen of Scots. He therefore ordered the master mason of the royal works, Cornelius Cure, who had helped with Elizabeth's tomb, to undertake the design. The work was continued after his death (1609) by his son William, but not entirely finished for about seven years; the cost amounted to £2000, £825, 10s. of which were paid to the Cures, who undertook the statuary; the painting was done by an artist, one James Mauncy, who received £265 in May 1616. The white marble effigy represents the Queen in her middle age, at the time of her death, and is a faithful portrait. The body was brought from Peterborough Cathedral under the charge of Bishop Neile, formerly Dean of Westminster, and solemnly interred in the vault below at dead of night, October 11, 1612. The marble altar-tomb was probably already in its place by that time, and the delay was only caused by the elaborate ornamentation, and the fine carving on the recumbent figure. Scarcely two months after the interment of this once fascinating Queen the vault was again opened to receive the coffin of her grandson, Henry Frederick, Prince of Wales, who died of typhoid fever, November 8, at the early age of eighteen, thus disappointing the hopes of the Puritan party which had counted on his anti-Catholic sympathies, and sealing the future fate of his friend, Sir Walter Raleigh, the brilliant favourite at Elizabeth's court, now a prisoner in the Tower, suspected of treason and disloyalty by her successor. The funeral of the heir to the throne was conducted with lavish magnificence, his father forgot the jealousy of his son's popularity which had tormented him while the young man lived, and opened his purse-strings to pay the expenses of this royal ceremonial. The Prince's body lay in state at St. James's Palace till December 7, when it was carried to the Abbey on a chariot decked with banners and funereal plumes; upon it lay the effigy of the dead man, clad in the robes which he had worn on his creation as Prince of Wales, beneath them "a red habit," described by the Duke

of Saxe-Weimar, who saw the figure when he visited the Abbey in the following year, as one which he had worn when he was ill, and in his hand a gilded staff. So great was the number of mourners, computed by an eye-witness at about 2000 persons, that it was four hours before the procession left the palace, whence it moved slowly at a foot's pace to Westminster amidst a crowd of people, all, according to the somewhat inflated description in the old tract referred to, "weeping, crying, howling, wringing their hands," and making a great lamentation. After "the doleful musick of all sorts" was ended, and the coffin with the effigy lying "fast bound upon it" had been placed within the "stately hearse, built quadrangle-wise with eight pillars," the Archbishop of Canterbury preached the funeral sermon "with exceeding passion," and "a grave, sober countenance, shewing the inward sorrow of his heart." The heralds broke their white staves, the officers of the Prince's household their rods, and the nobility offered their banners, according to ancient custom, before the mourners left the church. The hearse was left in its place in front of the high altar for twelve days longer, when it was taken down, and the effigy placed in an open press with the other royal figures, in a "chamber," probably one of the then empty chapels, in Henry VII.'s Chapel. Before four years had passed the Prince's red robe lined with ermine was stolen by some robbers, and the wooden figure stripped bare; the same thieves may have been responsible for the condition of the rest of the ragged regiment, since by the eighteenth century few of the Kings and Queens had any clothes left.

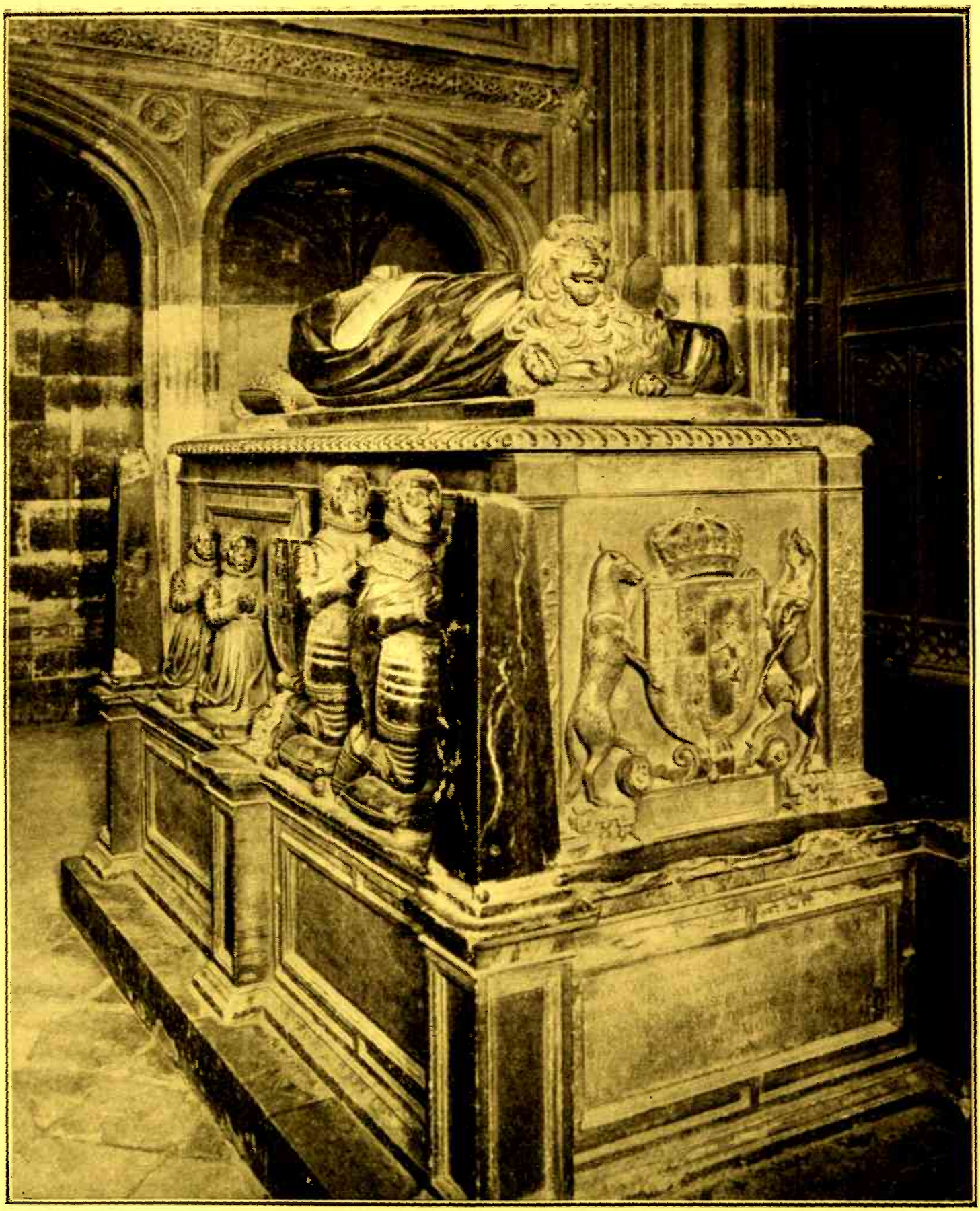
The coronation of James Stuart, the First of England and Sixth of Scotland, and of his Queen, Anne of Denmark, which took place on July 25, 1603, was far less popular a ceremonial than those of his predecessors. As the first monarch of the United Kingdom, and the first who was crowned with the ritual of the recently established Church of England, his coronation marks an important epoch in our history. But the plague was then raging in London, and not only was there no procession from the Tower and no city pageants, but the loyal citizens were forbidden to throng, after

their usual wont on such occasions, to Westminster lest they should spread the contagion, and the King and Queen were attended only by the Bishops and the court. Old Dean Goodman had passed away two years before his friend and sovereign, and his successor, the learned Lancelot Andrewes, whose discourses were afterwards to strike awe into James's unruly courtiers, assisted Archbishop Whitgift, and Elizabeth's pet Bishop, Thomas Bilson, preached the sermon. Andrewes passed on to the See of Chichester in 1605, and thus out of Westminster, but Bilson, Bishop of Winchester, who was "a principal maintainer of the Church of England, . . . and a commander-in-chief of the spiritual warfare," was buried in the south ambulatory (1616), leaving many controversial pamphlets to vex the soul of the Catholic theologians.

During the early years of his reign the most important person at court was James's first cousin, Arabella or Arbella Stuart, who was, after James himself, the sole living representative of the elder branch of the Tudor family, and therefore always regarded as a dangerous person by the suspicious Queen. After her Stuart grandmother, Lady Lennox's death, Arbella went to live with her mother's relatives, the Shrewsburys, who, while professing their loyalty to Elizabeth, without doubt built many hopes on the nearness of the child to the throne. The Queen constantly varied in her treatment of her young relative: now Arbella was petted and made much of at court, now banished in disgrace to her severe grandmother, Lady Shrewsbury's care.

We have already detailed the somewhat complicated family history of the Greys and Seymours. By the end of Elizabeth's reign the younger branch of the Tudors was represented by the two sons of Catherine Grey and Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, and by the heirs of Catherine's aunt, Lady Eleanor Clifford.[1] Great, therefore, was the Queen's wrath when, shortly before her death, a rumour arose at court that Arbella was privately engaged to one of the sons of Hertford's heir, Lord Beauchamp. The tender age of the Seymour boys—Edward, the eldest, was only fifteen, William fourteen—makes this supposition appear improbable, to say the least of it, except to the failing and jealous mind of the

[1] See page 121.



MARGARET, COUNTESS OF LENNOX

With the kneeling figures of her sons, Darnley and Charles Stuart

See p. 134

old Queen; but truth obliges one to allow that there was some intrigue on foot at the time with one member or another of the Seymour family, probably Lord Beauchamp himself, which was, however, promptly nipped in the bud. Arbella was placed under strict surveillance, but released as soon as James succeeded to the crown, unfortunately without having profited by the warning. Her royal cousin behaved very kindly to her at first, paying her numerous debts, and restoring her to her position at court; but these "halcyon days," as she called them herself, only lasted for a few years; and in 1610, by which time the lady had reached the age of thirty-five, she was in trouble again, and for a marriage project as before. There was no longer any doubt of her sin, for in this year she privately married William Seymour, who was fifteen years younger than herself; and although James, with the succession assured in his own family, had much less reason to excite himself about the marriage than had been the case with Elizabeth, he scrupled not to separate the luckless couple and confine them to separate prisons. After much abortive plotting and planning, in which Arbella showed all the ability and pluck of her Tudor and Stuart ancestors, the pair escaped from their keepers, but, owing to an unfortunate error in time, they never met; Seymour sailed for France in one vessel and landed in safety, while his poor wife, who started in another, was captured before she had left the English coast, and brought back in triumph to London. Seymour prudently stayed abroad till his wife's death restored him to royal favour, and the romantic love affair remained only a slight episode of his youth. Arbella, on the contrary, languished till 1615 in the Tower, mad with grief and solitary confinement, and when at length death released her she was already quite forgotten by the gay and frivolous court. Her body was brought to the Abbey by water from the Tower at night, and interred in the vault of her aunt, Mary, Queen of Scots. Until by Dean Stanley's care her name was inscribed upon the pavement, she who had once been the centre of so many ambitious hopes, and had eaten her heart out with vain longing for love and happiness, lay in an unrecorded grave. By the irony of fate,

two of her husband's daughters by his second wife, Frances Devereux, also lie in the Abbey. To the one, Lady Jane Clifford, a heavy sarcophagus in the form of an urn, with a pompous recital of her virtues inscribed upon it, was erected by her husband in the Chapel of St. Nicholas, close to the tomb of her great-grandmother, the proud Duchess of Somerset. The other daughter, Frances, married three times; her second husband was Wriothesley, last Earl of Southampton, her third the second Earl of Holderness. Both sisters lived till long after the Restoration, after their father (who died in 1673) had had the title of Somerset, forfeited on his great-grandfather, the Protector's execution, restored to him, and died within a year of one another, 1679 and 1680.

The Danish "Anna," Queen of James I., whose love of all outdoor sports and indoor shows endeared her to the common people, and gave her a superficial popularity with the upper class, was buried, four years after her elder son, in the small chapel north-east of Henry VII.'s tomb, since filled by the monument of Sheffield, Duke of Bucks. Here her hearse remained for some months after her death, while the heralds and the Chapter disputed over their perquisites, but when it was finally removed no memorial of any kind marked the place of her interment, which was discovered by Dean Stanley when he was searching for the body of her husband, James I., which was ultimately discovered in the royal founder, Henry VII.'s own vault. Anne's funeral seems to have been chiefly remarkable for the impression of extreme boredom and fatigue produced on the minds of both spectators and those who walked in the procession. The embalmed body had been brought by water from Hampton Court, where the Queen died, March 2, 1619, to Somerset House, and it lay there in state till May, while ways and means of paying for the funeral expenses were discussed, for the royal purse was somewhat empty at the time, and James strove betwixt his natural economy and his desire to have a grand show. There was no lack of mourners and no apparent parsimony on the day itself, except in the absence of all horse-flesh, with the exception of the six black horses which drew the

chariot containing the coffin and effigy, and the Queen's palfrey, which was led behind the car. At Elizabeth's funeral her ladies had ridden on white horses, but now on this warm spring day, May 13, the lords and ladies, of whom there were a goodly number present, had to come on their feet, in their heavy "blacks," from Somerset House to the Abbey, straggling and "laggering along," the countesses dragging sixteen, the other ladies of rank twelve, yards of sable broadcloth behind them: had it not been for the support of the Dukes, Marquesses, and Earls, who gave them their arms to lean upon, few of the female mourners would have arrived at the church in time for the ceremony, which was delayed by this interminable *cortège*, and not over till six in the evening. Behind the "classes" came the "masses," a number of poor women, and a crowd of "mean fellows that were servants to the lords, and others of the train." Although the funeral as a spectacle was "better than that of Prince Henry," it "fell short of Queen Elizabeth's," and there was none of the moaning and lamenting described at either of the other royal interments. The King was laid up at Royston, too ill to move, but Charles, Prince of Wales, took his place as chief mourner, and sat in the Dean's pew, a seat ever since those days reserved for members of the royal family when they attend service here, while the Dean's stall is only given up to the royal visitor, the reigning sovereign. The Westminster scholars' places were assigned to the Lord Chancellor and the chief nobles. In the winter before the Queen's death a flaming comet had appeared in the sky, afterwards popularly supposed to have been a portent of her approaching end, and James refers to this in an epitaph, which he wrote during the first days of his bereavement, a poem which breathes of the Divine right of Kings in every line.

"Thee to invite the great God sent a star,
His nearest friends and kin good Princes are,
Who, though they run their race of man and die,
Death serves but to refine their majesty.
So did my Queen her court from hence remove,
And left this earth to be enthroned above;
Then she is changed, not dead—no good Prince dies—
But like the sun doth only set to rise."

Dr. Robert Tounson, who officiated at the royal burial, was only Dean here for three years before he was promoted to the See of Salisbury; he died in 1621 "in a meane condition," according to one authority, leaving his widow and fifteen children ill-provided for, a statement not borne out by Colonel Chester's researches. His body was brought back to Westminster and interred in the south ambulatory. His name is chiefly remembered now as the Dean who was with Sir Walter Raleigh[1] in the Gatehouse prison the night before his execution and also on the scaffold (October 29, 1618). A letter is extant which Tounson wrote to his friend, Sir John Isham, describing Raleigh's brave and cheerful demeanour, a courage which never flinched to the last. Shortly before his sentence Raleigh had addressed some lines to the mother of his deceased friend and patron, Prince Henry, imploring her to save him whose thoughts "no treason ever tainted," but the Queen was already sick unto death and could only make an appeal on his behalf by letter to Buckingham, which was totally disregarded. Tounson was succeeded (1620) by a famous Dean, John Williams who has no grave here; he was buried in Wales, and therefore only incidentally belongs to the Abbey Roll-Call, but he has left a name comparable only to some of his predecessors, such as Abbot Islip, for his benefactions to the fabric. He spent £4500 on the renovation of Henry VII.'s Chapel, the stone of which was already crumbling away, and besides fitting up and enlarging the library, which had been installed in the old dormitory by Goodman, presented the mantelpiece in the Jerusalem Chamber to commemorate the marriage of Prince Charles with Henrietta Maria, and panelled the ceiling with cedar-wood, which has since been concealed by paint.

Williams reached the zenith of his power towards the end of James the First's reign, when he held the three offices of Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, Dean of Westminster, and Bishop of Lincoln all at once. When the King lay on his deathbed the Dean was sent for to minister to his dying friend and patron, and he closed his eyes with his own hands (March 27, 1625). There was the usual lying-in-state

[1] He was buried in St Margaret's Church, where a modern window commemorates his untimely end and adventurous career.

time at Anne's former residence, Somerset, originally called Denmark House, whither a long cavalcade of nobles escorted the bier from Theobalds, where James died. The funeral, like that of Queen Anne, took place in May, and the tediousness of the procession exceeded even hers, for the arrangements were in such disorder that the tail of it did not reach the Abbey till 5 P.M., although the head left Somerset House at 10 in the morning. Yet the court gossip Chamberlain describes the burial as the greatest that ever was seen, and certainly the cost £50,000, and the "blacks," *i.e.* cloaks and other mourning apparel, which were distributed to 9000 persons, acquit him in this instance at least of exaggeration. Much to every one's surprise the new King followed the funeral car on foot, as at his mother's funeral, and once inside the church the ceremony was inordinately prolonged by the Dean's sermon, which lasted two hours and consisted of an elaborate comparison between the characters of the deceased sovereign and Solomon, under ten different heads. The hearse, which was the only monument ever raised in memory of James I., was a truly wonderful structure—more like a wedding-cake than a funereal memorial—covered with little flags, gilt crowns, coats of arms and crests. It was designed by Inigo Jones, who studied economy by draping the figures at the corners with white calico, which was "very handsome and cheap," and modelling the heads in plaster of Paris. The royal effigy was made by another distinguished person, Maximilian Colt (*alias* Poutrain), one of the sculptors of Elizabeth's tomb, and resembled a gigantic wooden doll with jointed arms and legs, the face painted, and a periwig, beard, and eyebrows of hair stuck on; so long did this take to make that a more ordinary figure had to be used for the lying-in-state. The hearse seems to have stood in the Abbey for a long time, probably till the Commonwealth, and when it disappeared no record was kept of the situation of James's coffin. Dean Stanley has given a graphic account of his search for the first Stuart King's burial-place, but it must ever remain a mystery why his body was placed in the first Tudor King's vault, and not laid beside his wife.

CHAPTER XI

A KING'S FAVOURITE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

CHARLES the First's coronation is marked out from the previous ceremonials for several reasons. For the first time since the Norman Conquest the Dean of Westminster, the representative of the ancient Abbots, was not permitted to take his accustomed place as the sovereign's instructor, and the various official duties allotted to him were performed by Laud, who was then one of the prebendaries and Sub-Dean. For Williams had already been obliged to give up the seals of the Lord Chancellor's office, and a month before the coronation he was informed that the King would not allow him to be present. The Feast of the Purification of the Virgin, February 2, Candlemas Day (1625), was chosen by Charles, probably as a mark of attention to his young French bride, Henrietta Maria, who was always addressed as Marie by her husband, and spoken of during her life in England as Queen Mary. Although all was prepared for the joint-coronation, and the order of service drawn up with a view to her taking part in it, Henrietta refused to be present at the last, alleging her religious scruples—she was a Roman Catholic—as a reason. Except in a few details, the English service, which was initiated by James I., was adopted, and was practically the same as that in the *Liber Regalis*, omitting only all that savoured of "popery." Long afterwards, when Laud was on his trial, he was falsely accused of having altered the oath in order to retain more of the ecclesiastical character, originally assigned to the sovereign, than either Papists or Puritans approved.

One innovation was adopted by Charles which gives his unction a special character; he was anointed upon the traditional places, not only on the head, with the Sacred

Chrism[1]; the supply of the ancient balm, which Elizabeth complained "smelt ill" at her coronation, had all been used up for James I., and Charles had a new supply made. This was the last time when the ancient ornaments of the regalia were seen, the last occasion on which the Chapter appeared in their antique copes, for all were destroyed and sold during the Commonwealth, and on Charles the Second's accession an entirely new set had to be made.

In the troublous times which followed, people were fond of dwelling on the bad omens, which they believed foreshadowed the King's fate; the dove on St. Edward's staff was broken shortly before, and had to be renewed; there was a slight earthquake, noticed only by the Westminster boys and the people outside, for Laud described it as "a very bright, sunshiny day," and there is no mention of any trembling of the earth from those inside the church. Old Archbishop Abbot was so decrepit that he scarcely got through his onerous duties. Senhouse, Bishop of Carlisle, preached on the text: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life;" and the King's last words, "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown," recall the theme of this discourse, which must have been impressed on Charles's mind by the terrible death of the Bishop very soon afterwards of black jaundice, the seeds of which disease were already in him, and cast a "veil of black" over his face. The most brilliant noble present at that great ceremonial was one who could boast of the favour of two sovereigns, and had practically governed King and Kingdom for some while, a favourite who was destined to hold his despotic position, king in all but name, till his career was cut off by the assassin's knife three and a half years later. For "Steenie," the pampered "dog" of the old King in his dotage, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, to call him by his proper title, remained ever at the side of the new King, whom he continued to call "Baby Charles," a pet name originally given by James to his beloved son, and the Duke had a malign influence over Charles to the end of his days. Of a

[1] Olive oil had been hitherto used for the other parts anointed.

good old family of Leicestershire squires, Villiers raised himself to his unique position at court purely by his own wits and his ingratiating manners, which were only displayed to his superiors in rank, for nothing could exceed his overbearing rudeness to those whom he considered his inferiors. This arrogance and haughty spirit he inherited from his mother, Mary Beaumont, who was a poor relation and a waiting-maid, before her marriage to Sir George Villiers, in the household of his connection, Lady Beaumont, and her character can only be compared to that of the disagreeable and proud Duchess of Somerset. Villiers obtained the title of Countess of Buckingham in her own right for his mother, when King James conferred the Marquisate (afterwards a Dukedom) on himself, and resented every real or fancied slight to the parvenu Countess as an insult. On one occasion he risked his credit with King Charles by rushing unannounced into the private chamber of the French Henrietta, and reproaching her for some imaginary insult to his mother. The young bride, naturally annoyed, answered "with some quickness," whereupon the Duke, in a towering passion, broke out with the insolent threat that "there had been Queens of England who had lost their heads."

Neither side ever forgot or forgave the occurrence, and long afterwards Henrietta recalled the name of the favourite with a shudder as the cause of the unhappiness, the disputes and bickerings with her royal husband, which had marred their early married life. Lady Buckingham's best trait was her devotion to her handsome son, and through her influence he won the hand of a charming and attractive wife, Lady Catherine Manners, daughter of the Earl of Rutland, and one of the richest heiresses in England. Williams, then Dean of Salisbury, nominally converted the lady from the Romanist faith—to which she reverted two years later—thus rendering the marriage acceptable to the King, and he was rewarded, through Buckingham's influence, with the Westminster Deanery, but was, as has been pointed out, less fortunate than his patron in retaining court favour. The old Countess was shrewd enough to know when her son's fatal arrogance, carried to the very

pinnacle of pride, went too far, and warned him of the consequences of his growing unpopularity. After the murder a story was repeated from mouth to mouth amongst the courtiers, and chronicled by the historian Clarendon, to the effect that the ghost of Sir George Villiers had appeared to a former retainer of his, now an officer in the royal household, some six months before the Duke's death, and charged the man to go to his son and tell him that if he did not mend his ways and ingratiate himself with the populace, he had but a short time to live. Three times over did this wraith stand by the bedside of the trembling official, the last time "with a terrible" aspect, till he frightened him into obedience. The only result of this ghostly warning seems to have been a long and stormy interview between Buckingham and his mother, after which it was noted that he left her room with a mixture of sorrow and anger in his aspect, "a countenance that was never before observed in him towards her for whom he had a profound reverence." It is an undoubted fact that the Duke himself had some presentiment of his approaching end, for when he left for Portsmouth, *en route*, as he thought, for La Rochelle, he confided his wife and children particularly to the King's care, in case he never returned. When his mother heard the news of his assassination (1628) she showed no surprise, nor did her grief ever find utterance. Clarendon comments that she never expressed "such a degree of sorrow as was expected from such a mother to such a son." She survived him four years longer (d. 1632), during which time she watched the progress of the monument which her daughter-in-law raised above his grave, and prepared a tomb for herself in the Chapel of St. Nicholas. Her first lord, Sir George Villiers's effigy lies beside hers, but since his death in 1606, she had married and buried two other husbands. The fashionable sculptor of the day, Nicholas Stone, received £560 for his commission, and the inscription boasts of the vain old lady's descent from the "five most powerful Kings of England," a statement which requires the verification of a genealogist before it can be literally accepted. Two centuries later the

mummified skeleton of a Queen, Catherine of Valois, was laid upon the Countess's coffin for a while, till it was removed by Dean Stanley to a more fitting resting-place. The year after Lady Buckingham's death her son's huge and pretentious monument in Henry VII.'s Chapel was completed. At the foot of the tomb, upon which lie the gilded effigies of the husband and his wife (the Duchess married the Marquess of Antrim and her body rests elsewhere), is the figure of Fame, with inflated cheeks, always trying to blow an imaginary trumpet; the real one has long been torn from her hands and from the page of history. The King showed no outward sorrow for his friend's tragic end, and, in deference to public prejudice, was obliged to allow the burial to take place privately at night, but he permitted the memorial to intrude upon the sanctity of the royal chapel, where his ancestor, Henry VII., and his descendants had hitherto rested in solitary state. The gilt tablet, with a Latin panegyric of the deceased and a list of his titles, was undoubtedly inspired by Charles, and put up by his command. The general bad style of the monument is redeemed by a charming white marble group—which is placed in a niche above their parents—of the Villiers children. Three are buried in the vault below, the first-born, an infant, is represented in his cradle; the youngest, Francis, Lord Villiers, was a posthumous child, and lived to fight for his King in the civil wars. He met his death (1648) bravely in a skirmish at Kingston-on-Thames, where he defended himself against overwhelming odds with his back to a tree for some time, till one of the Parliamentary troopers crept round the trunk and cleft his skull with a battle-axe. Such were the attractions of his personality that the foe were moved to sorrow over his untimely end, and his body was buried here with some state; it is by a strange chance that the only royalist soldier interred in the Abbey by Parliament was a son of the hated favourite. A plate on the coffin records his beauty and five wounds.

Better had it been for the name of Villiers if the male line had become extinct with Francis, but his elder brother had succeeded to the Dukedom, and afterwards gained an

THE VILLIERS MONUMENT

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unenviable reputation as the most notorious of all the gay and licentious nobles at the court of the Restoration. George Villiers inherited his father's handsome presence, his ready wit, and the manly accomplishments in which the first Duke excelled—all passports to the favour of the second Charles, at whose coronation he carried the orb and walked before all the other Dukes. His character, as Walpole has well observed, was drawn for posterity "by four masterly hands. Burnet has hewn it out with his rough chisel; Count Hamilton touched it with that slight delicacy which finishes while it seems but to sketch; Dryden catched the living likeness (as Zimri in 'Absalom and Achitophel'); Pope completed the historical resemblance." To the modern reader the Duke is best known by Walter Scott's delineation of his portrait in "Peveril of the Peak." By the orders of James II. the body was embalmed and buried (1687) "in greater state than the late King, and with more splendour," in the family vault; and since the second Duke left no issue (his widow was interred here seventeen years later), the title, as represented by the Villiers family, became extinct.

Two statesmen and diplomatists, who are commemorated by fine monuments in St. Paul's Chapel, are connected with the first Duke of Buckingham and his early career. The one, Francis, Lord Cottington of Hanworth, was ambassador to Spain in the reigns of the three first Stuart Kings. As one already well versed in Spanish affairs, he was sent with Baby Charles and Steenie on their hare-brained expedition, when they went in disguise to Spain to see and report on the Infanta's charms, much against his will; for, while approving of the Spanish match, he disapproved of the journey. Cottington used his influence with James to promote the marriage, whereupon Buckingham openly gave out that he would do all in his power to ruin his rival in the King's good graces, and a bitter enmity ensued between the two men. When the Spanish match collapsed, Cottington fell into disgrace, and was only restored to a modified amount of court favour after the Duke's death. In spite of the shabby treatment which he received in return for his many services to the crown, so characteristic of the fickle

Stuarts, Cottington was one of the first peers to join Charles I. at York on the outbreak of the civil wars, and, after his execution, continued loyal to the second Charles. His last political expedition to Spain was a mission, which proved abortive, to collect funds for the royal cause. Although his companion Hyde (Lord Clarendon) reported that Cottington was "more contemned and hated here than you can imagine," and that he had lost all the influence he once possessed with the Spanish King, yet the diplomatist seems to have been strongly attracted to Spain and to the Roman Catholic religion. He had already adopted that faith once before and recanted, but now in his old age he made a final profession of Romanism, and died, aged seventy-four, at Valladolid (1652). Twenty-six years later his nephew and heir brought the body to England and interred it in the Abbey. The black and white marble tomb, made by the one-eyed Italian sculptor, Fanelli, was placed beneath the metal bust of Lady Anne Cottington, which her husband had commissioned the famous Le Sueur to make in memory of his wife at the time (1634) of her death. Clarendon's final judgment of his contemporary's character may be compared with Fuller's, which represents the popular view. Fuller says that "he raised himself by his natural strength without any artificial advantage; having his parts above his learning, his experience above his parts, his industry above his experience, and (some will say) his success above all." While Clarendon praises his extraordinary self-control, and calls him "a very wise man," whose "greatest fault was that he could dissemble and make men believe that he loved them very well when he cared not for them. . . . He was heartily weary of the world, and no man was more ready to die, which is an argument that he had peace of conscience. He left behind him a greater esteem of his parts than a love of his person."

The other diplomatist, Dudley Carleton, created Viscount Dorchester by Charles I., was actually with Villiers at the time of his assassination, and witnessed the whole ghastly scene. The Duke, already stricken to death, pulled the knife from his own breast and staggered with a cry of "Villain!" after his murderer, only to fall dead in the

lobby outside the breakfast-room, below the gallery where his young wife, frightened by the tumult, appeared in her night attire, just as her husband dropped, a bleeding corpse, almost beneath her feet. Carleton retained his presence of mind and saved Felton from being torn to pieces by the infuriated soldiers, and this episode in his early life illustrates his self-command, which equalled Cottington's. It is interesting to note that he had been educated at Westminster School, the latter part of the time under the great Camden, then second master; and that his first visit abroad was in the train of Sir Thomas Parry, of whom we have already spoken. He ended his career as First Secretary of State and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Clarendon somewhat unfairly declares that, though he understood the latter very well, he "was utterly unacquainted with the government, laws, and customs of his own country and the nature of the people." Carleton was undoubtedly the most distinguished diplomatist of his time, and the last English deputy who sat on the States-General of the Netherlands (1615-26), a privilege which had appertained to the English crown since the middle of the reign of Elizabeth. But he gained nothing for his long and faithful services to the crown save an empty title, which expired with him, for all his children died in infancy, and a nephew inherited his very small fortune, only £700. Carleton himself had raised a tomb over the grave of his first wife eight years before his own death (d. 1632), and in 1649 his nephew gave the old monument and the sum of £200 to Nicholas Stone to make a finer one in the same place as a memorial of his uncle and aunt.

A much less distinguished person, a court official, Sir James Fullerton, died in the same year as Carleton, and lies in the ambulatory. His fine marble altar-tomb is in the same chapel, put up by his wife, Lady Magdalen, whose alabaster effigy, with a miniature portrait of Sir James attached to her girdle, lies by her husband's. The quaint epitaph deserves repetition, if only as an illustration of the play upon words, which was so fashionable at the time: "A firme Pillar to the Common Wealth; a faithful Patron to the Catholiq Church; a faire Patterne to ye British Court;

he lived to ye welfare of his Country, to ye Honour of his Prince, to ye Glory of his God. He died Fuller of Faith then of Feares; Fuller of Resoluc'on then of Paienes; Fuller of Honour then of Days." In his younger days Fullerton, who was then a Scotch Presbyterian, had been sent from Scotland as an agent of James VI. (James I.) to Dublin, where he kept a free Latin school, and numbered amongst his pupils a small boy of eight, called James Ussher, who was destined to become Archbishop of Armagh. Twenty-six years after Fullerton's death master and pupil were again united, for Ussher's body was laid in a vault close to his first teacher's tomb. From the small school the clever boy had gone on to Trinity College, Dublin, then recently founded, and to which his family were substantial benefactors, and was one of the first scholars, afterwards a Fellow. His great learning, and still more his ingratiating manners, helped him to rise in the world, for "he had a way of gaining people's hearts and touching their consciences that looked like somewhat of the apostolic age renewed." The favourite of two sovereigns, and an advocate of the divine right of Kings, Ussher also won Cromwell's good graces, probably because he always spoke out his opinions and feared no man. He was wont fearlessly to oppose the despotic Charles himself when he differed from him on a matter of conscience, and hesitated not a whit to defend the unpopular Strafford, and to reproach the King with tears in his eyes for giving consent to the bill of attainder. Yet the Archbishop loved his sovereign, and when, from a house on the opposite side of Whitehall, he watched Charles come out on the scaffold his strength gave out, and he fainted before the fatal axe fell. His own end seven years later was peaceful enough. When too decrepit to preach longer he left his post at Lincoln's Inn Chapel and retired to Reigate, where he died in 1656. The body was embalmed and interred in the Abbey by Cromwell's orders, with all the honours of a state funeral, at the cost of £800, part of which was defrayed by a Treasury grant; an immense congregation assembled to pay a last tribute to the old Primate's memory, and it may be noted that this was the only occasion when the Anglican service was read in the church during the Commonwealth.

Ussher swooned when he saw the axe, yet survived his sorrow, but a tablet in St. John the Baptist's Chapel commemorates a young man, who was said to have died from the shock of his King's tragic fate; it is fair to add that he was suffering from smallpox at the time. Thomas Carey was a gentleman of the bed-chamber to Charles I., and a son of the second Earl of Monmouth, who was a literary man best known as a translator of various Italian works; he lies in the vault of his great-grandfather, Lord Hunsdon.

On the opposite side of the Abbey, in the centre of St. Benedict's Chapel, is the large altar-tomb of Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex (d. 1645), who owed his rise and fall alike to the powerful Villiers. He began life as a merchant adventurer, and was "a very handsome young man, well-spoken, and of a ready wit." He defended his company so ably in a suit, which came before Parliament, that James himself took note of his abilities, and ultimately Buckingham became his patron. Cranfield received various important posts within and without the King's household, and his business capacities were of the utmost service to James's pocket. So high did he climb by sheer ability that he actually had "his foot in the stirrup" for the Lord Chancellorship on Bacon's fall, and so sensible was the King of his justifiable disappointment when Dean Williams got the post, that he subsequently made him Earl of Middlesex and Lord Treasurer. Like Cottington, Cranfield came to grief over the Spanish match; he even dared to declare openly that Prince Charles ought to subordinate his personal inclinations to the good of the state. Notwithstanding the King's feeble remonstrances Buckingham succeeded in carrying out the impeachment of Lord Middlesex, on a quite unfounded charge of corruption. He was sentenced to lose all his offices, to pay the huge fine of £50,000, and was likewise imprisoned for a while in the Tower, and afterwards banished from court "for ever." Although in later days Charles would often ask advice from his father's old and trusted counsellor, the Earl never returned to court, but spent the remainder of his long life in retirement. He was nearly seventy when the civil war broke out, and, although per-

sonally loyal to the King, remained inactive at his country house. But nevertheless he suffered for his royalist principles: one of his houses was burnt, his wife imprisoned, and he himself was heavily taxed by the Parliament. His eldest son, disgusted by his father's unrequited devotion to Charles, openly espoused the Parliamentary cause, and perhaps it was owing to his influence that his mother, Lady Anne, was allowed to raise a monument and bury her husband here.

In the south choir aisle, not far from this chapel, is a black marble tomb with a fine bronze bust by Le Sueur, the French sculptor, who made Lady Cottington's memorial and also the statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross. The face is a portrait of Sir Thomas Richardson (d. 1635), Speaker of the House of Commons for a brief space, which included the impeachment of Bacon, in the reign of James I., and Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas under Charles; his monument is close to that of the only contemporary judge buried in the Abbey, Sir Thomas Owen (d. 1598). Richardson was a caustic man fond of dry jests, a habit which won him the title of the "jeering judge." Several anecdotes illustrate the style of his jokes. Once, for instance, when "he issued out an order against the ancient custom of wakes, and order'd every minister to read it in his church," the Bishop of Bath and Wells, supported by seventy of his clergy, presented a petition against it "at the Council Table, where Richardson was so severely reprimanded (by Bishop Laud) that he came out complaining that he had been almost choak'd with a pair of lawn sleeves." Another time a stone was flung at the judge's head by a condemned malefactor, but he "leaning low on his elbow in a lazy, reckless manner, the flint flew too high, and only took off his hat." When his friends congratulated him on his narrow escape, all he said was, "by way of a jest (as his fashion was to make a jest of everything): 'You see now if I had been an *upright judge* (intimating his reclining position) I had been slain.'" When he condemned Prynne he is said to have remarked that as his friends considered him to be a martyr, he might have Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" to amuse him in prison.

Before we leave the times of the early Stuart Kings men-

tion must be made of a wonderful centenarian, who quite beats the record of the old Marquess of Winchester, for Paulet could only lay claim to four reigns, while Thomas Parr boasted that he had lived under ten sovereigns, from Edward IV. to Charles I., and attained the age of one hundred and fifty-two years. There is no need to enter into the vexed question of the date of Parr's birth, which he put at 1483, it is enough to record the fact that the legend of his hoary age was implicitly believed by his contemporaries. During the last year of his life he was unearthed by the famous collector of antiques, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, from a Shropshire village, and presented as a "piece of antiquity" to the King. Nothing daunted by the presence of royalty, Parr replied to Charles's question as to what he, who had lived longer, had done more than other men, by the pertinent reply that when he was a hundred he had done penance in a white sheet, referring to a scandal about himself, which he dated as far back as the year 1588. This "human marvel," who is said to have been covered from head to foot with "a quick-set, thick-set, nat'ral hairy cover" caused an immense sensation at court, and many portraits were done of him by the fashionable painters of the day. Rubens painted one from memory after his death, a replica of which is in the National Portrait Gallery, and shows him as a bald-headed man with dark brown eyes, and shaggy white eyebrows. Another, ascribed to Vandyck, is in the Dresden Gallery, and depicts the face of the "old, old, very old man" as dried up and covered with innumerable wrinkles. Parr was practically killed by his own notoriety, for he did not long survive the change from the country to a confined life in a London hostel, where he was exhibited for many weeks as a curiosity. His grave, with an inscription above it, is in the Poets' Corner; he died November 15, 1635, and he is commemorated in his native village of Alderbury by a brass plate put up in the parish chapel. Old Parr has a female centenarian rival here, but a mere juvenile in comparison with him, for her relatives refrained from claiming more than one hundred and two years for

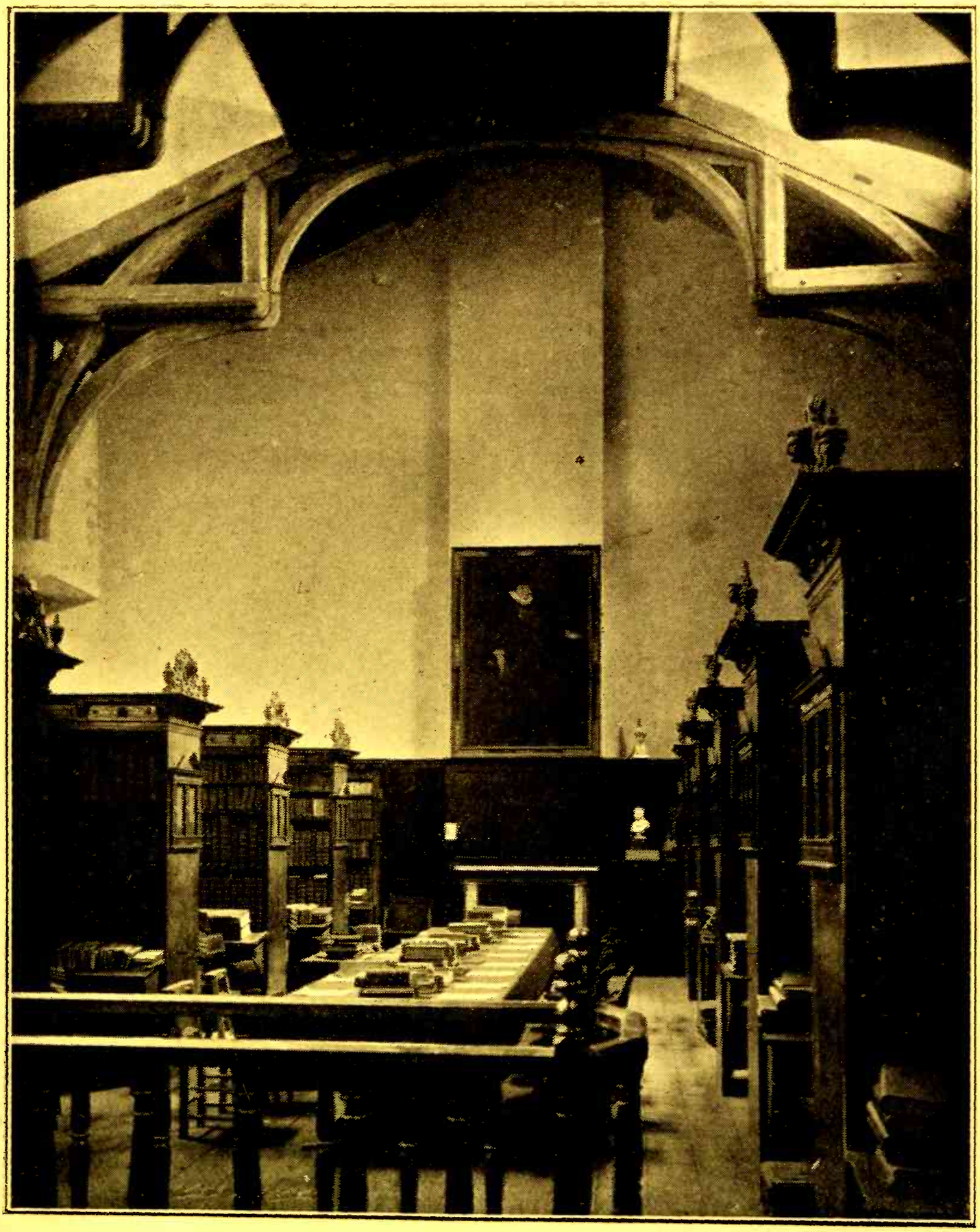
Ann Birkhead (d. 1568). A rhyming inscription, which Camden records, used to be above her grave in the south cloister, and was almost as well known in the seventeenth century as is now the tablet in the Little Cloister, which commemorates Thomas Smith (d. 1664), who "through the spotted veil of the smallpox render'd a pure and unspotted soul to God." The following is Anne's epitaph :—

> "An auncient age of many years
> Here lived *Anne* thou hast,
> Pale Death hath fixed his fatal force,
> Upon thy corpse at last."

In the opposite cloister, the north, a black tablet records the memory of Richard Gouland (d. 1659), who was appointed keeper of the Chapter library in 1625 by Williams, after the Dean had turned the old chamber in the monks' dormitory, where Goodman had collected the books, into the stately, well-lighted room, which is illustrated here. Gouland left £10 in his will, which was to be expended in the purchase of "the choicest pieces of the works of John Gerrardus, Vossius, and Salmatius," ancient tomes now seldom or never taken from the shelves.

To those who are lovers of old epitaphs, the following inscription, deciphered from a contemporary tablet next to Gouland's, dated 1621, may be of interest :—

> "With diligence and trust most exemplary
> Did WILLIAM LAVRENCE serve a Prebendary ;
> And for his Paines now past, before not lost,
> Gain'd this Remembrance at his Master's cost.
> O reade these Lines againe : you seldome find
> A Servant faithfull and a Master kind.
> Short Hand he wrote : his Flower in prime did fade,
> And hasty Death Short Hand of him hath made.
> Well covth he Nv'bers, and well mesur'ed Land ;
> Thvs doth he now that Grovnd where on yov stand,
> Wherein he lyes so Geometricall :
> Art maketh some, but thvs will Nature all."



THE CHAPTER LIBRARY

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CHAPTER XII

WORTHIES OF THE COMMONWEALTH

THE interregnum between the execution of the first Charles and the accession of the second marks an epoch in the history of the Abbey. Oliver Cromwell, Protector of this realm for the last five years of his life, and with a powerful hand in the government long before he openly held the helm, was the first ruler of England to realise the obligations of his country towards the patriots who helped to build up her empire. The seed of the blood royal, and the men and women who stood near the throne by virtue of their birth or position, had received graves in the Abbey by direct command of the sovereign for many generations, but it was Cromwell who started the idea, which was taken up by Parliament, of thus honouring the plain citizen, be he statesmen, soldier, or sailor, whose name deserved to be writ large in the annals of his native land. Cromwell insisted, in fact, against the wishes of the strict Presbyterians, on grand and stately funerals as the most fitting tribute that a grateful country could pay to her heroes, and he thus originated a custom which has since become a national observance, and has filled the Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral alike with memorials dedicated to the men of the sword, the sea, the state, and the pen or pencil for more than two centuries. True the bones of nearly all the worthies of the Commonwealth were ignominiously disinterred in 1661, and flung, like the victims of the plague, into one large pit outside the Abbey walls; but although their remains were thus dishonoured their names have been handed down to posterity on the royal warrant, which ordered the exhumation, and is in the registers, thus making it possible for Stanley to identify the places of the

original interments, and record the names above the vaults. Strangely enough the body of a foreign diplomatist, Isaac Dorislaus (d. 1649) of Leyden, a man much execrated by the King's party, was, although not left in its first resting-place near Queen Elizabeth's tomb, decently re-interred in a separate grave in St. Margaret's churchyard, and not mixed up in the common pit with the other bones. Dorislaus helped to draw up the legal document which contained the charge of treason against Charles I., and when sent as parliamentary envoy to The Hague, shortly after the royal execution, he was murdered by twelve masked assassins, presumably royalist refugees, who revealed the motive of their crime by the cry: "Thus dies one of the King's judges." The body was embalmed, brought over to England, and after lying in state at Worcester House, was buried in the royal chapel with some pomp at the expense of Parliament. But this state funeral cannot compare in grandeur with those of other more distinguished parliamentary magnates, and the cost, £250, was a mere bagatelle when we consider the money spent on the obsequies of Essex, which resembled the burial of a prince in almost every detail, and of "King Pym." The patriot, John Pym (d. 1643), the celebrated leader of the popular party in the Long Parliament, was the first member of the House under the new régime, who was honoured by a public funeral in the Abbey. Many other M.P.'s were buried here at the public expense, including such men as Thomas Hesilrigge, a pet aversion of the royalists, who accused him of bribing witnesses to villify the King at his trial, and Humphrey Salwey, Remembrancer of the Public Exchequer. Both these men died in 1652, and were interred in Henry VII.'s Chapel, whence their bones were exhumed in due course with the rest. Pym's coffin lay beneath the ancient gravestone of Sir William Windsore, but it was discovered nevertheless by the royalist body-snatchers, who omitted to notice the vault of Essex. While the cavaliers were lighting bonfires at Oxford, and drinking deep to celebrate the death of their political foe, the citizens of London were mourning the death of a patriot.

Clarendon, who reproaches Pym for his obstinacy in continuing the war at all costs, and accuses him of preventing Essex from returning to his allegiance, says he was buried "with wonderful pomp and magnificence" (December 15, 1643). Certainly Parliament spared no expense in their desire to honour "the memory of Master Pym"; ten of his friends bore the coffin on their shoulders from Cannon Row, where he died, to the Abbey; behind them walked the statesman's young sons, followed by "both Houses of Lords and Commons all in mourning, by the Assembly of Divines, by many other gentlemen of quality, and with two heralds of armes before the corpse, bearing his crest." The eloquent Presbyterian preacher, Stephen Marshall, preached a funeral oration on the text, "Woe is me, for a good man hath perished out of the earth." Perhaps in consequence of his assertion, which proved to be true, that Pym had "spent or lost all he had in the public service," the sum of £10,000 (provided out of the sequestered estates of two royalists) was voted to pay his debts and provide for his children, a precedent followed by the House of Commons long afterwards in the case of the younger Pitt. A monument was proposed, to be paid from the public exchequer, but it was apparently never put up. William Strode, one of those who bore the bier on that mournful day, only survived his friend two years longer, and was buried near his grave; his remains were afterwards flung with Pym's into the charnel pit. He was one of the five members named by Charles I., when he made his memorable entry into the House, and the story goes that Strode, a young and choleric man, declared he was innocent of all offence, and absolutely refused to move till a friend laid hold of his cloak and literally dragged him from his place by main force. Later on he exchanged the war of words for that of blows; he fought at Edgehill, and was deputed to carry the general's report of the victory up to Parliament. The body of the general himself, Robert Devereux, third Earl of Essex (d. 1646) the famous commander-in-chief of the Parliamentary forces, rests to this day in a vault, specially constructed for him, close to the Exeter monument in St. John the Baptist's

Chapel, the burial-place of many of our Abbots, and it is recorded that an ancient wooden crozier was discovered when the grave was being dug. Robert Devereux was the son of Queen Elizabeth's reckless favourite, and scarcely less wilful than his father before him. His family title was restored to him by James I., and his early life is marked by his unfortunate marriages, both of which were dissolved by no fault of his own, and he was fortunate in being rid of his first wife, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, before she was concerned in the notorious poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, a case which made a great sensation at the time. Charles I. attempted to keep the Earl's allegiance. He made him Lord Chamberlain, and even entrusted him with the command of his forces south of the border when he went to Scotland; but Essex had always sided with the popular party, and finally broke with the King when he refused to rally to his standard at York in 1642. His experience in military matters dated from a long way back, to the days when he fought under the Veres and Holleses in the Netherlands, and he did not justify the confidence placed in his strategy by Parliament. After his early successes at Edgehill and elsewhere, due chiefly to the personal courage of himself and his officers, disaster and defeat dogged his footsteps. During the last year of his life he was too ill to fight, and resigned his command some time before his death. Nevertheless the ceremonies attending his funeral were the most magnificent since the burial of James I. Black hangings covered the interior of the church from roof to pavement, a hearse, modelled on that of the late King's, stood near the communion table, and as at royal functions the heralds broke their white staves and threw them into the grave after the interment. The procession within and without the Abbey was a gorgeous sight, only marred by the muddy state of the streets, and the vast mass of onlookers, who broke through the line of trained bands on every side and delayed the progress of the mourners. A regiment of horse rode before the funeral chariot and helped to keep order, the *cortège* was headed by seventy paid mourners, some of whom were always present at these state funerals, "poor

men" clad in long black cloaks, behind whom walked the twelve Abbey alms-men; there was neither Dean nor Canon left to officiate, but a Presbyterian minister took the place of the usual church dignitary. The official persons, who followed on foot, gradually pushed their way into the church behind the effigy, which was dressed in the general's battle-stained buff coat, red breeches and white boots, and held the baton and sword in either hand, while the scarlet Parliament robes and Earl's coronet were in strange contrast to the military uniform. Chief of the army officers who carried the pall up the nave, walked Cromwell himself and his son-in-law, Ireton, while close behind them came the Speaker and members of Parliament, the mace, shrouded in crape, borne before them. The vast congregation, for whom seats covered with black cloth had been provided, was comprised of a motley collection; the Lord Mayor, the aldermen, the judges, soldiers, and civilians of every rank were there, the only absentees were the courtiers and the ladies, for no women of any rank was admitted. As the mourners moved away from the open vault, and the earth was cast upon the coffin, the sound of trumpets playing a solemn burial call was heard within the Abbey, while outside the light of a great lantern placed on one of the turrets notified that the interment was ended, and with the tolling of St. Margaret's bells mingled the rattle of musketry from the soldiers in the streets, and the booming of the great guns from the Tower and the forts. Essex was abhorred as a traitor of the deepest dye by the royalists, and a few weeks later some of that party, a rough lot of "rude, vindictive fellows," broke into the church by night, stripped and mutilated the effigy, and smashed up the hearse, for mere mischief wantonly defacing the old antiquary Camden's nose as they passed his monument. Orders were given to re-clothe the figure of Essex, and place it in a glass case near that of the Duke of Lennox in Henry VII.'s Chapel. Parliament intended to raise a monument in memory of their general, but nothing seems to have come of these projects, and after the banners which waved above the vault for many years were torn down by the cavaliers, the place of Essex's

grave was forgotten, and re-discovered by Dean Stanley, who caused his name to be cut on the stone.

In the same chapel is the only memorial to a Roundhead which was suffered to remain upon the Abbey walls after the Restoration. Colonel Edward Popham (d. 1651) was, like so many of his contemporaries, distinguished on land and sea alike. He entered the royal navy as a boy, and while still a young lieutenant was promoted to the command of an old and unseaworthy vessel, the *5th Whelp*, which foundered in a storm off Holland, and the captain with such of the crew as survived had to row fifty miles in a cockle-shell of a boat till they were fortunately picked up by an English ship. On the outbreak of the civil war, Popham did good service to the popular cause on land, and various military feats of his, such as the raising of the siege of Dorchester, are recorded; but in 1648 he returned to the sea to take command of a squadron, which co-operated with Blake in harassing Prince Rupert off the coast of Spain. Popham died on board his ship at Dover after his return, and was buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel with military honours, Cromwell and all his principal officers following the bier. The body was disinterred with the rest which were buried here at this time, but the monument was, through the influence of Mrs. Popham's relatives, who were royalists, not destroyed, but removed from the royal chapel to its present position; the inscription was, however, totally effaced by the King's command.

Robert Blake (d. 1657), who has been called "the most famous naval commander of his own or any other age," had served under Popham on land, and received through his influence the post of a Commissioner of the Fleet when the colonel returned to a sea life. Blake was no chicken, he was indeed full fifty years old before he left his regiment of foot soldiers to take the command of a fleet; but he had gained some experience of the handling of a ship in his youth, when he started life as a south-country merchant, a profession which involved long voyages. He had already earned some distinction as a soldier, but his exploits on land were far eclipsed by the world-wide renown which he won for his name at sea.

The naval civil war was barely over, and Blake had but recently had the satisfaction of driving the Stuart Princes, Rupert and Maurice, to take refuge in the West Indies, when, as his fleet rested at anchor in the Downs, Van Tromp, the great Dutch admiral, with thirty or forty men-of-war, came sweeping arrogantly down the English Channel, challenging Great Britain to prove her boasted supremacy of the seas. Blake was, however, prepared to be the champion of his country, and, like the sea-dog that he was, he no sooner sniffed the enemy than with only fifteen sail he dashed upon the Dutchmen and battered them in front, while Bourne, coming up to his support later on, attacked them in the rear. After four hours' stubborn fight, in which both sides suffered considerably, Van Tromp was obliged to withdraw with his fleet, leaving two prizes in the hands of the English. From that first hotly contested action off Dungeness till the destruction of the Spanish galleons at Santa Cruz only five years later, Blake and his gallant tars proved themselves masters of the sea, and justified the Protector's confidence. Little more than a year (1653) after that first fight the Channel was cleared of Dutch ships by a decisive engagement off the east coast, in which Deane and Monck took the lead, reinforced in the nick of time by Blake himself. Deane was cut in two by a Dutch cannon-ball, and Cromwell showed the country's appreciation of his gallantry by ordering a public funeral in the Abbey, where the body was buried with great pomp, after it had lain in state for some days at Greenwich. In order to give outward expression to his private sympathy, the Protector went in person, accompanied by two ministers of religion, to console the widow. Deane's bones were disinterred, like Blake's, at the Restoration ; Monck alone of the three admirals rests in peace within the Abbey walls, where a large monument with his life-size figure will be found in the south aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel. Amongst the wax effigies Monck's armour and the remains of his lay figure may still be seen; but the famous cap of the "Ingoldsby Legends" which the vergers used to carry round for doles of money after showing the figure, has long disappeared.

Peace—only a temporary peace as it proved—was made with Holland in the spring following this signal victory (1654); and the closing years of Blake's life were chiefly spent in annoying the Spaniards, taking their plate-ships and harassing their coasts. The great admiral's crowning achievement was the destruction of the Spanish West Indian fleet off Santa Cruz (April 20, 1657). Clarendon calls this bold and dashing exploit "miraculous"; and truly Blake and Nelson are perhaps the only admirals who would have dared to attack battleships moored under the shelter of six or seven forts. Yet the triumph was complete: before evening closed in, every one of the sixteen Spanish vessels was "burnt, blown up, or sunk," and by seven o'clock the English ships had all drawn off; not one was lost. "We had not above fifty slain outright and a hundred and twenty wounded, and the damage to our ships was such as in two days' time we indifferently well repaired for present security." Cromwell ordered a public thanksgiving for the victory on June 3rd, and sent Blake an autograph letter with a valuable jewel. But alas! the brave admiral's day of triumph was over; the sufferings and fatigues of the past few years proved too much for his weakly frame, and he expired on board his flagship, the *George*, just as she entered Plymouth Sound (August 7, 1657), before the acclamations of the crowd, who had collected to await his landing, could reach the dying hero's ears. By Cromwell's orders the body was embalmed and lay in state at Greenwich for some time, where multitudes thronged to gaze upon it; and finally it was placed upon a barge and rowed by Blake's own sailors in solemn procession up the river to Westminster Abbey, where it was interred in the royal chapel of Henry VII. Barely three years later the corpse of this great admiral was dug up and flung into a pit with the other worthies of the Commonwealth, by order of the restored King.

Another regicide, Sir William Constable, some time Governor of Gloucester, who had signed his name on the King's death-warrant, died in 1655, and the royal vengeance could only be wreaked on the mouldering corpse, while his

estates were specially exempted from the general pardon. Constable had fought under Elizabeth's spoiled favourite, the second Earl of Essex, in Ireland, and received the honour of knighthood from his hands fifty-six years before. At Edgehill the gallant old man supported the son of his first commander, and his blue coats completely routed the King's red coats; one military exploit after another followed, including the capture of Tadcaster and Stamford Bridge, till age obliged him to lay down his arms and resign his command. Just above his name in the warrant for the exhumation of the bodies from the Cromwell vault is that of an equally distinguished man, a member also of the Protector's Council, Colonel Sir Humphrey Mackworth (d. 1654), who in 1646 had taken Ludlow Castle from the royalists, and was afterwards made Governor of Shrewsbury.

Stanley, when searching for James the First's coffin, discovered the body of a tall man within the vault of the royal founder, Henry the Seventh, an honour paid to no other lay person. This the Dean conjectured to be that of General Worsley (d. 1656), who as one of Cromwell's many favourites was buried somewhere in this chapel with even more than the usual pomp. Worsley is chiefly remembered as the commander of the soldiers, who by Cromwell's orders expelled the Long Parliament, and he carried "that bauble," the Speaker's mace, back with him to his private house afterwards. A zealous Puritan, Worsley took an active part in suppressing ale-houses, stopping race-meetings, and, above all, in sequestering the property of royalists, traits which made him very unpopular with the opposite party, and it is said that his own brother-in-law sneaked back into the Abbey after the funeral and cut the words "Where never worse lay" on the stone above his grave. Cromwell was indignant at this outrage, but never discovered the author of it, although a reward was offered for his apprehension. The body of many a patriot, who left his counter or his profession to fight as he believed for the cause of liberty is buried here, but few are still under the stones, most of them were flung into the pit outside. The names of the greater number are inscribed

above a large vault in the so-called Cromwell Chapel, east of Henry VII.'s tomb, the rest are scattered in various parts of the Abbey. Colonel Boscawen and Colonel Carter, who fought under Essex, were interred beneath the chorister's seats, 1645. The former, a young man of twenty-two, who belonged to a notable Cornish family, and had raised a troop of horse for the Parliament, was disinterred with his brother officers, but Carter's body was overlooked and is still here. Another colonel, John Meldrum, mortally wounded at the battle of Brandon in 1644, died after a few days' suffering, and lay till 1661 near the Norris monument. In St. Michael's Chapel, Theodore Phaliologus, who claimed descent from the last Christian Emperors of Constantinople, was buried the same year, close to the tomb of a lady in stiff Jacobean costume, Lady St. John of Bletsoe, aunt to Lord St. John, in whose regiment Phaliologus was a lieutenant. A tablet in the adjacent Chapel of St. John the Evangelist, with a pathetic epitaph written by the bereaved widower, commemorates one Grace Scot (d. 1646) who is mentioned here because her husband, Colonel Scot, and her father, Sir Thomas Mauleverer, were numbered amongst the King's judges. The colonel died before the Restoration, but Mauleverer had the misfortune to survive his son-in-law, and was executed at Charing Cross in 1660.

> "Hee that will give my Grace but what is Hers,
> Must say her Death hath not
> Made only her deare Scot
> But Vertue, Worth, and Sweetnesse Widowers."

Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw have purposely been left to the last, for they were singled out as the principal regicides, and their inanimate remains subjected to a worse indignity than those of their companions. On the 30th of January 1661, twelve years day for day after the execution of Charles I., his son had the empty satisfaction of seeing the corpses of the three men whom he execrated as chiefly responsible for his father's "murder," hanging on the gallows at Tyburn. The sentence of attainder was

carried out in every detail as if the senseless bodies were living traitors, the remains were buried beneath the gallows, the heads, chopped off by the executioner, were hung on poles outside Westminster Hall. Here they remained for many years a continual reminder to thinking persons of the patriots who loved their country better than their King, and of the spark of liberty, which, once in danger of extinction beneath the iron heel of despotism, had been kept alight for posterity by Cromwell and men of his calibre. Pepys expressed the grief felt by all but the rabid royalists, when they saw "the dishonour paid to a man of so great courage," when he could no longer speak in his own defence. According to a well-known story, the Protector's head was blown down one windy night, concealed, and taken home by the sentry, who only revealed the secret of its hiding-place to his wife on his deathbed. Into the question of the authenticity of a head now owned by a gentleman in Kent, and believed to be this one, we cannot enter here; enough to say that to the ordinary person the "pedigree" bears every trace of genuineness, and the aspect of the object itself bears an undoubted resemblance to the traditional features of the great Protector. Henry Ireton was the first to die of these three distinguished men; like many other republican members of Parliament, he had begun his career at the bar, and only took to the sword in defence of the liberty of his country, but his tongue, which he used with much effect both in and out of the House, was as hot a weapon as his sword. The last year of his life he was Cromwell's deputy in Ireland, and wore himself out in the thankless task of subduing that unfortunate country. His friend Ludlow records that he was "so diligent in the public service, so careless of everything that belonged to himself . . . " that he "seldom thought it time to eat till he had done the work of the day at nine or ten at night," and even after that hour was always accessible to all who had business with him. Worn out by these excessive labours he died of a fever at Limerick (November 26, 1651), and his body was brought over to London, and lay in state at Somerset House till February,

when it was buried by order of Parliament in Henry VII.'s Chapel. According to Ludlow this pompous state funeral, so agreeable to his father-in-law, Cromwell's ideas, would have annoyed Ireton himself, who despised "all pomps and vanities," and "whose more glorious monument in the hearts of all good men" and his services to his country, were "a far greater honour to his memory than a dormitory amongst the ashes of kings." Ireton is the only one of the Protector's family who was honoured by a monument, which is described by Dart as a stately tomb, "with his effigies and his wives (*sic*) thereon;" it was completed in 1654, and put up after the sculptor had with some trouble extorted the balance owing to him of the £120 which it cost from the Protector. Crull gives a florid Latin inscription, found amongst papers belonging "to the late Justice Ireton of Grey's Inn," and once inscribed upon the tomb, which was considered much above "the common cant of the times." The motto beneath the coat-of-arms—"Dulce pro patria mori"—was translated by the cavaliers into the words, "It is good for his country that he is dead." Ireton's widow, Bridget Cromwell, afterwards married the well-known parliamentary general, Charles Fleetwood, and their child was buried here.

John Bradshaw, President of the Council which condemned Charles to death, must have been a familiar figure in the precincts during his lifetime, and his unquiet spirit is said to walk the Triforium, where he had made himself a retreat for quiet study. Bradshaw in fact leased the Deanery from the Commonwealth for ten years, and that part of the south-west tower above the baptistery roof, which has the remains of a fireplace, put in originally for the use of the workmen, is supposed to have been his book-room; a stair descends from it to the passage leading into the Deanery. According to the royalists, Bradshaw used to hide in this inaccessible place from the enemies who dogged his steps, and they made a gloomy picture of his despairing death, his conscience racked by the pangs of remorse. As a matter of fact there is no evidence that Bradshaw ever regretted his share in the royal execution, and it is said that

BRADSHAW'S ROOM IN THE TRIFORIUM

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"just before he left the world," he declared "that if the king were to be tried and condemned again, he would be the first man that would do it." He was an overbearing man, who loved power for its own sake; his will often clashed with the Protector's, and there was no love lost between the two at the end of their lives. In the Deanery is a small portrait of Bradshaw, wearing his high-crowned beaver hat, which "was lined with steel to ward off blows," and beneath it Dean Stanley has inscribed the quotation: "When Bradshaw bullied in his broad-brimmed hat." This much-abused man died of a quartan ague less than a year before the Restoration, and was the last of the magnates of the Commonwealth buried in the Cromwell vault, the last state funeral ordered by Parliament for a very long time, till in fact we come to the burials of modern statesmen or the memorials to naval and military heroes. While Clarendon, and other men of his way of thinking, have not a word that is good to say of Bradshaw's character, a funeral sermon in praise of his virtues was preached in the Abbey by John Rowe the Presbyterian minister; Milton, to whom he left a legacy of £10, was proud to call him friend, and wrote an elaborate eulogy of Bradshaw's devotion to the cause of liberty while the judge was still alive.

The time has come to speak of Oliver Cromwell himself and those members of his family who were buried here. His wife survived him nearly seven years, and took refuge after the Restoration with her son-in-law, John Claypole. Notwithstanding the often scurrilous abuse lavished by the opposite party upon the Cromwells, male and female, all agree in praising the Protector's favourite daughter, Elizabeth Claypole, and, whether by chance or intention, her body was left undisturbed in the royal chapel of Henry VII., when the bones of all her relatives were scattered to the four winds of heaven at the Restoration, or flung into the pit outside. So great was Elizabeth's pity for everybody in misfortune, that she would often intercede with her father to spare the life of a royalist, and hence in after days the King's party used to claim her as one devoted to their cause. This, however, was not the case, for as

a fact she was devoted to her indulgent father, and proud of his greatness. Her influence with him is illustrated by the following anecdote. When the manuscript of "Oceana" was seized in the press by Cromwell's orders, the author, James Harrington, determined to apply to Lady Claypole, because "she acted the part of a princess very naturally," by her kindness and readiness to intercede for the unfortunate. While awaiting an audience he played with her little daughter of three, and Elizabeth, when she entered, found the child upon his knees. "Lord!" says the lady, "what injury have I done you that you should steal my child?" "None at all," replied he, "but that you might be induced to prevail with your father to do me justice by restoring my child that he has stolen." But she, arguing that this was impossible since her father had enough children of his own, "he told her at last that it was the child of his brain." Elizabeth's sympathy was quickly aroused, and so successfully did she go to work that the publication of the manuscript was permitted, and as a consequence dedicated by the grateful author to the Lord Protector, while Lady Claypole received one of the first copies. Her husband seems to have been an amiable character, though in no sense a Puritan; in fact he was looked on as an ungodly man by the stern independents, and only for his wife's sake did Cromwell overlook his weaknesses; he was made a peer and master of the horse. The account of Elizabeth's last days is very pathetic. She was suffering from a painful disease, and grief for the loss of an infant son aggravated her malady, making her hysterical at times. Her father would often leave her room much saddened and upset by her sufferings, and hence the royalists afterwards fabricated the story that she would upbraid him with the blood he had shed every time he came to see her. After her death, which took place in August 1658, at Hampton Court Palace, in her twenty-eighth year, the stern Protector was absolutely crushed. The joy of the people in the victory of Dunkirk was overcast by the news of her decease, and Cromwell never raised his head again; he died about a month afterwards, September 1658. Lady Claypole was buried in state like a real

Princess; her body was embalmed and lay in the Painted Chamber some days before it was carried with great funeral pomp to the small vault, made on purpose to receive her coffin, on the north side of Henry the Seventh's tomb.

Three years earlier, November 1654, Elizabeth's grandmother had been buried in a large vault at the east end of the royal chapel, where the Protector himself was afterwards interred, to which allusion has been made. Cromwell's mother was a daughter of one Sir Richard Steward, whose family is said, without any good ground for the assertion, to have been connected with the royal house of Stuart. She was a remarkably capable and good person, even the royalist historian, Clarendon, allows her to have been "a decent woman," well-fitted to be the mother of a great man. After her husband's death she brought up a large family with small means, but all her maternal tenderness was concentrated on her son Oliver. She was continually nervous and anxious lest he should be assassinated after he rose to power, although in all other ways a woman of iron self-control, and she was never contented unless she saw him twice a day; if she heard a gun fired she would cry: "My son is shot!" Oliver returned her affection with interest, giving her splendid apartments in Whitehall Palace, and on her death, against her own expressed wish for a private interment, he offended the republicans by causing her to be buried with regal state and pomp; a hundred torches were borne in the funeral procession.

Cromwell himself succumbed to the same ague which afterwards carried off Bradshaw, an illness undoubtedly accentuated by the mental anguish he suffered after his dear daughter's loss. Just five days before his own end he heard the news of the death of his former associate on the Council of State, Denis Bond, an M.P., who is named as one of the Commissioners at the King's trial, but did not actually sign the death-warrant. The royalists were fond of repeating afterwards that the devil carried off Denis as a bond for Cromwell's appearance, and the day of his decease was pointed out as the windiest that had happened for twenty years. The storm raged till September 2nd, when the gale suddenly dropped,

and on the next afternoon, September 3rd, the anniversary of his victories at Dunbar and Worcester, the great Protector passed peacefully away. The vault, which had but lately been opened to receive Bond's body, was unsealed again on November 23rd, when Cromwell's coffin was placed beside that of his mother. The cost of the princely funeral far exceeded that even of Essex, which was pompous enough, and a year later Richard Cromwell was still in debt for nearly £20,000 over the sum voted by Parliament, for the expenses amounted to £60,000. In many ways, such as the presence of the trained bands in their gaily-coloured uniforms, the mourners in their black cloaks, the hearse prepared for the effigy, and the sombre hangings in the Abbey, the funeral of Oliver Cromwell resembled that of his inferior, the Earl of Essex. But in splendour it surpassed not only his but that of the Kings themselves. Even as the Coronation Chair, with the famous Stone of Scone, had been removed from the Abbey for the first time since the historic relic was given over to the care of the Abbots, and placed in Westminster Hall for the installation of the Lord Protector, so was his burial that of a sovereign. The embalmed body lay in state after the usual custom for about three weeks, while "the statue of the dead," *i.e.* the effigy, was arrayed in royal robes, a crown upon the head, the orb in one hand, the sceptre in the other, and conveyed from Somerset House with all the insignia of royalty to the Abbey. The King-at-Arms arranged all the details of the ceremony, which was carried out with regal pomp; and while the rabid independents gnashed their teeth over the unnecessary display, and the cavaliers made sarcastic remarks and gibes, the true friends of the deceased mourned over their loss and the approaching ruin of all that they held most dear, for Cromwell's son Richard was known to be a weak vessel, and without the ability to steer the ship of the state through the breakers ahead of it.

Before leaving the era of the Commonwealth, we must allude to two monuments in the nave, which recall men who belonged to that epoch in their youth, yet survived and prospered after the Restoration.

The one is a tablet which recalls the memory of the statesman and author, Sir William Temple (1699), who lived to a green old age, surviving the wife and daughter, who are also commemorated and buried here. The history of Temple's life would be an account of the politics of his time, quite out of place in this connection. Enough to tell the romantic story of his early life and to record the words inscribed in his diary by his secretary, Swift, afterwards the famous Dean: "He died at one o'clock this morning, the 27th January 1698–99, and with him all that was good and amiable among men." His wife Dorothy was the daughter of Sir Peter Osborne, who fought for the King during the civil wars, while William was the son of a member of the Long Parliament, who belonged to the republican party. The young people first met at a roadside inn in the Isle of Wight, where Temple tarried on his way from the University of Cambridge to complete his education abroad, and where Dorothy and her brother were stopping *en route* for Guernsey. The young undergraduate had scratched the words, "And Hamon was hanged on the gallows they had prepared for Mordecai," with his diamond ring on the window pane, for which idle freak, interpreted as an act of malignancy, he was promptly arrested by the loyal governor, and only released through a woman's wit, for Dorothy pretended that she was guilty of the offensive sentiment, and the daughter of a staunch cavalier like Osborne was above all suspicion. Time lent its sanction to this hasty love affair, and for seven long years the couple, although parted by their respective parents, and pressed to marry more eligible parties, remained faithful; Dorothy's letters to her absent lover, and afterwards to her husband, were collected and published by Judge Parry in 1888, and give a delightful picture of the times. It is of special interest in connection with the Abbey to note that Dorothy used to attend the Presbyterian services, and on one occasion, at least, was moved to mirth rather than solemnity by the tedious preacher. Possibly this may have been William Strong (d. 1654), not, let us hope, the eloquent Stephen Marshall

(d. 1655), both of whom preached here at different times during the Commonwealth, and were buried, but not allowed to remain, in the Abbey vaults. Lady Temple became not only lady-in-waiting, but also an intimate friend of Queen Mary's, a friendship which lasted till death, for Dorothy survived her beloved royal mistress only four weeks. Temple's sister, Lady Giffard, buried in his vault twenty-two years after his death, was "wife, maid, and widow in one day," for her bridegroom died on their wedding day, and she lived henceforth with the Temples at Moor Park, surviving to the great age of eighty-four. A clever, notable woman, she managed her brother's household, all, that is, except her waiting-maid Stella, who must have carried on her intrigue with Swift beneath her very eyes.

On the same wall is a mural monument put up towards the end of the seventeenth century by Cromwell's former secretary, afterwards Sir Samuel Morland, to his second and third wives, Carola Harsnett (d. 1674) and Anne Feilding (d. 1680), to both of whom he was married in the Abbey. Morland betrayed Cromwell's confidence in him, and did all he could to promote the Restoration, joining Charles II. in Holland a few months before he came to England to take the crown. It is even said that the some-time secretary boasted that he had poisoned his old master, thus hoping to curry favour with the new. In any case, he gained nothing except a title by his apostasy, and was perforce obliged for want of cash to return to the mechanical work in which he excelled, and by which, such as the invention of the speaking-trumpet, he is best remembered. The pompous tablet seems to have been designed with a view to displaying the thrice-bereaved widower's learning rather than as a tribute to his two young wives, for the vapid English inscription is repeated in no less than three languages—Hebrew, Greek, and Ethiopic. Morland married and divorced a worthless fourth wife before he passed away himself at the age of seventy, totally blind and with an enfeebled intellect, yet still surrounded by the many inventions which his fertile brain had conceived and carried out. He was buried in Hammersmith Chapel (1696).

CHAPTER XIII

ABBEY FUNERALS AFTER THE RESTORATION

THE coronation of Charles II., which took place on St. George's Day, April 23, 1661, was a pageant such as had not been seen in the streets of London for many a long year. Under the Commonwealth the state functions had been chiefly of a funereal character, and the strict Puritan laws forbade even the wearing of gay dresses in public. Now the procession from the Tower, which had been dropped since the time of Queen Elizabeth, was revived, and Heath, the chronicler, goes off into a rhapsody of joy over the "much wonder it caused in outlandish persons who were acquainted with our late troubles and confusions . . . which way it was possible for the English to appear in so rich and stately a manner." The ancient order of service, as followed on former occasions, was rigidly adhered to in every detail, but all the ornaments of the regalia, and the vestments of King and clergy, were necessarily brand-new, so thoroughly had Sir Robert Harley carried out his work of destruction. The ancient golden eagle,[1] in which the sacred chrism had been kept since the fourteenth century, was also destroyed, and a modern vessel similar in design to the old one was made on this occasion, and has been used to hold the ointment, or the oil, ever since. The only ancient piece of plate still extant is a silver-gilt spoon, dating from the thirteenth century, but unfortunately this had no connection with the coronations before the seventeenth century, and was probably a relic from the monastic treasury. Into this spoon the Dean pours the oil through the beak of the eagle, and presents it to the Archbishop at the moment of the unction. But although the instruments used and the regalia were new,

[1] According to some authorities, part of the seventeenth century eagle is of an earlier date, and may have belonged to the original vessel.

two of the chief clergy who officiated were aged and worn out; both of them, in fact, died not long afterwards.

Old, very old—he was seventy-nine—and also very weak, was Juxon, the new Archbishop, who as Bishop of London had attended his beloved master on the scaffold twelve years before. Juxon had helped to bear the royal coffin through the driving snow to Windsor Chapel, but he was not permitted to read the burial service, and the committal to the grave took place in silence. Less venerable in age, but equally decrepit in body, was the Sub-Dean, Peter Heylin, the friend and biographer of Laud, another devoted servant of the late King's, who assisted the recently created Dean, Dr. Earle, and as one long familiar with the Abbey, took a more leading part than usually falls to a Canon during the ceremony. In the old days the quarrels between Heylin and Dean Williams had been a constant source of scandal at Westminster, and now one now the other would get the best of it, according to whether Charles I. backed up his chaplain or was temporarily overborne by the masterful Dean. In the feud about the ownership of the great pew, the seat of highest honour in the church, which raged between Williams and his prebendaries, headed by Heylin, the latter won their case. But when Williams came out of the Tower in 1640, after three years' imprisonment for perjury, he was conducted back to the Abbey by six Bishops, and seating himself in the pew opposite the pulpit, for service was going on at the time—it was a day of humiliation—he continued to bang with his staff upon the pavement, and to shout, "No more of that point, Peter," till he fairly routed the preacher. During the time of his superior's imprisonment and suspension, Heylin, as Sub-Dean, had ruled supreme over the Abbey, and deserves to be ranked with the other benefactors to the fabric, for he repaired at his own cost "the curious arch over the preaching place," the roof of the west aisle, and various other parts, which had fallen into decay, besides instituting reforms in the conduct of the choir men. He and Williams were reconciled before the civil war broke out. The latter joined Charles at York, and was made the

Primate of the North, an empty honour which he did not live long to enjoy; while Heylin, who went to the King at Oxford when obliged to flee from Westminster, was appointed historian of the war, from a royalist point of view, a task afterwards fulfilled by Clarendon. Heylin had a hard time of it during the first part of the war, without cash and without his beloved books, for the library at his country parsonage was destroyed by the Roundheads, but latterly he scraped some money together and spent the rest of the Commonwealth fighting the Puritans with his pen, owing his immunity from persecution to Cromwell's tolerance. He did not long outlive this return to his old house in the precincts, but died of a quartan ague, the same disease which had carried off Cromwell and Bradshaw, thirteen months after the coronation. He was buried in accordance with his own wishes beneath his stall, the Sub-Dean's, for during his last illness he dreamt that "his late Majesty" (Charles I.) stood before him, and said, "Peter, I will have you buried under your own seat in church, for you are rarely seen but there or at your study." A black marble tablet, with an inscription written by the Dean, Dr. Earle (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury), records his memory in the musicians' aisle.

Foremost of the great nobles on the coronation day walked the loyalist historian, to whom allusion has been made, Edward Hyde, the Lord Chancellor, created Earl of Clarendon as a reward for his services to the royal cause. Hyde had faithfully served the late King and his sons, and shared their exile abroad, but he little dreamt, on this triumphant occasion for which he had plotted and schemed for so long, that he was destined to spend the end of his life in lonely banishment. The coronation had been postponed for some months owing to the domestic bereavements which had cast a gloom over the Stuart family soon after Charles returned to his kingdom. With him had come his young and handsome brother, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, whose character, by all accounts, was far superior to either of his brothers. We hear not only of the comeliness of his person, of the vivacity of his wit, and the vigour of his

understanding, but of his mental activity and love of business. Probably the stern training of his early years, which were spent with his gentle little sister Elizabeth under the supervision of the Puritans, may have contributed to develop virtues which would have lain fallow on the soil of luxury and self-indulgence. As a mere child, when he stood between his imprisoned father's knees, and heard him discourse of his troubles, past, present, and to come, Henry had been exhorted by Charles himself never to be persuaded or threatened out of "the religion," a phrase which the boy never forgot, and interpreted as the Protestant faith. When he joined his French mother abroad after his release from his republican guardians, she did all she could to convert him to her own way of thinking, and when the young Duke, then only sixteen, obstinately refused, she told him to go and be sure that she saw his face no more, emphasizing her words by having the sheets taken off his bed. Prince Henry joined his brothers at the court of their sister, Mary, the widowed Princess of Orange, and spent the next few years fleshing his maiden sword in defence of the Low Countries against the Spaniards. Now he had returned to be fêted at the English court, but smallpox was raging in London during the autumn of 1660, and the Duke of Gloucester fell a victim to this terrible scourge, which invaded palace and cottage alike; he died at Whitehall Palace, September 13. A little more than a fortnight after Henry's death, the Princess of Orange arrived in London, ostensibly to congratulate the new King, on whose behalf she had made so many sacrifices during his exile, really to try to get her unpaid dowry out of the Parliament, and to arrange a lasting peace between the English and Dutch. But before many weeks she sickened with the same disease which had carried off her young brother, and her death was accelerated if not caused by the ignorance of a French physician, who was sent from St. James's Palace to Whitehall by her mother, and bled the unfortunate Princess so freely that she practically died from loss of blood.

Henrietta was much chagrined at her failure in the conversion of her children to the Romanist religion, for the rebuff she had received from her youngest son was still

rankling, and she made a last vain effort to convert Mary, but the priest she sent was not admitted to the death-chamber, and the mother had so great a fear of the infection that she dared not go and take leave of her daughter herself. The Princess's son, then a boy of eleven, afterwards King William III. of England, was in Holland, and by her last will, which she dictated on December 24, 1660, the day of her death, Mary confided him to the joint care of Charles and of her mother. She little thought that in the days to come he would take for a wife the offspring of a private marriage but lately made public, between her brother James and her waiting-maid, Ann Hyde, daughter of the Lord Chancellor, an event which had come to her ears, and much annoyed her just before her illness. Her body was laid by her own request close to that of her "dear brother" Gloucester in the vault of Mary, Queen of Scots, and her funeral, although called a private one, was more stately than his, for so overwhelming was the grief of the King and the horror caused by the young man's sudden end, that the Duke had been buried with no ceremony at midnight, his coffin brought down the river by torchlight from Somerset House. The body of the Princess was also removed to Somerset House, where in the old days the lying-in-state of her royal grandparents, James I. and Anne of Denmark, had taken place. Thence, five days after her death, it was conveyed to the House of Lords about nine o'clock at night, and from there to the Abbey, "through a lane of guards of the Duke of Albemarle's regiment of foot," the same soldiers who afterwards helped to keep the streets at the coronation. Mary's brother, the Duke of York, "as principal mourner, followed the corpse, with a herald before him, divers persons of quality bearing his train." Six earls were the pall-bearers, and the canopy was carried by several baronets; in front of the bier walked the great Lord Chancellor in solitary state, "with the purse and mace borne before him." Prince Rupert was amongst the mourners that day, and little over a year afterwards he stood again in the chief place as the deceased's nearest relative beside the open royal vault (February 17, 1662), and watched his mother's coffin lowered into the darkness.

England seemed a peculiarly fatal place for the relatives of Charles II. Elizabeth, sometime Queen of Bohemia, now only the "Queen of Hearts," had come over partly to see her nephew, partly, like Mary, to secure some of the revenues of her dowry which were still owing, and before long she also sickened, and died at the house of her friend, Lord Craven, to whom she is said to have been privately married. Although Charles again shirked being present at the obsequies in person, and James did not choose to appear, for the royal brothers both intensely disliked the gloom of a funeral, no expense was spared to bury their aunt with the respect due to her rank. The room in Somerset House where the body rested was hung with black velvet, and the floor covered with black baize, while the purple velvet pall and canopy alike "were fringed with a deep silk fringe like as was provided for the funeral of the Princess Royal." The Houses of Parliament as well as the chief nobles were summoned to attend the ceremony, and the coffin and chief mourners were brought by water in funereal barges, about 8 P.M., to Westminster Bridge, thence by road to the Abbey, where they were met by the Dean and Chapter and escorted in procession by the dim light of wax tapers up the church to the royal chapel. Rupert was the only one of Elizabeth's children then in England, and his sole heritage was a casket of jewels; amongst them was a mourning ring, a precious heir-loom, for within it was a lock of the hair of Charles I. When his own time came to die, twenty years later, his coffin was placed in the same vault close to that of his mother.

Before Elizabeth came over to England the body of her sometime chaplain, Dr. Twiss (d. 1646), had been ejected with the other Presbyterian preachers from their graves within the Abbey. Twiss had been educated at Winchester School, and brought under the notice of James I. by his uncle, Bishop Bilson, through whose influence he was sent abroad with the Princess Palatine on her marriage. His short sojourn at her gay court only deepened Twiss's leanings to Puritanism, and his Presbyterian principles brought him advancement under the Commonwealth, when he became Prolocutor of the Assembly of Divines.

But although, after the Episcopalian reaction set in, the memories of men like himself and the preachers, Marshall and Strong, were treated with contumely, all honour was paid to the leading Churchmen who had outlived the civil war. Brian Duppa, recently created Bishop of Winchester, the most influential of the nine surviving Bishops who had been promoted to their sees by Charles I., died this year (1662), and was buried with much state in the north ambulatory by the King's command; the body first rested at the Duke of York's house like that of a royal personage. Duppa's long life carries us back to the Duke of Buckingham, owing to whose favour he had received the Deanery of Christchurch; afterwards Laud introduced him at court, where he won his way into Charles's good graces in the post of tutor to the two elder Princes, and was promoted to two Bishoprics, Chichester and Salisbury, successively, before there were no more sees in the King's power to give. The Bishop remained by the King's side throughout the war, and acquired much influence over his young son and former pupil at this time. When the royal cause was lost Duppa followed the King to Carisbrooke Castle, where his imprisonment "was much relieved by that divine's conversation," and the good man never left his royal master again till his execution. He afterwards retired to Richmond and, active as ever in his old age, had begun to build some alms-houses to commemorate the Restoration, when death overtook him. The day before the Bishop's death, his old pupil, now his sovereign, came to the bedside and "asked his blessing on his bended knees." The Latin epitaph on the monument,[1] records his benefactions to Christchurch and All Souls' Colleges at Oxford; his foundation of a hospital at Greenwich, his birthplace, where, Dart says, "this inscription was written over the door: 'A Poore Bishop vowed this House, but a great and wealthy one built it;'" also his love for Richmond, where he lay concealed "in the troublesome times and afterwards breathed forth his pious soul." In the north aisle of the choir is a monument to a relative of the Bishop's, Sir Thomas Duppa (d. 1694), whom he had intro-

[1] By an inferior sculptor called Burman, the master of John Bushnall.

duced as a lad to Charles II., when Prince of Wales; at the Restoration court Sir Thomas was rewarded for his loyalty by the post of Usher of the Black Rod. Henry Ferne, a divine who was chaplain to Charles I., whom he had accompanied on many a battlefield and remained with to the end of his sovereign's life, received the See of Chester as a token of gratitude from his son, but, like his old friend, Duppa, he did not live to enjoy his promotion. He died the same day, March 16, on which Duppa expired, but his funeral, which was attended by two of the royal heralds, a mark of the King's respect, took place with less ceremony a month sooner than the other Bishop's. Ferne preached at Carisbrooke the day before the King went up to London for his trial, the last sermon Charles heard before his execution. The Bishop rests under a blue slab in St. Edmund's Chapel, upon which are five coats of arms and a mitre in brass, also an inscription recording the fact that he was with Charles I. during his imprisonment. Ferne's only fault, according to one who had known him from his youth, "was that he could not be angry"; he showed that he did not lack physical and moral courage not only by his faithful devotion to his King, which spelt ruin to his career in the republican days, but also by his spirited censure of Harrington's "Oceana" in 1656.

Very different to these saintly Bishops were some of the courtiers who were buried in the Abbey at this time. The ladies, the soldiers and sailors, the men of letters, are reserved for other chapters, but we shall speak here of one or two other persons whose careers embrace the same period. In Poets' Corner lie two court officials, pages of the bedchamber to Charles II. in his youth—John Osbaldeston (d. 1667), and Thomas Chiffinch, who died of the plague in 1666. Of Osbaldeston nothing is known, save that he bears the same name as that notorious headmaster of Westminster School, Lambert Osbaldeston, who is said to have been "very fortunate in breeding up many wits." Thomas Chiffinch had like Thomas Duppa been introduced into the household of Charles II., when he was Prince of Wales, by his tutor Brian Duppa, and must not be confused

with his disreputable brother, William, who appears in many of the contemporary court scandals. After the Restoration Thomas and his wife, who had accompanied the King abroad and remained with him during his exile, received various posts at the new court. Chiffinch was made keeper of the jewels, and Mrs. Chiffinch got the nominal but lucrative position of royal laundress and sempstress; later on the former was promoted to be Comptroller of the Excise. Chiffinch had considerable taste in art, and was often employed to buy pictures and curios for his royal master, which were collected at Whitehall Palace and placed under his charge. Evelyn records in his diary that Chiffinch desired to make this collection a perfect one in all its arrangements, and easily accessible "to great princes and curious strangers." He built himself a house looking into St. James's Park, "full of good pictures," and asked Evelyn to dinner in 1661 to celebrate his house-warming. George Villiers, the Zimri of "Absalom and Achitophel," has been alluded to before. A tomb in the south ambulatory commemorates a no less infamous person, lampooned as "Issachar" by Dryden. Thomas Thynne came of an ancient and reputable family, the Thynnes of Longleat. Not far from his grave is a fine old monument of marble and alabaster put up to his collateral ancestor, William Thynne (d. 1584), Receiver of the Marches under Henry VIII., whose long life covered the whole of the Tudor dynasty. In the opposite aisle is another member of the family, Lord John Thynne (d. 1880), uncle to the present Marquess of Bath, and Canon of Westminster for half a century; he also held the office of Sub-Dean during the long period of forty-six years, the longest in the Abbey annals. The "rich and senseless Tom of the Ten Thousand," so called because of his wealth, came to a bad end. He was assassinated by three ruffians, who shot him in his coach as he was driving along Pall Mall one Sunday evening in February 1682. The murderers, two Swedes and a Pole, were hired by a Swedish count, Philip Königsmarck, whose more notorious brother was afterwards the clandestine lover of George the First's unfortunate

wife, a romance which ended in death and disaster. The count hoped by disposing of Thynne to gain the hand of his bride, a young heiress, who, although a mere child, was already the widow of Lord Ogle, when she was forced into marrying the disreputable Thynne. She had fled to Holland immediately after the ceremony, and now rejected the count's suit with disdain; but before she was seventeen she had wedded a third husband, Charles Seymour, the "proud" Duke of Somerset. Thynne was a Whig and a friend of the Duke of Monmouth's, and much excitement was caused at court, where he was not popular, and in political circles by his murder. The actual perpetrators of the crime were hanged on the exact spot where they had done the deed, near the United Service Club, where Pall Mall crosses Waterloo Place, but their principal escaped scot free, and died in battle four years later. A bas-relief gives a representation of the scene, and the following anecdote from Joe Miller's Jests is a favourite story with the Abbey visitors. "A Welchman, bragging of his family, said his father's effigy was set up in Westminster Abbey; being asked whereabouts he said, 'In the same monument with Squire Thynn, for he was his coachman.'" The eulogistic inscription on the tomb was erased by order of Dean Sprat, who considered it inappropriate as applied to so dissolute a man, and caused the present simple record to be inscribed in its place.

In the cloisters is a tablet which commemorates the victim of another crime. Sir Edmond Berry Godfrey (d. 1678) had been educated at Westminster School, and his tablet was placed on the wall above the grave of a young brother, who died when a King's scholar in 1640. He was Justice of the Peace for Westminster, and to him Titus Oates professed to betray the Popish plot. Three weeks afterwards Godfrey's murdered corpse was found in a ditch near Primrose Hill, pinned to the ground by his own sword, five days after he had left his home for a morning call. He was buried with much funeral pomp at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and medals were struck with his portrait, and a representation of the Pope directing the murder. Three of the Queen's Roman Catholic servants were executed

merely on suspicion, but the mystery has never been cleared up, and the "Popish plot" agitation really began in the popular excitement caused by this dastardly crime. It is a relief to turn to a simple tablet in the nave, which records the name of Gilbert Thornburgh (d. 1677), Gentleman of the Cellar to Charles II., who is described in the curious Latin inscription as a man "who was always Faithful to his God, his Prince, and his Friends, formerly an earthly now a heavenly courtier. It shall no more be said in the age to come, *Who would become good must leave the Court*, when such shining piety as his shall appear there." Of another court official, Clement Saunders (d. 1695), who was carver to three Kings, Charles II., James II., and William III., we only know that he was "well known and beloved by many of the nobility and gentry," and that he was buried in the Abbey, St. John the Evangelist's Chapel, by his own desire, leaving several bequests solely on that condition. An aged and loyal courtier, the historian, Sir William Sanderson (died 1676, at the age of ninety), rests in the north transept with his faithful wife, Bridget, who survived five years after his death, and placed a memorial close by. On the tombstone is inscribed the fact that they had lived "very amicably" together for fifty years, and we read on the tablet of "the great hardships (which they) sustained under the late Tyranny of rebels." Both the Sandersons held office at court. Bridget was mother of the maids of honour in the time of Henrietta Maria, and held the same post in the household of Charles the Second's Queen; while Sir William had been bred at court, and could remember, when a lad of seventeen, the last days of the great Elizabeth. He was secretary in his youth to the Earl of Holland, and had gone with him on various important embassies; both James I. and Charles I. employed him afterwards "in many negotiations of good consequence at home and abroad." During the civil war Sanderson spent his enforced retirement in the writing of books, which were spoken of afterwards by Evelyn as "two large but mean histories." These were the history of Mary, Queen of Scots, and of the court and times of James and Charles I.; Sanderson had many

a fiery controversy with the equally loyal Heylin over the accuracy of his statements, and was usually worsted in the fray. In one of the prefaces he laments the "wanton-plenty" and "intemperate living" of the days before the war, which calamity he believed to be a just punishment for the people's sin, and adds the following biographical remark about himself: "For myself having lived long in courts, and employed (till my grey hairs) more in business than in books; far unworthy I humbly confess to have any hand to the helm, yet I cabined near to the steerage, and so might the more readily run the compass of the ship's way." Charles II. rewarded the old man's long services by knighthood, and a small pension, he was also made a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber.

From the loyal historian we turn to a loyal chemist and mathematician, Sir Robert Moray (d. 1673), the first President and one of the founders of the Royal Society, who was buried at the King's expense in Poets' Corner. The whole of Moray's early life was spent in the field, for he entered the French army in his youth, and was much favoured by Richelieu, and later by Mazarin. He returned to take part in the civil wars both as a soldier and an envoy, and was knighted by Charles I. at Oxford. When the royal cause was hopelessly lost, Moray went back to France, and afterwards stood by his new sovereign, Charles V., both on the Continent and in Scotland. His researches in natural philosophy and chemistry were not neglected, however, and from the Restoration he took his place amongst the most honoured men at the English court, carrying on his experiments in his pavilion at Whitehall, where he died. Burnet calls him "the wisest and worthiest man of the age," and speaks of his knowledge of Nature as unsurpassed; he was besides a delightful companion, and even such different persons as Evelyn and Pepys unite in praising him.

Of the poets, the men of letters, the actors and actresses who flourished during the seventeenth century, there is much yet to say, and we shall treat of them in future chapters. It is time now to turn to the heroes who helped to build up the bulwarks of England's greatness.

THE WAX EFFIGY OF CHARLES II

CHAPTER XIV

NAVAL AND MILITARY HEROES

THE burial of Prince Rupert has been already chronicled, and the *mèsalliance* of his royal cousin, the Duke of York, with a maid of honour alluded to. The naval record of both these Princes is closely connected with that of a commander superior far to his nominal chiefs, a man who could boast that he had begun his career under the flag of the immortal Blake. General Monck had faithfully served the Commonwealth on sea and land for many a long year, while Rupert was fighting for the King, but after the Restoration the two former enemies were associated in a common cause—the defence of their native shores against the Dutch fleets. Monck had never wavered in his allegiance to Cromwell, but when the weakness of the Protector's son, and the perpetual quarrels between the army and the Parliament made a dictatorship like Oliver's, or a republican form of government impossible, the general determined to do all that in him lay towards the restoration of the monarchy. His efforts were crowned with complete success, and the Stuarts were peacefully restored to the throne of their ancestors, in a great measure through Monck's determination and personal influence. When Charles II. landed at Dover, May 25, 1660, the first person to greet him was this wily old schemer, who, dropping upon his knees on the sea-shore, hailed him as the sovereign of the realm. In spite of the fact that Monck had actually sat amongst the late King's judges, the Prince received him with every appearance of cordiality, embraced him on both cheeks after the foreign fashion, and even called him his father. The next morning the general was made a K.G. and Master of the Horse, and before long he was raised to the peerage by the title of Duke of

Albemarle, and bore the sceptre with the cross (the sceptre of Kingly Dignity) before his sovereign at the coronation. The new Duke made use of his brief influence at court to help on his kinsfolk, and obtained the Bishopric of Hereford for his brother Nicholas, "an honest clergyman," whose sympathies had always leaned to the royal side, and who had been employed by Hyde and his friends to sound the general as to his sentiments soon after Cromwell's death, without any apparent result at the time. The Bishop, who was also made Provost of Eton, survived his new honours but a little while. He died (December 1661) eleven months after his consecration, and was buried with some pomp in St. Edmund's Chapel. His brother, the Duke, followed the bier as chief mourner, and his silver crozier and mitre were carried on a cushion in the procession. More than sixty years afterwards (1723) a hideous black and white marble monument, in the debased taste of the eighteenth century, was erected near the grave by Nicholas Monck's grandson, Christopher Rawlinson. The Princess of Orange's efforts to bring about an understanding between the Dutch and English had been nipped in the bud by her premature death, and in 1665 a war, for which George Monck was considered largely responsible, broke out. He and Rupert were associated in the command of the English fleet, under the Duke of York as Lord High Admiral, and for the next two years they took a leading part in the naval warfare, Monck, by far the most able of the three, taking the lion's share. After many a hard won naval battle, Monck's last public service ended practically in disaster, for in June 1667 the Dutch fleet broke the chain which the admiral had placed across the Medway, and after burning eight men-of-war, took Monck's favourite old flagship, the *Royal Charles*, back to Holland with them as a prize. In spite of this reverse, so great were the gallant old seaman's merits, and so badly had he been seconded, that he received the thanks of Parliament for his services. Three years later he succumbed to his various infirmities, and died, it is recorded, "like a Roman general and soldier," standing almost upright in his chair, his chamber open like a tent, and all his officers about him (January 1671).

The funeral was long delayed—for four months—till the King, who offered to pay the cost, found it convenient to give the necessary instructions, but when it took place at last there was no lack of ceremony. Charles himself walked behind the bier as chief mourner, and in many ways, such as the presence of the trained bands in their coloured uniforms with "cypress" scarves, and their drums muffled in black bags, it resembled the burials of Essex and Blake. There was also a hearse and an effigy, the battered remains of which, still clad in the general's armour but without the famous cap of the "Ingoldsby Legends," can be seen amongst the other figures in the Islip Chapel. In the same vault, a large one west of Queen Elizabeth's tomb, already lay the coffin of the Duke's "plain and homely wife," who survived his death barely a month. Lady Albemarle, unpleasant person as she must have been, deserves a passing mention if only for the curtain lectures to which she treated her husband in the old days before he had decided which way his sympathies turned. The lady, who was of low birth, was a strong royalist, and till Clarendon got to know her personally he praised her as "an extreme good woman," but when he afterwards used to go and dine with his friend the Duke, he complained bitterly of "the dirty dishes and a nasty wife at table and bad meat." Although the King proposed to put up a memorial at his own expense to this faithful servant he never carried out his good intentions, and the huge erection which commemorates Monck in the south aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel was not erected till 1720, when it was paid for with a bequest left for the purpose by Monck's son, the second Duke.

Many were the brave soldiers and sailors who fell in our wars with the Dutch during the latter half of the seventeenth century, and before speaking of Monck's colleague, Lord Sandwich, who lies in a vault adjacent to his, we must recall the memory of six naval officers who were all slain on June 3, 1685, in one of the first engagements with the Dutch fleet off Lowestoft. Five of these lie in the north ambulatory near the Clarendon vault. Three, though only sea-captains, were scions of noble

houses: the young Earl of Marlborough, last but one of his line; Viscount Muskerry, son of Lord Clancarty, an Irish peer; and the Earl of Falmouth, who had been made a peer at the Restoration for his services to the royal family. His younger brother, Sir William Berkeley, Vice-Admiral of the White at the early age of twenty-seven, was slain in the same action, and the Dutch paid a rare tribute to show their admiration of the young admiral's personal courage. They took his ship, the *Swiftsure*, after he had fallen, and instead of committing his body to the deep, carried it to Holland, where they had it embalmed and placed in the big church at The Hague, till instructions with regard to it could be sent from England. In accordance with the desire of the Berkeley family, the brave youth's corpse was finally conveyed back to his native land, and buried near his elder brother in the Abbey. The other officer, whose grave is near the iron gate which leads into the north ambulatory, Sir Edward Broughton by name, though mortally wounded, survived till he reached his own house in Westminster, and died there three weeks after the battle. Just before the Restoration Broughton had been imprisoned in the Gatehouse for his loyalty, and there fell in love with his keeper's wife, and since she fortunately became a widow about the same time as he was released (April 1659), he married her a year later, and succeeded to her late husband's post under the newly restored Dean and Chapter. The strange part of this anecdote is the extraordinary compact by which Broughton bound himself over to be faithful to his future wife, shortly before his marriage, and to abstain from all the common vices of the period, such as drinking, gambling, &c., invoking the most terrible curses upon his own head should he in any way violate his bond. He only lived five years after his marriage, and it is fair to presume kept his compact.

In the spring of 1672 war was declared for the third time with Holland, and to Prince Rupert was ultimately given the supreme command on land and sea, after the resignation of his nephew, the Duke of York. On the 28th of May, the English fleet was riding at anchor in Southwold

Bay (Sole Bay), off the Suffolk coast, when the Dutch sails were sighted bearing down upon them before a fresh north-east breeze. Orders were at once given to stand out and meet the enemy, but the surprise was complete and might have been successful had it not been for the obstinate valour of the British tars, who, although outnumbered, managed not only to hold their own, but even snatched the victory from De Ruyter, the Dutch admiral, at the end of the day. This was largely due to the abilities of Edward Montague, Earl of Sandwich, second in command of the fleet under the King's brother, James, Duke of York. The Earl's end was tragic indeed; in the heat of action, when the English were steadily gaining the victory, his vessel, the *Royal James*, was ignited by a fireship and burst into flames. It is said that Sandwich, chafing under a real or fancied imputation on his courage from the Duke the day before, refused to save himself, and was blown up with the ship and most of his company. His body was found floating in the sea some days later, and recognised by the star of the Order of the Garter on the coat. It was brought into Harwich, embalmed and taken down the river to the Abbey, where it was buried with all the state of a public funeral in Monck's vault. Although without a monument himself, the admiral's name is twice inscribed on the walls of the nave. First we find it on a large mural tablet put up to two young naval lieutenants, Sir Charles Harbord and Clement Cottrell, who perished with Sandwich, and might have saved themselves, had it not been for their determination to stick to their lord and his ship to the bitter end. The inscription speaks of "the terrible fight maintained to admiration against a squadron of the Holland fleet for above six hours." Harbord's father, who was Surveyor-General, and a well-known resident in Westminster, put up this memorial to the two young friends, and left forty shillings to be annually distributed amongst the poor of Westminster as long as the monument remained "whole or undefaced in the Abbey church."

Close by used to be a curious tablet (removed to the south choir-aisle) commemorating one Major Creed, who

was shot through the head at Blenheim (1704), and his body dragged off the field by his younger brother "at hazard of his own life." Although Creed belongs to a later period of our history he is mentioned in this connection because, as the inscription tells us, his memorial was originally placed near the two lieutenants on account of the worthy mention made upon theirs of "that great man," the Earl of Sandwich, to whom Creed was related, "and whose heroic virtues he was anxious to imitate."

Another victim of that same bloody fight in Sole Bay lies in St. Edmund's Chapel. This was Sir Freschville Holles, son of the famous antiquary, Gervase Holles, who had been knighted after the naval victory off Lowestoft in 1665. In his will, drawn up before the earlier engagement, his last wishes are thus expressed: "In case my body should be brought to land to be buried, I desire that some stone may be laid over me with this inscription: 'Know, reader, whosoever thou be, if I had lived 'twas my intention not to have owed my memory to any other monument but what my sword should raise for me of honour and victory.'" Unfortunately, when Holles fell, seven years later, his widow neglected to carry out his instructions, and this interesting epitaph was never inscribed upon the stone above his grave.

During the summer following Sole Bay several other sea battles were fought with the Dutch fleet. In the first of the three principal actions, May 28, a certain loyalist colonel, who had raised a regiment of foot in the civil war for Charles I., and was now Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles II., lost his leg, and, dying of his wound, was buried in the north ambulatory. He was Ranger of Hyde Park, and his name is handed down to posterity in Hamilton Place, Piccadilly, which was called after him. Two officers, killed on August 11, were afterwards interred in the same part of the Abbey. Prince Rupert, who was in command of the fleet for the last time, very meanly threw the blame of the Dutch victory in this latter action upon his subordinate. Sir Edward Spragge had in all probability began his naval career fight-

ing against Blake in Prince Rupert's squadron; and he ended his life in a deadly duel with Blake's conquered enemy, Van Tromp, whose star had risen again after that hero's death. Spragge was a devoted royalist and a bold, resolute man, though in no sense a great naval commander, and no more fitted than his superior officer, Prince Rupert, to manœuvre a fleet; like Blake he had been bred as a landsman, not as a sailor, but had not the same intuitive genius for nautical matters. As vice-admiral he had taken a brilliant part in the battle of Sole Bay; and in the last of the three fierce fights in the summer of 1673 he unfortunately set himself the task of taking the Dutch admiral prisoner, alive or dead. For this object he separated his squadron from the rest of the fleet and hotly engaged Tromp. His flagship, the *Royal Prince*, was soon disabled; but the undaunted man shifted his flag to Sir George Rooke's vessel, the *St. George*, and when this was *hors de combat* he was proceeding to a third ship in a little boat, when the frail bark was struck by a round shot, and instantly sunk before the gallant admiral could be rescued. Six weeks later the body was recovered and taken to the Abbey for honourable burial. The promising career of a dauntless young lieutenant, Richard le Neve, was cut short in the same bloody action. His monument (in the Musicians' Aisle) records that he was "killed in the flower of his age, being but twenty-seven years old, after he had signalised his valour to admiration in that sharp engagement with the Hollanders which happened on the 11th of August 1673." He was buried under the organ loft, not primarily on account of his gallant behaviour, but because his parents happened to live in the vicinity, which in those days, before the Abbey vaults became choked up with coffins, was considered reason enough. The name of Le Neve, already known amongst antiquaries through the researches of Richard's kinsman, Peter Le Neve, was distinguished in the next generation by his nephew, John, the author of the *Fasti Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ* and the *Monumenta Anglicana*.

Not far from the organ screen in the nave is a tablet which commemorates another of the brave men who fought

for their King and Country at this period. A fine epitaph, attributed to Dryden, recounts the whole of Sir Palmes Fairborne's adventurous career :—

> " Ye sacred reliques which your marble keepe,
> Heere undisturb'd by warrs, in quiet sleepe,
> Discharge the trust which (when it was below)
> Fairborne's disdaunted soul did undergoe,
> And be the town's Balladium from the Foe.
> Alive and dead these walls he will defend ;
> Great actions great examples must attend.
> The Candian siege his early valour knew,
> Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbrue ;
> From thence returning with deserv'd applause
> Against ye Moores his well-flesh'd sword he draws,
> The same the courage and the same ye cause.
> . . . . . .
> More bravely british Generall never fell,
> Nor Generall's death was 'ere reveng'd so well.
> Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their close
> Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes."

He began life as a soldier of fortune, and before the age of seventeen had distinguished himself in the defence of Candia against the Turks. For the valour he there displayed he was afterwards allowed to include a Turk's head on his coat-of-arms. The last eighteen years of his life were spent at Tangier, first as a subaltern, then as a major in the 2nd Queen's (now the West Surrey Regiment), and afterwards as governor, in the glorious struggle to keep that place, which was part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, for the British crown. Fairborne crushed and temporarily conquered the Moors, who besieged Tangier in a bloody sortie. During the three days which the battle lasted the governor, who had been mortally wounded when riding at the head of his garrison, watched the fight from a balcony, and only succumbed (October 27, 1680) to his wounds after he had seen his victorious troops march back into the town. The general's body was interred at Tangier. His widow, who raised the monument, afterwards married again, but she and her children by Fairborne

were buried here. The eldest, Sir Stafford Fairborne (d. 1742), was as distinguished on the sea as his father had been on land. He served with the Naval Brigade under Marlborough in Ireland quite early in his career, and afterwards took part with Sir George Rooke and Sir Cloudesley Shovel in many a brilliant naval action, finally succeeding the latter as admiral of the fleet. Admiral Shovel won fame, according to family tradition, in the Dutch war of 1665–67 when only a boy. It is said that he swam from ship to ship while under fire, carrying despatches in his mouth, and by this gallant achievement won the approval of his superiors; later on, by repeated deeds of daring, he rose to the front rank of naval commanders. His end was a tragic contrast. After assisting in the practical annihilation of the French Mediterranean squadron (1707), Shovel, then commander-in-chief of the English fleet, sailed for home in October; but during a violent gale, the flagship and two others struck on the rocks off the Scilly Isles and broke to pieces. The admiral's battered and bruised, but still breathing body was washed up on shore, and thirty years later a fisherman's wife confessed on her deathbed that, coveting a valuable emerald ring on the unconscious stranger's finger, she had extinguished the feeble flame of his life—a crime quite unsuspected at the time. She had kept and concealed the ring ever since her deed till this avowal of her guilt, and after her death it was sent by the clergyman who had received her confession to Shovel's old friend, the Earl of Berkeley, in the possession of whose family it still remains. A search made after the shipwreck resulted in the discovery of the admiral's body—which had meantime been buried by the fishermen—and two months after the catastrophe it was interred in the Abbey at the Government's expense. The tasteless monument by Bird called forth severe strictures from Horace Walpole, who declared that the mere sight of it made "men of taste dread such honours," and, while it was still brand-new, Addison, in the *Spectator*, lodged a protest against it. "Instead of the brave, rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing

feature of that plain, gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour."

A former colleague of Shovel's in the command of the fleet, Sir Ralph Delavall, died in retirement this year (1707), and was buried under an unmarked stone in the nave. Delavall was knighted and made an admiral by William III. after his accession, and greatly distinguished himself in several naval actions, such as the victories off Beachy Head and Barfleur, early in the reign. But he was falsely suspected of Jacobite leanings in 1692, and obliged to retire with no further recognition of his services.

A curious tablet in the nave, surrounded by nautical emblems, was erected to Shovel's second in command, Admiral Baker, who brought the rest of the squadron back safely from the dangerous Scilly Isles after the loss of the flagship. Baker, who was, as his epitaph tells us, "a brave, judicious, and experienced officer," afterwards became Governor of Minorca, one of the "lost possessions of England," where he died and was buried in 1716. Next to Baker's is another still more eccentric monument to Henry Priestman (d. 1712), a naval commander who had fought through all the Dutch wars in the reign of Charles II., and was rewarded by an official post in the Admiralty under William III. Round his pyramid are grouped all kinds of nautical and mathematical instruments, pieces of artillery, and the grinning faces of sea-monsters in the debased taste of the period. Lower down in the nave three gallant young brothers are commemorated, two, Josiah and Heneage Twysden, were soldiers, and killed in Flanders and Hainault in consecutive years, 1708 and 1709. The third, John, took to the sea as his profession, but was shipwrecked with Shovel before he had time to win fame.

We are reminded of the elder Fairborne and his adven-

turous career by a monument in the cloisters to General Withers (1729), who was "bred in arms in Britain, Dunkirk, Tangier, &c.," and thus took part in repelling the inroads of the Moors. His friend, Colonel Disney (d. 1731), who is buried close to Withers, and put up the memorial, commanded a regiment of Irish foot, and was nicknamed "the Duke," from his frequent use of the word as an ejaculation. Many other soldiers, who fought for the Stuarts during the latter half of the seventeenth and early eighteenth century, are here. Thus in St. Paul's Chapel Sir Henry Belasye (d. 1717), of Brancepeth Castle, general of the forces under William III., is commemorated by a tablet, upon which is recorded the fact that he traced his descent from Belasius, one of William the Conqueror's generals. Thomas, Viscount Teviot (d. 1711), commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland early in the century, lies in an unmarked grave in the nave. Henry Cornewall (d. 1717), colonel of the 9th regiment of foot, and Master of the Horse to the Princess of Orange (1685), is in the south aisle.

Fifty years of sieges and battles in Flanders and Germany are recalled in the cloisters by the tablet to General Barrell (d. 1749). Near the Earl of Essex lies an officer, whose military career was in no ways remarkable, and in fact ended early in the reign of Charles II., but whose name survives in Panton Street, Haymarket, which he built. Colonel Thomas Panton (d. 1685) is noteworthy "as the almost solitary instance of a successful gamester who suddenly abandoned his profession and became a worthy gentleman and useful citizen." He never touched cards again after winning at hazard in one night "as many thousand pounds as purchased him an estate worth above £1500 a year." His son entered the army and fought in Marlborough's campaigns; he carried the news of Blenheim to the States-General, and of the capture of Douay to Queen Anne; he ultimately rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, and is spoken of on his death, in 1753, as the oldest general in the army.

Many foreigners joined the English army in the reign

of James II. Some of them, like the Duras, Lord Ligonier, of whom we speak later, and others were French Protestant *emigrés*, who came over to England about the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. When the French chapel of the Savoy was pulled down in 1740, the bodies of three of the Duras family were removed to a vault in Henry VII.'s Chapel, according to the directions of one of them, Charlotte de Bourbon, who left £400 for the purpose. The elder, Louis de Bourbon (d. 1709), son of the Marquis de Duras, and created Earl of Feversham, came to England before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and although not in any way a distinguished soldier, he was given by favour of James II. several high military posts. He was Turenne's nephew, but, according to Macaulay, had learned from his uncle only how to devastate, not to conquer. When James fled from Whitehall it was Feversham who gave the order to disband the royal army, and was much blamed for his conduct; his military career practically ended with William's accession. His nephew Armand de Bourbon, Marquis de Miremont (d. 1732), was also an adherent of James II.; his brother was killed at the battle of the Boyne, and he was made a general by Anne. He pleaded the cause of the persecuted Camisards so successfully with Queen Anne that the good-natured sovereign took up their cause, and did not relax her support till 300 were released from the galleys during her reign; the remainder were set free under George I. At one time an invasion of France on the prisoners' behalf was contemplated, and Miremont drilled a band of refugees in St. James's Park, but the scheme came to nothing. In connection with this period we may note the burial in the north transept (1751) of Lieutenant-General Richard Philips, Governor of Nova Scotia (1720–49). He was born the year of Charles the Second's restoration, and as a young man narrowly escaped death by hanging, for he distributed the proclamation which announced the Prince of Orange's approaching arrival in London, round the camp at Hounslow, was caught, and actually had the halter round his neck, when he was saved

by the news of James's flight, and lived to fight on William's side at the battle of the Boyne (1690). He is remembered in military annals as the first colonel of the 40th foot, the XL.'s (ex-cellers), which regiment he raised in 1712; he died at the advanced age of ninety.

The Schombergs were another foreign family, of German extraction, which was naturalised in the end of the seventeenth century; the third Duke (d. 1719) lies in the Cromwell vault, where are buried several of Charles the Second's illegitimate descendants, and William Bentinck, Earl of Portland (d. 1709), a faithful friend to the Prince of Orange. The first Duke of Schomberg and the Earl of Portland, both of whom were ennobled by that Prince after his accession to the English throne, landed with him at Torbay, in 1688, and accompanied him on his subsequent triumphal entry into London. Schomberg was already a soldier of European fame; he was the last Huguenot who received a French marshal's bâton, and was afterwards made Count of Mertola as a reward for his services in Portugal. He was general of the forces under the supreme command of William himself at the Boyne, and was killed, overpowered by overwhelming odds, when he crossed the river almost alone to rally the French division. His third son Meinhardt (afterwards the third Duke) commanded the cavalry, and distinguished himself by the fury with which he plunged into the fray to avenge his father's death. Meinhardt ultimately became an English general, but was quite as notorious for his mechanical genius as for his military ability. He invented an apparatus connected with the working of wrecks, for which he obtained a patent, as well as a monopoly for all wrecks recovered in a certain latitude on the coast of America during a fixed number of years. He stood high in the favour of his King, and was one of the six Dukes who carried the pall at his funeral. He continued to retain court favour under Queen Anne. Schomberg House, Pall Mall, which his father built, and he beautified with paintings by Paul Berchett, was for long one of the most famous of London private houses; and although the building itself has vanished, its name is now to

be perpetuated by Prince Christian, whose new residence is close to the old site.

The Duke of Portland was a Dutchman, and was envied and hated by the English ministers, on account of his influence with his friend and sovereign. The record of his career belongs to the political history of William's reign, and it is impossible to make more than a passing allusion to him here. He was with William before he died, but arrived too late to receive his farewell, for the dying King had only strength to press his life-long companion's hand and carry it "to his heart with great tenderness."

The coffin of the great general, who had long been Portland's enemy, and on the accession of Queen Anne supplanted him at court, lay for twenty-two years in the same vault. The Duke of Marlborough died in 1722, and was temporarily buried here till the mausoleum at Blenheim was ready to receive his remains, about the time (1744) of his quarrelsome widow, the Duchess Sarah's death. But although there is no memorial to the Duke upon these walls, the memories of many of the officers who helped him to win his victories are commemorated, and the names of these same battles are carved more than once upon the Abbey stones. In the nave, for instance, is a monument to the Duke's aide-de-camp and master of the horse, Colonel Bringfield, who had his head shot off by a cannon ball at Ramillies (1706), when "remounting his Lord upon a fresh horse, his former fayling under him." Close by a tablet records the death of a brigadier-general, Robert Killigrew, son of that notorious groom of the bedchamber, to whom reference is made in the chapter on the dramatic profession. Robert was killed at Almanza (1707), where the British were defeated by the Spanish and French forces, and so many of our brave soldiers slain or taken prisoners. The curious military trophies on both these tablets are worth noticing as specimens of the weapons used in warfare at that period. Marlborough's younger brother, who had no claim to a memorial here save the fact of his relationship to the famous Duke, Admiral Churchill (d. 1710), was buried in the south aisle of the choir, with a tablet above to

mark his grave. He seems to have been an inferior person, "a Tory of the old school—virulent, domineering, and foolish."

The first Earl Stanhope (d. 1720), who so greatly distinguished himself in this same war of the Spanish succession, has a huge monument against the choir screen, which commemorates himself and some of his descendants. Stanhope's most notable exploit is his single combat with the Spanish general, Almenzaga, whom he slew with his own hand beneath the very walls of Madrid, after the victory of Almenara (1710). The luck turned, however; he was himself taken prisoner by Vendôme the same year, and upon his release abandoned a military for a political career. The family tradition of personal valour was continued by his descendants. His second son distinguished himself at Dettingen, Falkirk, and Culloden, and his great-grandson, Charles Stanhope, who was also Pitt's nephew, fell at the head of his regiment, the 50th foot, on the heights of Corunna (1809), and is commemorated by a tablet in the north-west tower.

It was the first Earl Stanhope who captured Port Mahon and thus added Minorca to the British possessions; and for nearly a century we alternately held and lost that island, which was finally given up after the Peace of Amiens (1802). In the north transept aisle Rysbrack's fine and characteristic bust of Richard Kane (a descendant of the old Irish family of O'Cahan) recalls the same period of our history, and is another link with Minorca, where the good roads that he made as well as his other benefactions to the island were gratefully remembered long after his death. His military career was a very varied one. His early laurels were obtained as a young subaltern at the famous siege of Derry; later on he was severely wounded in the assault on Namur (1695), where his regiment (the 19th Royal Irish Foot) won the Nassau lion as their badge, the oldest in the British service. Early in the century he served under Marlborough; he was wounded at Blenheim, and commanded a regiment at Malplaquet. Two years later we find him as colonel of a regiment of Irish foot taking part in the Canadian expedition, and after the Peace

of Utrecht (1711) he was made deputy-governor of Minorca. During an interval of seven years (1720–27) Kane governed Gibraltar, and successfully defended the place for eight months against the Spaniards; the last few years of his life were spent as Governor of Minorca, where he died (1736) and was buried. His inscription describes him as "a man of unblemished honour, and rare moral purity, a dear friend and delightful companion." Of Namur we are reminded by the grave of General William Seymour (d. 1728) in the nave, who took an honourable part in the same assault, and of Kane's time at Gibraltar by the name of General Henry Grove (d. 1735, buried east cloister), who commanded a regiment of foot there while Kane was governor, and had likewise fought gallantly throughout Marlborough's campaigns, receiving a severe wound at Malplaquet. The latter victory is again recalled by the burial (1731) in the Duke of Ormond's vault, of Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, who was made a major-general for his gallant behaviour on that battlefield. Orrery, whose name survives in that of an astronomical instrument called after him by the inventor Graham,[1] won his spurs originally in a struggle of wits, not of swords. He took a leading part against Bentley, supporting Dean Atterbury in Swift's famous Battle of the Books, and only entered the army after the conflict of pens was over. The bust of Lieutenant-General Percy Kirk (1741), not far from Kane's, is another memento here of the Spanish War, and of the disaster at Almanza, where he was amongst the English taken prisoners. His regiment, like Kane's, had formed part of the Canadian expedition of 1711. His father was colonel of the notorious "Kirk's Lambs," so called on account of their cruelties at the time of Monmouth's rebellion; they had also fought at Tangier after Fairborne's death, and lost their colonel at Breda, 1691. The younger Kirk's name was entered in the 4th King's Own as a child of three, and when his death took place at the age of fifty-seven, he had thus been in the army over half a century. His niece and heiress, Diana Dormer, who erected his memorial, is buried with him in the north transept.

[1] See reference to his burial, p. 320.

CHAPTER XV

THE LAST STUART KINGS—THEIR CONTEMPORARIES AND DESCENDANTS

WHILE the high seas were covered with the English and Dutch men-of-war, and brave soldiers and sailors were fighting on land and water to keep the flag flying in many an outlying part of the British dominions, or striving with foreign foes on the mainland of the continent, peace reigned at home. Men of the same blood were no longer outwardly at variance in England, and the civil war seemed only a bad dream to the majority of the combatants. Gaiety and good humour had replaced the sombre atmosphere of the Protector's court, and never before had there been a monarch so fond of merry-making as Charles II., or so many idle favourites, men and women alike, about the royal presence-chamber.

Prominent amongst the young beauties in the earlier part of Charles the Second's reign was Frances Theresa Stuart, a member of the Scotch branch of the Stewart or Stuart family. She married her "cousin"—many times removed—Charles, the last legitimate Stuart to bear the title of Richmond and Lennox; by a chance coincidence this Duke bore the same name as the last male scion of the house of Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox, from whose infant daughter, Arbella, James I. had reft the heritage of Lennox in order to bestow it upon his favourite and cousin, Esmé Stuart, whom he created a Duke. Not far from the Cromwell Chapel is the enormous monument, with gigantic bronze ladies weeping at each corner, which was put up by his widow to commemorate Esmé's son, Ludovick, the second Duke of Lennox, created Earl of Richmond. Ludovick was always spoken of in after days as "the old

Duke," a term of affection, for he was much beloved, and "his death was dolorous both to English and Scotch." He was found dead in his bed on February 16, 1624, the day on which the King had arranged to open Parliament, but the ceremony was postponed as a mark of respect to his memory, and his body was embalmed and buried here "with all magnificence" two months later. His wax effigy stood on this spot for many years, untouched all through the Commonwealth times; we shall find it referred to in the last Duchess's will later on. He married the widow of the old Earl of Hertford, Arbella Stuart's father-in-law, who survived this her third husband for nearly fifteen years.

Frances was a noted character, a regular oddity; in her long and elaborate will she left directions that her body should not be opened, but "packed in bran before it is cold, and buried wrapped in those sheets wherein my Lord and I first slept that night we were married." Her brother-in-law Esmé,[1] the next Duke (d. 1624), does not lie with his descendants, but against the wall is an urn mounted on a pyramid, which contains the heart of another Esmé, his grandson, the fifth Duke, who died in Paris at the age of eleven (1660), and was succeeded by his uncle Charles. The elder Esmé's son, James, the fourth Duke (buried in this vault 1655) had received the Dukedom of Richmond from James I.; he married the only daughter of George Villiers, whose statue kneels above her father's tomb close by, and was warmly attached to Charles I., one of the few nobles who dared to appear as a mourner at his funeral. He does not seem to have actually fought for the royalist cause in the civil war, but contributed a large part (£66,000) of his fortune towards the expenses.

We must now return to "La Belle Stuart," the last Duchess, and the romantic story of her early life. She had been reared in France, and was sent over to England by the King's mother, who calls her "la plus jolie fille du monde," and was enrolled amongst the maids of honour who were appointed to attend on Charles the Second's unattractive Portuguese bride, Catherine of Braganza. The gossip Pepys dwells

[1] He was buried in the vault of Margaret, Countess of Lennox.

much on the good looks of this young lady, "with her hat cocked and a red plume, sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taile." Gramont, in his scandalous memoirs, tells many a story about her flirtations with the King and also with his brother James, for Frances did not scruple to play with the feelings of both her royal admirers, and would take each in turn for a valentine. But Charles considered himself as the favourite, and came nearer to a real *affaire de cœur* with Miss Stuart than with any of the other court beauties; it is even said that when he realised she would listen only to a proposal of marriage, he tried to divorce his neglected Queen. Frances had, however, other views, and one dark and stormy night in March (1667) the young beauty slipped out of Whitehall Palace, met the Duke of Lennox at an inn in the neighbourhood, and married him in Kent before her royal suitor got wind of the affair. Her mistress, the Queen, who was either unconscious of her husband's feelings or confident of her maid of honour's indifference to them, interceded with the angry King, and finally the bride and her bridegroom were allowed to return to court. Charles II. afterwards showed his constancy and his forgiveness by visiting the Duchess's sickbed when she was laid up with smallpox a few months later, braving the fell disease which had carried off his sister and brother for her sake. Before her good looks were marred by this illness, about the time of her clandestine betrothal to the Duke, Frances had sat to John Roettiers as a model for the Britannia on the medal which was struck to commemorate the Peace of Breda, and there is no doubt that the figure still on the reverse of the penny and halfpenny, designed by the same artist a few years later, is a reminiscence of the beautiful Stuart.

Lady Lennox remained at court during the next reign in attendance on Mary of Modena, Queen of James II., and her last appearance in public was at the coronation of Anne; like her predecessor, this Duchess Frances left an extraordinary will. In a codicil, dated only a week before her death (d. October 15, 1702), are the words: "It is my will to have my effigy as well done in wax as can bee, and

sett up neare the old Duke Ludovick and Duchess Frances of Richmond and Lenox, but in a presse by itself distinct from the other, with cleare crowne glasse before it, and dressed in my Coronation Robes and Coronett." Her wishes were obeyed, and her figure (the only one of the Lennox effigies which is left), dressed in the robes she actually wore at Anne's coronation, is still to be seen in the Abbey. Beside it is perched a parrot, "in remembrance of one that is said to have lived with her Grace upwards of forty years, and to have survived her only a few days." By another clause in her will the Duchess bequeathed annuities to various poor ladies, friends of hers, on condition that they took care of her cats; Pope alludes satirically to this in one of his moral essays, where he says: "Die and endow a college or a cat."

In another case close to "La Belle Stuart" stand the figures of Catherine, Duchess of Buckinghamshire (d. 1743), who wears the splendid brocaded robes she had for George the Second's coronation, and her little son, the Marquis of Normanby, who died young. Catherine was a Stuart by birth, a left-handed descendant of the royal house, for she was an illegitimate daughter of James the Second. The widow of John Sheffield, Duke of Bucks, she resembled the mother of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in her pride. She had an effigy made of her last surviving son, Edmund, Duke of Bucks, who died of Roman fever, aged only nineteen, and it lay in state at her house, where she bade all her friends come and see it; and a violent quarrel with Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, ensued, because that equally haughty lady refused to lend the great Duke's hearse to convey the youth's wax effigy to the Abbey, whereupon Catherine said she would commission a finer one from her undertaker. This funeral is noticeable as the last occasion when an effigy was carried in the procession.

John Sheffield (d. 1721), son of Lord Mulgrave, was distinguished under Charles and James II. for his political and military services. He took the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, and was created Marquess

THE WAX EFFIGY OF LA BELLE STUART

See p. 207

of Normanby and Duke of Buckinghamshire, but was suspected of Jacobitism as the leader of the Tory party under Queen Anne, whose suitor he had been in her youth, and ended his life in political disgrace just after the accession of George I. A man of letters himself, he is chiefly remembered now as a patron of literature, and was a friend of such poets as Pope and Dryden; he erected a monument to the latter in Poets' Corner. Pope wrote an epitaph in memory of his friend, but it was never placed on his tomb, upon which is a Latin inscription written by the Duke himself. The concluding lines are characteristic of the man: "I lived doubtful but not dissolute; I died unresolved not unresigned. Ignorance and error are incident to human nature; I trust in an Almighty and All-good God. O thou Being of Beings have compassion on me." The words "Christum Adveneror" formerly stood before "Deo Confido," but were erased by Dean Atterbury on the ground that "adveneror" was inadequate as applied to Christ. The Duchess always insisted on being treated with royal state, and on the anniversary of the "martyrdom of her grandfather, Charles I.," she used to receive in the great drawing-room at Buckingham House, a fine red brick mansion built by her husband on the present site of Buckingham Palace, and there, seated on a chair of state, Lord Hervey found her on one of these occasions, in mourning herself and attended by her women "in like weeds in memory of the royal martyr." She settled every detail of her own funeral ceremony, and quarrelled with Pope over the epitaph (not inscribed on the monument) which she wrote and he corrected. Her ladies were made to promise that if she should become insensible at the last they would remain standing in her presence till she was actually dead. We shall refer to this Duchess's friendship with Dr. Mead later on.

No less than three eccentric Duchesses, all of whom are buried in the Abbey, have been spoken of, it is time to turn to another *grande dame*, who with her distinguished husband took a deservedly high place at the court of Charles II. Margaret Lucas came "of a noble

family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous." Female education during the reign of Charles I. was no longer at the high pitch it had attained under the Tudor *régime*, but the Lucas ladies received the instruction which was fashionable in their time, such as reading, writing, and some knowledge of foreign languages, the classics were no longer considered necessary for women; accomplishments like singing and dancing were added, while needlework still remained an essential part of the training. Their dress, we are told, was not only "neat and cleanly," and "fine and gay," but "rich and costly," and Margaret's good looks and natural talents made her very attractive. In 1643, after the civil war broke out, when nineteen years of age, she went to Oxford as lady-in-waiting to Henrietta Maria, and shared the unfortunate Queen's exile. Two years later, in Paris, she met and married William Cavendish, called the Loyal Duke of Newcastle on account of his devotion to Charles I., in whose service he lost a large fortune. During this "long banishment and miseries" his wife lightened his gloom, we are told, by her charming "conversation and writings," for she was early an authoress, and many are the folio volumes which bear her name; her husband also wrote poems, and various works on horsemanship. During the Commonwealth she was constantly in England, trying to save what was left of the Duke's estates and paying his debts. After the Restoration the Newcastles returned, and fortune smiled on them henceforth. With all her virtues the Duchess was a very curious person, a typical blue-stocking; Pepys has left most amusing descriptions of her. He tells, for instance, how she went to court "with her coaches and footmen all in velvet," she "with her velvet cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches, because of pimples, about her mouth, naked-necked without anything about it, and a black *just-au-corps*, she seemed to me a very comely woman." In another place he describes the performance of a rather foolish play she wrote, called "The Humorous Lovers," and speaks of her in "an antique dress," bowing "her respects to the players from her box. . . . The whole story of this lady is a romance

and all she does romantick." The Duchess's leisure was employed in writing, she would keep some of her waiting women in the room next to hers at night ready to rise at the call of her bell in order to put down the thoughts which might occur to her during the hours of darkness. With all her eccentricities she was, however, most kind to her servants, and "a very pattern of conjugal virtues;" her married happiness was a shining exception in Charles the Second's immoral court. She died in December 1673, aged fifty-seven, leaving no children; her husband survived her only three years, and spent the remainder of his life in erecting a stately monument in the Abbey, with an inscription recording his wife's virtues and accomplishments, besides her devotion to himself. Margaret's effigy holds an open book, a pen case, and inkhorn, symbolic of her favourite occupation. Close by is the tomb of John Holles, Earl of Clare (d. 1711), who became third Duke of Newcastle by his marriage with William Cavendish's granddaughter. He filled several offices of state in Queen Anne's reign, and was, according to Burnet, the richest subject in the kingdom.

Towards the end of this century a score or so of other noble dames were buried in the Abbey vaults. Amongst them Lady Margaret Noel (1671), daughter of Lord Lovelace, may be recalled to mind; by her marriage to Sir William Noel she became the ancestress of Byron's unlucky wife. Then (1673) a tragical accident, which overwhelmed the Hatton family, and by which a mother and daughter lost their lives, should be alluded to since the victims were brought here for their burial. Viscount Hatton was then Governor of Guernsey, where he resided with his old mother, the Dowager-Countess, and his wife and family. One night during a terrific thunderstorm the powder magazine at the governor's house, Cornet Castle, was exploded by lightning, and the whole building absolutely wrecked. Hatton himself was blown, bed and all, on to the battlements by the shock, but escaped unhurt. The Dowager was crushed by the fall of the bedroom ceiling, while young Lady Hatton managed to make her way to the nursery, but

was killed there with her maid and the nurse. Strange to relate one little girl was actually found alive clasped in her dead nurse's arms, with her plaything, a silver cup, battered in, while the baby was lying safe and sound in its cradle, which was filled with rubbish. The remains of these two unfortunate ladies were conveyed from Guernsey to Westminster for interment in the Hatton vault, in the Islip Chapel, where the elder lady's husband, the first Lord Hatton, and his father, Sir Christopher, kinsman and heir to Elizabeth's great Lord Chancellor, were buried.

At the foot of the steps, which lead up to Henry VII.'s Chapel, is a vault where rest the remains of a Lord Chancellor, no less favoured by his sovereign than Sir Christopher Hatton. But Lord Clarendon's time of court favour and prosperity was short, and he fell from his high place barely seven years after his triumphant return to England with his sovereign. Many reasons were given for his disgrace, which we have not space to discuss; but it may be mentioned that Clarendon's determined opposition to Charles's desire to divorce his wife and marry La Belle Stuart was undoubtedly one of them, added to the fact that he was suspected by the King of aiding and abetting her clandestine marriage. In any case he was impeached, and after humbling himself to the dust before his royal kinsman, he fled abroad and died in banishment in 1674, seven years later. His name has come down to posterity as the author of the "History of the Great Rebellion," the only continuous contemporary record of the civil war, for Peter Heylin soon abandoned the task allotted to him by Charles I. of official historian, and Sanderson stopped short with the execution of that King. During his enforced exile Clarendon employed himself in writing his autobiography, and revising, often entirely re-modelling, his history, and thus gradually reconciled himself to the loss of all that he held most dear in his official state, and his connection with royalty at home. Vainly had he appealed to his son-in-law, the Duke of York, to intercede with the King for his recall and pardon, but by the irony of fate he was destined only to return to England as a senseless corpse. A month after his

death his body was laid in the family vault, where his mother-in-law, second wife, and little sons already rested; the place of their interment was completely ignored by his royal descendants, and the names were not inscribed on the stone till 1867. Clarendon's mother-in-law, Lady Aylesbury, died at a very advanced age in 1661; and Pepys remarks in his diary on the surprising fact that her grandson-in-law, the Duke of York, actually wore mourning for the old lady, "a piece of great fondness." All sorts of ridiculous stories were current at the time about the ancestry of Lady Aylesbury, which were not finally disproved till last century, when Colonel Chester, the indefatigable compiler of the Abbey register, found out that she belonged to a very old family, the Denmans, and was therefore of pure descent and honourable connections. Her husband, Sir Thomas Aylesbury, was "a learned man, and as great a lover and encourager of learning and learned men, especially of mathematicians (he being one himself), as any man in his time." He suffered much for his loyalty, lost all his fortune and his precious books and manuscripts in the troubles of the civil war, and died at Breda in 1657. Edward Hyde married Sir Thomas's daughter, Frances, at St. Margaret's Church in 1634, and through his father-in-law's influence at court much improved his own position. His eldest child, Anne, who became the wife of a royal Duke, and the mother of two Queens, was born at the Aylesburys' house in Windsor Park. The Hydes afterwards joined Sir Thomas and his wife in their common exile at Breda after the King's execution, and here it was that Anne was appointed a maid of honour to the Princess of Orange, and thus took the first step in her upward career. With both Mary and her aunt, the gay and brilliant Queen of Bohemia, Anne Hyde soon became a prime favourite, and they seem to have been quite unconscious that this apparently heedless young girl was capable of the most consummate dissimulation. James, Duke of York, and his future bride first met and fell in love at Paris under the eyes of the Queen-Mother and of the Princess Mary. Yet so secretly were their secret intrigues and engagement carried out, that

when James returned to England with his royal brother, and his fiancée followed with her parents, the Princess of Orange seems to have had no idea of the impending marriage. The King and his chancellor were better informed, and Hyde worked himself up into an agony over the affair, which he fully expected would cause his own downfall, but he allowed the wedding, nevertheless, to be celebrated privately in his own house, while Charles took the matter very calmly, and was the first to welcome his sister-in-law at court. We have spoken before of the Princess of Orange and the chagrin which the news of her brother's marriage with this former maid of honour caused her during her last illness, but she, like her mother, Queen Henrietta, would doubtless have reconciled herself to the inevitable. Anne, who inherited some of her father's literary gifts, wrote a memoir of her old mistress. The Duchess of York did not live to be Queen of England, nor were the eleven years of her married life marked by any greater event than the births of her eight children, only two of whom, the future Queens Mary and Anne, lived beyond their childhood. She was buried privately in the vault of Mary, Queen of Scots. The Duchess was converted to the Romanist religion on her deathbed, and the Duke, who had long been wavering between the two faiths, followed her example soon afterwards. With the biography of James II. our Roll-Call is not concerned, but there are a few points which may be noted about the coronation of himself and his second wife, Mary of Modena. A most elaborate account of the ceremony, which took place on St. George's Day, April 23, 1685, was compiled by the antiquary, Francis Sandford, and published two years after the event. This folio volume is the source of much information which has been made use of at subsequent coronations; in it are illustrations of the regalia, the coronation vestments, and all the ornaments and instruments which are traditionally connected with these functions. Various changes were made in the order of service in deference to the new King's religious opinions; the wording of the oath, for instance, was altered, and the sovereigns did not as heretofore receive the sacra-

ment after the Enthronement, but the old ceremonial as given in the *Liber Regalis* was followed in its main lines. James II. was the last King anointed with the sacred chrism, and he had a fresh supply of this scented balm made for himself at the enormous cost of £200. Henceforth our sovereigns have been anointed only with a liquid oil, which is made of various traditional ingredients. For the first time on record the King's Scholars, "in number forty, all in surplices," were present, and have claimed their right to places in the Abbey at all future coronations. From a gallery close to the organ loft they could watch the whole ceremony, and greeted their sovereigns with shouts of "Vivat Regina Maria" and "Vivat Jacobus Rex," joining afterwards in the acclamation and recognition; the same Latin form has been followed by the boys ever since. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Sancroft) took, as was customary, the chief part in the service, supported by the Dean of Westminster, Thomas Sprat, who was destined to assist at the coronations of the last Stuart sovereigns, and to read the burial service over the graves of all except James, who abdicated and died abroad, and Queen Anne, who survived Sprat for exactly one year.

The first important interment here, soon after Sprat's appointment to the Deanery, was that of his patron, Charles II., and was the meanest and most parsimonious of all the Stuart funerals, in strong contrast to the deceased King's love of splendour and spending. There was no lying-in-state and no procession, and the burial took place at night; the heralds broke their white rods according to custom above the coffin after it was lowered into the vault, and the chief officials of the court and great nobles were present, but there seems to have been a lack of ceremonial and no funeral sermon. From this time forth royal monuments have not been erected in the Abbey, and for more than a hundred and fifty years the resting-place of the four last Stuarts in the south aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel was marked only by their wax effigies which stood with General Monck's figure above their vault. Here their open presses were a sight for the tourist to gape at, and many an autograph was inscribed

upon the glass, but early in the nineteenth century the figures were removed to the chantry above the Islip Chapel. Charles's dark complexion marks his mother's Basque ancestry, and his black periwig frames a ghastly waxen mask, which was taken from his face after death, and bears traces of the facial paralysis which impeded his speech at the last. His sinister expression, often remarked upon during his life, is no index to his cheerful and pleasure-loving nature. He wears the robes of the Garter, trimmed with real point lace, which is now too rotten to bear cleaning, and his shabby attire and swarthy countenance are in striking contrast to the fair complexion and good-humoured aspect of his niece, Queen Anne. William and Mary stand side by side in a large case. The little King is propped upon a footstool, but even then is quite eclipsed by his tall, handsome wife.

The coronation (April 11, 1689), of these married cousins is remembered for several reasons, and the order of service has been used as a precedent on all occasions since. Mary had a chair made for herself after the pattern of St. Edward's ancient seat, foras a Queen-Regnant she was anointed, seated like the King in her chair, not kneeling, after the fashion of Queen-Consorts, on the steps before the altar. A Bible, "the sword of the spirit," was carried on a cushion in the procession for the first time, and has ever since been presented by the Archbishop and Bishops to the sovereign after he is crowned. The phraseology of the oath was again changed, and the promise to uphold "the Protestant religion as established by law" interpolated as a protest against the late King's religious views. James himself was hovering in Ireland, where he landed just before the coronation, ready to cross the water again if he saw any chance of getting back the crown, and he failed not to curse his children from a safe distance. Archbishop Sancroft remained faithful to his undeserving royal master, and refused to officiate. His place was taken by the Bishop of London, Mary's friend and former tutor, Compton. The Bishops who usually "support" the sovereign—Durham, and Bath and Wells—were not present, for

THE WAX EFFIGIES OF WILLIAM III. AND MARY

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Durham was too old and infirm, and his colleague, Bishop Ken, followed the Primate's example, and did not come. The famous ecclesiastical historian, Bishop Burnet, preached the sermon, and did not share the scruples of his superior, for he abused James from beginning to end of his discourse. The medals, which were thrown amongst the people after the homage according to ancient custom, were certainly not in the best taste; for on some, Phaeton, representing James, was seen falling from the Chariot of the Sun, and on others an orange tree was engraved, with the motto: "Instead of acorns, golden oranges." The dignity of the sovereigns was hampered also by the fact that William was a good many inches shorter than his wife, and the sight of the two struggling with the sword of state, which they bore between them and offered at the high altar, was laughable in the extreme. Still more so was the temporary confusion at the offertory oblation, when neither King nor Queen had any money ready, much less a piece of gold, and the Lord Chamberlain had to supply the prescribed sum, twenty guineas, at a moment's notice. But there is no doubt that Mary believed in the justice of her father's dethronement, for never once during that tiring day, which was lengthened by the delay and panic caused by the news, brought to the Queen before the ceremony began, of James's arrival at Kinsale, did she waver in her attitude of philosophical or forced cheerfulness. She placed wifely duty and her attachment for her husband above filial affection, and was rewarded with scant kindness from William, with a father's curses, and a gradual estrangement even from her sister Anne. Prematurely aged and worn out by her mental struggles, Mary succumbed (December 28, 1694), at the early age of thirty-two, to a virulent attack of smallpox, the same disease which had proved fatal to her mother-in-law, the Princess of Orange; and her cold husband gave way to an outburst of grief and remorse, when it was too late to repair his faults and show tenderness to his loving and long-suffering wife. As a proof of the King's fidelity to his spouse's memory, it is said that a gold ring containing

Mary's hair, some said a bracelet of hair, was found tied to William's arm after his own death. Like many another sorrowing widower, William relieved his feelings by arranging for a pompous funeral, which cost the usually penurious King about £100,000. Services were held, bells tolled, and sermons preached on the funeral day, March 15, 1695, not only in every parish church throughout England, but in the Netherlands, and during the long interval between the death and burial the embalmed body of the late Queen lay in semi-state at Whitehall Palace. Meantime the elaborate effigy, to which allusion has already been made, was prepared, the dress and jewellery copied in every detail from one of Mary's court costumes. Wren, who was then surveyor of the Abbey fabric, was employed to make the elaborate hearse, which stood for some weeks in Henry VII.'s Chapel, and was constantly visited by a robin, as if the bird were sorrowing for this kindly but misunderstood woman. For the first time on record a King followed a Queen-Regnant to her grave, and both Houses of Parliament, the Lords in their red and ermine robes of state, the Commons in mourning, took part in the ceremony, the only occasion when this has been possible, since Parliament is dissolved immediately upon the death of a reigning sovereign. Anne swallowed her grudges against her sister, and took her place in the long procession behind the royal widower. Seven years later, on April 12, 1702, Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark, walked as chief mourner at the semi-private burial of William III., which took place at midnight without any funeral pomp. Neither the monument nor the statue resolved upon at the time by the Privy Council were ever set up in the Abbey or elsewhere, and the wax effigy only was placed above the late King's grave.

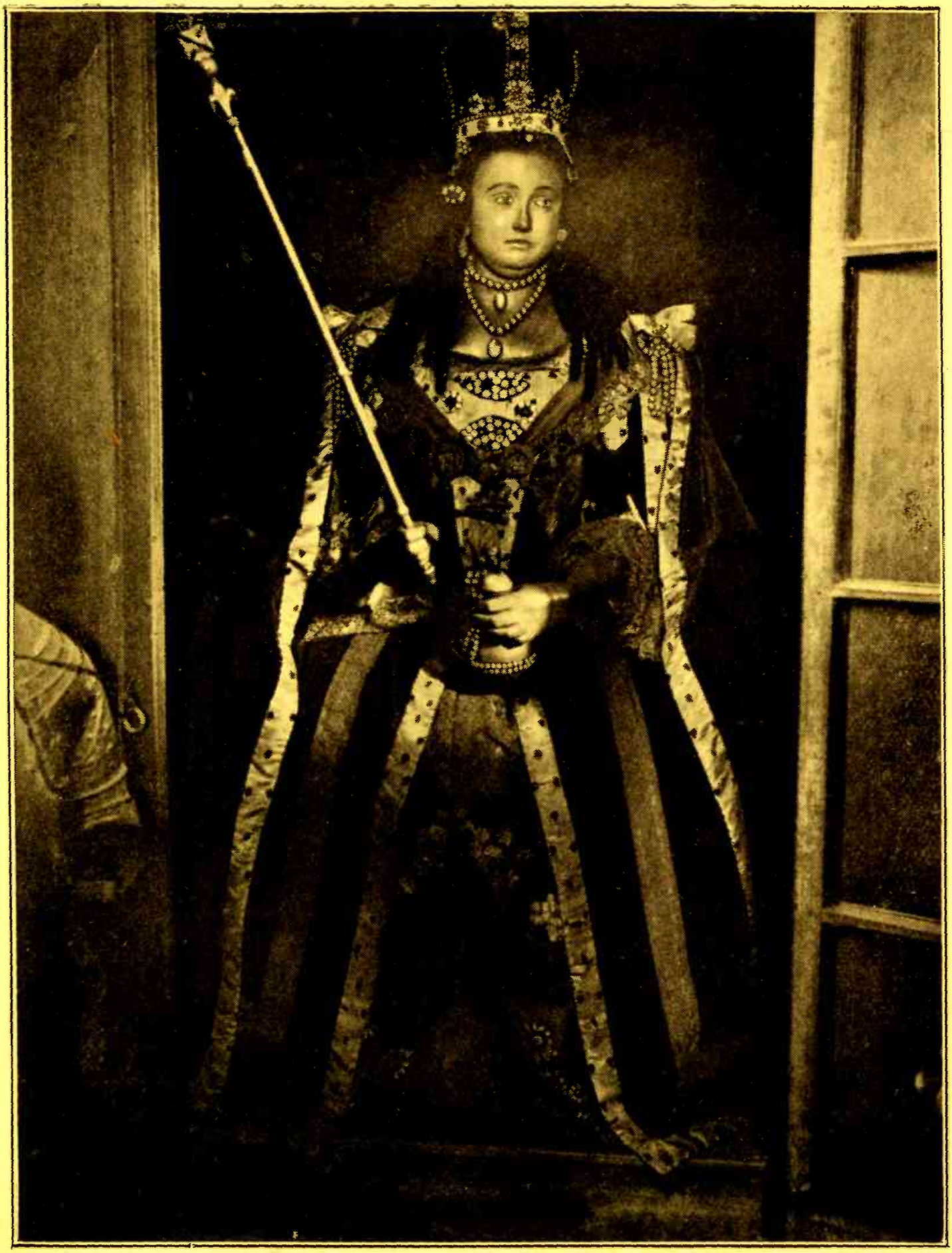
Heedless of the bad omen, Anne chose to be crowned on the anniversary of her dethroned and deceased father's coronation, St. George's Day, and the brilliant ceremony of the last Stuart Queen's coronation thus followed within a fortnight after the late King's burial. The Dutch William had not been a popular sovereign, and the new one was greeted

by a welcoming populace as she was borne in an open sedan chair, for she was too corpulent and too lame with gout to walk, from Westminster Hall to the Abbey. Her train hung over the back of the chair, and was nominally supported by several distinguished ladies. Chief amongst them was that Duchess of Somerset, who had once been Tom Thynne's bride, and with the young court ladies who assisted her was the beautiful Lady Mary Pierrepoint, then only a girl of thirteen, afterwards the literary celebrity, Lady Wortley-Montagu. The imperious Duchess of Marlborough, mistress of the robes, stood by her royal friend's side during the service, and closed her garments after the unction, and the Duke, who was now general of the forces, left his duties at The Hague to be present. Parliament refused to sanction the coronation of the Prince-Consort, and the Queen sat enthroned alone upon the theatre, while Prince George took his place amongst the Peers, as Earl of Kendal and Duke of Cumberland, the only royal husband who ever performed homage to his wife. Mary Tudor and Victoria were married after their coronation.

The ceremony passed off without a hitch, even the usual ill-omens were wanting, and Anne must have felt some small consolation, as she heard the vociferous acclamations of her subjects, for the snubbings she had received from her brother-in-law. Nothing could console her, however, for the loss of her beloved son and heir, whose death had clouded her horizon for evermore; the story of his short life is told in the children's chapter.

Of her favourite, the Duke of Marlborough, and his military career, we have heard in connection with his officers. It remains to speak of Marlborough's ally, Sidney, Earl of Godolphin, Lord Treasurer for "the first nine glorious years of Queen Anne's" reign. Full forty years Godolphin had been about the court, first as page to Charles II. and afterwards in and out of various official places according to the fancy of the different sovereigns whose humble servant he had been. Burnet describes him as "the silentest and modestest man that was perhaps ever bred in a court," and Charles's eulogy of him, as one

"never in the way and never out of the way," accounts for the favour which he constantly enjoyed during three reigns. But in his old age Godolphin lost his talent for holding his tongue, and after violent quarrels with his last royal mistress and her Whig ministry, he fell from his high place and died, at his friend Marlborough's country house, two years later, in disgrace and retirement (1712). He was buried in the south aisle of the nave, where a mural monument marks his grave. Both the Duke and Duchess had already fallen from Anne's good graces, and the last years of the Queen's life were harassed by perpetual disputes with the Duchess and bedchamber intrigues. She survived her nearest relations, her father, husband, sister, and children, even outlived her own brief popularity, and died at the age of fifty (August 1, 1714). Sprat had predeceased his sovereign, and his successor, Dean Atterbury, of whom we shall speak later, officiated at the funeral service which, by order of the new King, George I., was performed "with all the pomp and ceremony consistent with a private burial;" it took place at night, like William's, three weeks only after the Queen's death. Thoresby, the antiquary, who had already seen the opening of the vault, where lay the velvet coffins of Charles II., William and Mary, and Prince George, and commented on the fact that there was only just room for the huge unwieldy casket which contained Queen Anne's remains, was present at the funeral, and falls to moralising over "the last sovereign of the royal name of Stuart that was ever destined to wear the regal garland of this realm." He was perhaps the only ordinary person at the service who could boast of having seen in his youth "in one balcony six of them that were afterwards Kings and Queens of Great Britain, all brisk and hearty, but all now entered on a boundless eternity."



THE WAX EFFIGY OF QUEEN ANNE

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CHAPTER XVI

THE CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY

WE have lingered long amidst the dust and dry bones of Kings and Queens, of courtiers and court ladies, of statesmen and warriors, but we may well turn aside for a while and go back to the memories of those little ones who have from time to time found sepulture here.

Every year on the 28th of December, the Holy Innocents' Feast, a day which is marked in the Abbey annals as the anniversary of the consecration of the Confessor's church, a throng of children may be seen pressing round the doors and thronging the aisles of Westminster Abbey. Upon that festival year by year a children's service, first instituted by Dean Stanley, and kept up ever since by his successor, is held here, and a sermon, addressed especially to the young, is preached by the Dean. Thus, although no children are buried and only a few privileged infants are baptized in the historic Abbey at the present time, it is pleasant to think that the rising generation still has a special claim to be remembered at Westminster. In old days many babes, with or without a monument to mark their graves, were buried in the Abbey. The first founder, the Confessor, was a childless man, and under the Norman kings there was scarce leisure amid the clash of arms to count the deaths even of royal infants. But our second founder, Henry III., notwithstanding his many faults as a ruler, was a good husband and father, and much attached to his children and grandchildren. When his dumb daughter, Catherine, died (1257) at the early age of five, she was buried in the apse of her father's new church, then only half finished, and the monastic chronicler, Matthew Paris, who describes the Princess as very beautiful but "fit for

nothing" on account of her infirmity, records the excessive grief of the bereaved parents; the poor Queen in fact fretted herself into a low fever, and was laid up at Windsor for some time after her child's death. The King consoled himself by planning a splendid and costly monument to mark his daughter's burial-place; the material was Purbeck marble, and the mason who prepared the altar-tomb was a Dorsetshire man, while the Italian workmen, who were employed upon the new shrine in the palace close by, decorated it with glass mosaic, and jewels. Two little images, representing the child herself and St. Catherine her patron saint, were placed upon the slab; the one of brass was made by Master Simon of Wells at the cost of five and a half marks, the other of silver was wrought by the King's goldsmith and was more valuable, costing seventy marks. Two infant brothers were afterwards buried in Catherine's grave, and later on four or perhaps five nephews and nieces, for Edward I. interred five of his children in the Abbey, and still further beautified his little sister's tomb by adding an elaborate gilt and painted arch above it, and a painting, all traces of which have vanished, representing four of his own little ones. The beauty of these Princes and Princesses cut off in their extreme youth so pleased their old grandfather, Henry III., that he augmented their mother, Eleanor of Castile's allowance from his privy purse as a reward to her for producing such a comely brood.

One son, Alfonzo, so called after his grandfather, the King of Castile, lived to the age of twelve, longer than the other children, and is, in spite of his youth, connected with his warlike father's conquest of Wales. For he was with the King during the campaign, and was sent back to London from the English conqueror's camp, after Llewellyn, the last native Prince of Wales, had been slain at the battle of Builth, bearing with him the Welsh Prince's golden coronet and jewels, which the boy offered, in obedience to his father's instructions, at the shrine of the Confessor. Here also, two years later, Edward himself brought the sacred Welsh treasure, a fragment of the ancient cross of Neath—the *Crocis Gneyth*—and placed it amongst the relics; the

coronet seems to have hung upon one of the pillars of the shrine till it was stolen or disappeared with the other valuables at the Dissolution. The poor little English Prince did not long survive the hardships of camp life; he died (August 19, 1284) "on the day of St. Magnus the King, and his body was honourably buried in the church of Westminister, near the tomb of St. Edward, where it is placed between his brothers and sister, who were buried before him in the same place," beneath Catherine's monument. His heart was deposited in the Blackfriars Convent, where his mother's was afterwards placed with his by the King's desire.

The royal parents were not left long without an heir, for in the same autumn Alfonzo's unworthy brother, the future Edward II., was born at Carnarvon Castle, and created the first English Prince of Wales when he was seventeen. There were child-marriages as well as child-burials in those days. Alfonzo's sister, Margaret, when only a girl of fifteen, was married in the Abbey to John, Duke of Brabant, and her father gave way to one of his violent outbreaks of passion during the ceremony, and struck an attendant squire so violently on the head that he felled him to the ground. King though he was, Edward was ashamed of his temper afterwards, and compensated the man for the injury with a large sum of money for those days, £13.

Beneath the step between St. Edward's Chapel and the tomb of Henry VII. is concealed part of a mosaic slab, with the remains of a brass inscription, showing that it marks the grave of two of William de Valence's children, who were buried here, cousins of Edward I. A low grey marble altar-tomb, dated about 1300, with a pretty trefoiled arcade, once painted in bright colours, contains the remains of Edward's grandchildren, Hugh and Mary De Bohun, and used to stand near the shrine, placed "amongst the royals" by the influence of their powerful father, Earl of Hereford and Constable of England, who had married the King's fourth daughter, Elizabeth. This tomb has been twice displaced to make way for other monuments, once by Richard II., who moved it to the Chapel of St. John the

Baptist when he wanted the space for his own sepulchre, and again in 1608, when it was shifted against the wall, and the Earl of Exeter's ponderous sarcophagus usurped the centre of the floor.

Two little tombs, both those of Kings' daughters, still remain in the royal chapel, the one, also of grey marble, once decorated with a brass recumbent effigy and inscription, is that of Margaret, an infant daughter of Edward IV., which is said to have been removed here from the old Lady Chapel. The other, of black Lydian marble, also stripped of its effigy and ornaments, commemorates the first Elizabeth Tudor, Henry the Seventh's second daughter, a child of three, who was honoured with a state funeral. She died at Eltham Palace[1] (September 14, 1495) which was still a favourite royal residence, and after her body had been embalmed and "cered by the wax chandler," it remained in the chapel there for eleven days, while requiem masses were sung for the innocent soul. From Eltham the coffin was carried under a canopy to a black "chair," drawn by six horses, it was then taken by road to the river and ferried across to the Westminster landing-stage, where it was met by Islip, who was then Prior, and some of the brethren who escorted it to the Abbey. A little hearse had been prepared in the choir to receive the coffin, the funereal hangings relieved by a border of red and white roses, and a Latin motto, *Jesus est amor meus*, in letters of gold, and, after it had remained about twenty-four hours longer above ground, the body was buried close to the shrine. On copper plates hanging at the foot of each little tomb were Latin epitaphs, attributed, like the other royal inscriptions of the same period, to the poet Skelton, which, even in Dart's translations, show the fanciful turn of the writer's mind. The tiny infant Margaret of York is thus described :—

> "High birth and beauteous form and youth in bloom,
> At once lie chested in this silent tomb;
> All that remains to tell thee what she was,
> Around the margin see insculped in brass;"

Margaret's niece, the "young and noble Elizabeth," was

[1] See page 33.

snatched away, the poet reminds us, by Attrapos, "the most severe messenger of death, but may she have eternal life in heaven."

At the east end of the north aisle, which is usually called the Innocents' Corner, in Henry's Chapel, is a heavy stone urn containing the bones of two children, which were discovered in the Tower during the reign of Charles II., and placed here by his orders near the tombs of his two little aunts, who had died in childhood.

The skeletons were found at the foot of the staircase in the White Tower, and are believed to be those of the young Princes, sons of Edward IV., and thus brothers of the baby Margaret, who were, according to tradition, buried there by the hired assassins, after they had murdered them.

The story of Edward V. and Richard, Duke of York, is one of the most pathetic in history, and their short lives were closely connected with Westminster. Here it was that the elder boy was born, and the younger found an asylum for a brief period out of the clutches of his cruel uncle Gloucester, and either in the Islip or St. Erasmus's Chapel lies the child-bride, Anne Mowbray, daughter of the fourth Duke of Norfolk, and last of her father's line, who was married to Richard in January 1478, the united ages of the little couple (each was about five) making only ten years. Elizabeth Woodville, mother of the two Princes, twice took refuge within the precincts of the Abbey, probably not in the great sanctuary building, which stood just outside the church, but in the Abbot's house. The rooms above the Jericho parlour are traditionally pointed out as hers, and the iron door still exists to which the royal suppliant is supposed to have clung when appealing for sanctuary; but these actual apartments are probably not earlier than the sixteenth century. During the temporary triumph of the Lancastrians in 1470, Edward IV. took refuge abroad, and his wife, whom he had left in safety as he supposed at the Tower, fled to the sanctuary, when Henry VI. entered London, so hurriedly that she was not able to collect either money or baggage, and thus threw herself upon the

good Abbot Millyng's protection. So great was her poverty in fact that a faithful butcher sent in half a beef and two muttons a week for the use of herself and her household, a touching demonstration of loyalty which was rewarded when the King returned in the following spring by the permission to load a royal ship with hides and tallows. For the first time in the annals of the monastery a baby was born in the celibate Abbot's house, for here on the 2nd or 3rd of November 1470, the Queen gave birth to her elder son, called Edward after his absent father. His sister, Elizabeth, then a child of five, afterwards the wife and mother of the two first Tudor Kings, had been christened in this same church with much ceremony, having no less than three Duchesses and an Earl, Warwick "the Kingmaker," for her godparents. There was no royal grandeur about the christening of the heir to the English throne, who was baptized "with small pompe like a poure man's child;" two churchmen, the Abbot and his Prior Esteney—destined to receive the distressed mother again in after years—stood as godfathers, while the only godmother available was one of the attendants on the Queen, Lady Scrope.

Edward showed himself grateful for the protection extended to his wife in her hour of trial; Millyng was made Bishop of Hereford in 1474, whence he was brought to the Abbots' Chapel here for burial in 1492, and Esteney, of whose tomb we have already spoken, succeeded him as Abbot, while the Queen and even the little Prince gave money to the fabric fund, and Elizabeth founded a chantry, dedicated to St. Erasmus, in the Lady Chapel, the altar of which was removed to another site in the north ambulatory when her son-in-law, Henry VII., pulled down the old chapel. The young Edward was brought up with much care, and as Prince of Wales and heir to the throne early had a household of his own. When he was about eighteen months old he was brought again to the place of his birth on the feast of the Confessor's Translation, when a foreign noble, to whom Edward IV. was indebted for protection during his troubles, was created Earl of Winchester, and the King appeared in state in the Abbey. The baby

Prince was carried up the church in the arms of a doughty warrior, Thomas Vaughan, who had fought in no less than eighteen battles for the Yorkist cause during the recent Wars of the Roses. Shortly after this he was knighted by his grateful sovereign, and made chamberlain to Prince Edward, an office which cost him his life, for when Richard, Duke of Gloucester, prepared to usurp his nephew's throne he feared Vaughan's personal loyalty to his young master, and had him executed at Pontefract in June 1483. The valiant knight lies under a grey Purbeck altar-tomb against the wall in St. John the Baptist's Chapel; upon the slab part of his brass figure is still intact, the hands clasped in prayer, the head resting on a helmet with the Vaughan crest, a unicorn, but the feet and coats-of-arms have been torn off long ago. As soon as Richard had cleared the boy King's friends out of his way he dared to show his hand. The widowed Queen had already taken sanctuary again with her daughters and second son Richard, aged twelve, and her brother-in-law felt that he must secure the person of the younger as well as of the elder boy. So the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Bourchier, headed a deputation of nobles which visited Elizabeth in sanctuary, ostensibly to persuade, really to force her to give up young Richard. The wily Cardinal used as his argument the plea that Edward was dull alone in the Tower, "and required the company of his brother, for he was melancholy without a play-fellow." In the meantime Gloucester made sure of his prey by obliging his subservient council to ratify his assertion that children "being too young to sin could not take sanctuary." So, after a passionate protest, the mother delivered her boy over to his fate, uttering these sad words, which were wrung from her breaking heart: "Farewell, mine own sweet son, God send you good keeping; let me kiss you ere you go from me, God knoweth when we shall kiss together again." Then she embraced and blessed the weeping child, and turned away to hide her own tears. The rest of the boys' life is literally silence; all that we know about their end is owing to the research of Sir Thomas More, who succeeded in piecing together different bits of evidence till

he constructed a connected story which is generally accepted as credible.

While all the preparations for the young King's coronation, which had been definitely deferred from May to November, went on as before, Richard was secretly plotting his nephews' murder, but the deed was not done till after his own usurpation of the crown, although rumour credited him with the crime before it was accomplished. Early in August of this year, 1483, Brackenbury, the lieutenant of the Tower, received the royal command to put his youthful charges to death, but had the courage to refuse, with the result that soon afterwards a less scrupulous person, one Sir James Tyrell, was given the keys of the prison, superseding Brackenbury in the command for one night. During that night the foul murder was committed by two men in Tyrell's pay, the one his own groom, the other a gaoler, who burst into the children's room in the dark midnight, and "suddenly lapping them in the clothes, smothered and stifled them till thoroughly dead, then laying out their bodies on the bed they fetched Sir James to see them, who caused the murderers to bury them at the stair-foot under a heap of stones." Shakespeare has so touchingly described this tyrannous and bloody act that we cannot forbear to remind our readers of his words :—

"'Oh thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes,—
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost chang'd my mind
But, O, the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—'we smotherèd
The most replenishèd sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.'"

Of another boy King, Edward VI., who died before he became a man, we have spoken in his place amongst the other sovereigns who were crowned in the Abbey, but to a few traits of his character it is permissible to allude in

connection with this young Edward. Both Princes were educated with the care and state befitting their royal birth, but we know little of the fifth Edward's disposition save what we gather from the chronicler and from More's history, or in the portrait, which is so vividly set before us in a few touches by Shakespeare, who also delineates the younger brother Richard. But while Edward the Fourth's heir early had a governor and a schoolmaster, who were appointed just after his third birthday, Henry VIII. left his motherless son to the government of women till he was six. Then no less than four distinguished men, to all of whom we have referred before—Dr. Richard Cox, afterwards Dean of Westminster, Sir John Cheke, Sir Anthony Cooke, and Roger Ascham—had a hand in his schooling, and the boy showed a remarkable aptitude for classics; copybooks are still extant filled with his Latin and Greek exercises. One of his first letters is a Latin one, written when he was only eight, to his godfather Cranmer, and Cox describes the Prince soon afterwards as "a singular gift sent from God, and an imp worthy of such a father. He hath learned almost four books of Cato . . . to say without book . . . besides things of the Bible, the Satellitium of Vives, Æsop's Fables, and Latin-making." Later on Bishop Fox speaks of his proficiency in various tongues, French and more especially Latin, "in which tongue he uttered his mind no less readily and eloquently than I could do myself." In his childhood Edward cared little for games, probably because of his weak health, and he would shut himself into some sequestered chamber to learn his lessons. He was fond of field sports such as archery, running at the ring, hawking, and hunting, but was never strong enough to take part in the jousts and tourneys so fashionable at the court in those days. Like his father, Edward was fond of music; he played upon the lute, and had a private "orchestra" consisting of trumpets, lutes, viols, harps, and singing men, with which he once gave a concert in honour of his aunt Margaret, the Queen-Dowager of Scotland. This infant prodigy was not an attractive character; during the whole of his short life, he was sixteen when he died,

he neither professed nor felt affection for anybody, except, perhaps, for his tutor, Cheke, and his friend, Barnaby Fitzpatrick, who is traditionally supposed to have been "the whipping boy," flogged whenever the royal child deserved punishment. Yet he was religious-minded, according to his own limited fashion, and a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer. When Cheke at one time fell desperately sick, and was given over by his physicians, the young King declared he would not die, "for this morning I begged his life from God in my prayers, and obtained it, which accordingly came to pass, and he soon after . . . wonderfully recovered." Edward himself died with a prayer of his own composition on his lips. In his letters, and in all the entries in the journal, which he began to write soon after his accession, and broke off a few months before his death, probably owing to his increasing weakness, there is no trace of boyishness, not even of kindly feeling. When Admiral Seymour, who was always seeking to undermine the Protector's influence, remarked one day, referring to his brother, the Protector Somerset, "Your uncle is old, and I trust will not live long." "I answered," chronicles the boy himself, "it were better that he should die." Unheeding this, and many other proofs of callousness, Seymour continued his ambitious projects and continual insinuations against his brother's character, till he was himself brought to judgment, and executed with Edward's consent and full approval, although one of the crimes alleged against the admiral was the gift of money when his royal nephew was out of pocket, and afraid to apply to his other uncle. The worst proofs of the King's cold-blooded nature are the various entries in his journal and letters touching the Protector's fall. We find him enumerating in this journal, when his uncle appealed to him for pardon during his first imprisonment in the Tower, the faults of which he considered him guilty, such as: "Ambition, vain-glory, entering into rash wars in my youth . . . enriching himself with my treasure, following his own opinion, and doing all by his own authority." Later on after the Duke's second fall and execution, the diary, as well as a private letter he wrote to Fitzpatrick,

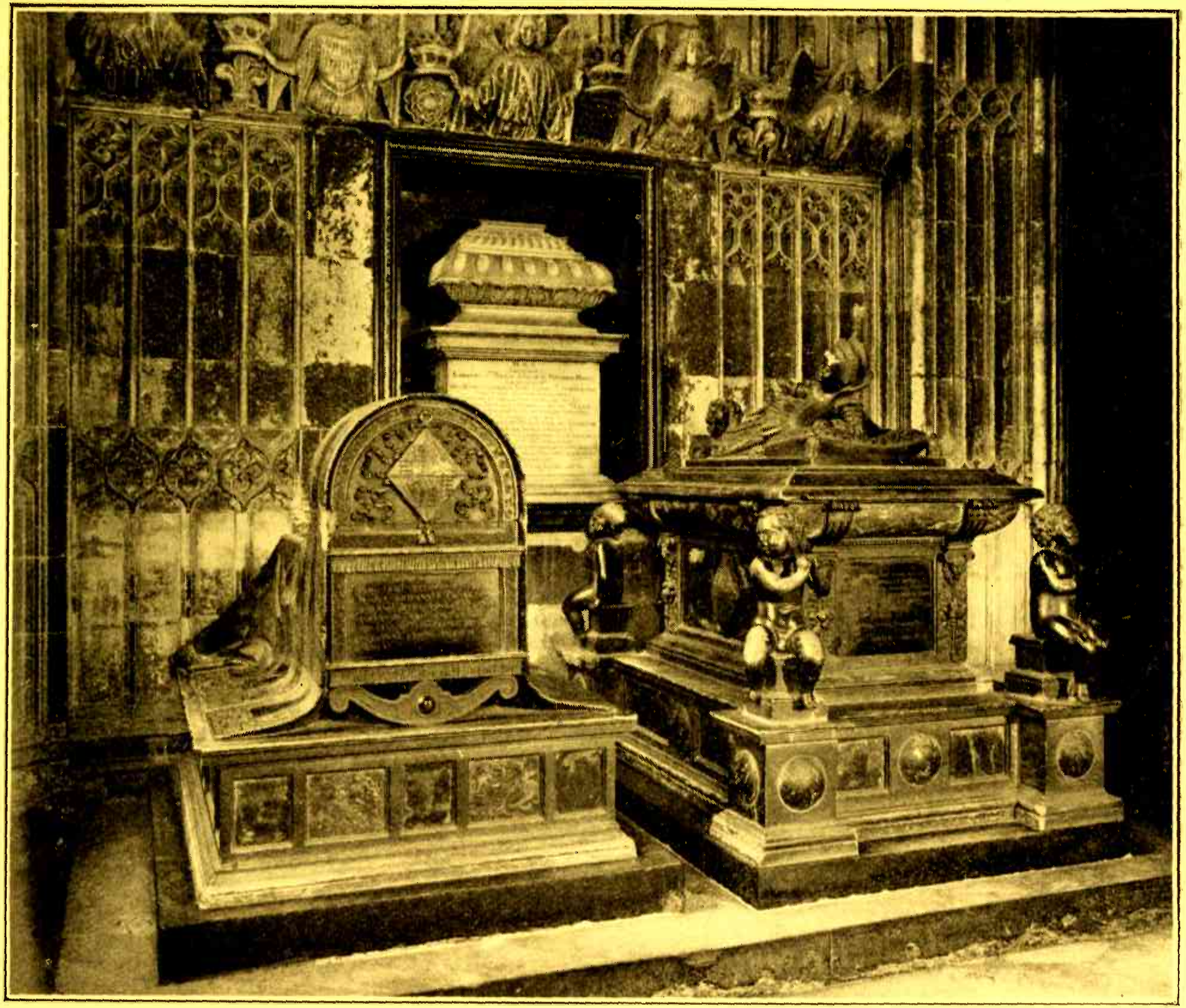
simply relate the bare fact that Somerset "had his head cut off on Tower Hill, January 22, 1552," with a list of the charges which were trumped up against him by his enemies. It is refreshing to read of the old woman who called the King an unnatural nephew, and wished she could have "the jerking," *i.e.* shaking, of him. Yet,[1] although modern research styles him a destroyer not a builder of schools, Edward the Sixth's name has always been connected, like that of his venerable great-grandmother, with the progress of learning; with those grammar schools which were founded in his time, though not actually by himself, and more especially with Christ's Hospital, the blue-coat school for poor boys, now removed to the country, with St. Thomas's and the Savoy hospitals for the sick poor.

Before passing on to Queen Anne's heir, William, the next boy Prince buried here—for Henry Frederick, James the First's elder son, although only nineteen, was a man, judged by the standard of those days—we must return for a while to the Innocents' Corner. Here are two little tombs, the last raised in honour of the numerous members of the Stuart royal family in the Abbey, which were erected by the children's father, James I.; the sculptor, Maximilian Colt, then at work on Elizabeth's monument close by, made both these, receiving £140 for Sophia's, and £215 for Mary's. The latter, an infant of three days (d. 1606), who is called in her Latin epitaph "a royal rose-bud plucked by premature fate, and snatched away from her parents . . . that she might flourish again in the rosary of Christ," lies in an elaborate cradle, "a sight wherewith vulgar eyes, especially of the weaker sex, are more affected (as level to their cognizance, more capable of what is pretty than what is pompous) than with all the magnificent monuments in Westminster." Long after Fuller penned this gibe, an American poetess, Susan Woolidge, affected as are most people of sensibility by the touching memorials to these baby Princesses, wrote some pretty verses which are still hanging on a card close by. The other child, Mary[2]

[1] A number of ancient educational establishments were destroyed in his reign by order of the Protector Somerset.

[2] The date, December 14, on the tomb should be September 16.

(d. 1607), lived till a few months over her second year. She was called after her grandmother, the Queen of Scots, and her father was fond of jesting about his little daughter's name, "he was wont pleasantly to say that he would not pray to the Virgin Mary, but he would pray *for* the Virgin Mary." As the first royal child born in England since the birth of Edward VI., a great deal of fuss went on before and after the event. Sir Dudley Carleton writes to his friend, Sir Ralph Cornwood: "Here is much ado about the Queen's down lying, and great suit made for offices of carrying the white staff, door-keeping, cradle-rocking, and such like gossips tricks, which you should understand better than I do." The baptism, which took place in Greenwich Chapel, was the first royal christening according to Protestant rites, and after it was over the Garter-King-at-Arms rehearsed the titles of the babe—"the high and noble Lady Mary." Lady Arbella, then at the apex of court favour, was chief godmother, and her rejected suitor, Anne of Denmark's brother, Duke Ulric of Holstein, was godfather. Mary's short life was spent with her foster-parents, Lord and Lady Knevet, at Stanmore, for she was put out to nurse after the fashion of the day, and neither parent was present at her deathbed, a pathetic scene which has been described by Leech, the clergyman who preached her funeral sermon. The little girl had lain for many hours in a burning fever, unable to speak, when she suddenly raised herself on her elbow, as we see her on the tomb, and "cried out 'I go, I go!' and again fixing her eyes upon her nurses with a constant look, she repeated 'Away I go!' and yet a third time, before she offered herself a sweet virgin sacrifice unto Him that made her, faintly cried: 'I go, I go!'" The infant Sophia's body had been carried from Greenwich Palace to the Abbey in a barge covered with black velvet, followed by three other barges, and interred with the ceremonial usually attending a royal burial, "all the great Lords of the Council and the heralds being present." But although the Queen begged the King to spend some money on Mary's funeral also, he disregarded her wishes, and the Princess's coffin, after resting at the Deanery the night before,



THE INNOCENTS' CORNER

was privately buried by Dean Neile on the following day (September 23, 1607). The volatile Queen did not mourn long for her child. She retired at first to Hampton Court, and Lord Salisbury reported that "though she felt her loss naturally, yet now it is irrevocable she taketh it well and wisely," but the court life soon went on again as gaily as before, in fact the revels that Christmastide, the masques, theatricals, and gambling waxed faster and more uproarious than ever.

In the opposite aisle, within the Scotch Queen's vault, many royal children are buried, including two little ones of Charles I. The first-born died within an hour of his baptism, and was buried just after midnight by Dr. Laud. It is said that one of the court ladies, the wife of the Attorney-General, Sir John Davys, who posed as a prophetess, had alarmed the young Queen by predicting that she should shortly have a son, "but it was no less true that it would be born, christened, and buried all in one day." The prophecy was fulfilled, for Henrietta Maria, or "Mary" as she was always called, was frightened by the rough play of two big dogs in the gallery of Greenwich Palace, and the infant was born before either doctors or nurses could be summoned, and pined away the same day. Princess Anne, whose tiny coffin lies beside her baby brother, near to those of the other brother, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and the sister, Elizabeth of Bohemia, both of whom "lived to years," died in 1640 at the early age of four. Fuller supplies us with a story about the deathbed of this "very pregnant lady" of four years old. "Being told to pray by those about her at the last, 'I am not able,' saith she, 'to say my long prayer (meaning the Lord's Prayer), but I will say my short one: Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.' This done the little lamb gave up the ghost." Ten young children of James II. by his first wife, Anne Hyde, and by his second, Mary of Modena, lie in the same royal vault; where are buried no less than eighteen grandchildren, the progeny of his daughter, Queen Anne, and Prince George of Denmark, none of whom survived their infancy save

William, Duke of Gloucester, who died aged eleven in 1700.

The little Duke was undoubtedly an attractive boy, and had he lived the direct line of Stuart might have held the English throne for another generation, but fate willed otherwise. His health was feeble from the beginning, and he was only reared with the utmost care; till he was about three or four he could not walk up and down stairs, but the story that his father, Prince George of Denmark, believed this infirmity to be merely a fad and flogged him till he ran up without support seems scarcely credible. Up till the age of nine, save on various occasions when Prince George interfered with his somewhat brutal ideas of discipline, William was left entirely under the charge of his mother and her women, but from that time his large head, the size of which has been supposed to denote a tendency to water on the brain, was literally stuffed with learning. Thus in some ways the Prince with his delicate physique and abnormal learning resembled the boy King of whom we have already spoken, but in his case the learning was crammed into him, not eagerly absorbed. Bishop Burnet, a strong anti-Jacobite and a person very antipathetic to Anne, was appointed his tutor by the royal command, and every quarter the poor child was solemnly examined by four of the ministers of state, who asked him questions—not on his classical attainments, which were no longer considered suitable for Princes—but on all sorts of abstruse subjects, such as the feudal system, jurisprudence, and the Gothic laws; it is no wonder that the boy's naturally bright and merry nature changed, and he became old and grave beyond his years. While he was still free from these irksome lessons, and in a less degree up to the end of his short life, young William's greatest passion was playing at soldiers, a taste encouraged both by his father and by his austere uncle, the King, who appears to have been really fond of his heir, although it is true that he showed no sorrow for his untimely death. Queen Mary would often accompany her husband on visits to Campden House, and watch the grand field-days in Kensington Gardens, for the Duke had not only toy soldiers but also a regiment

of boys, whom he called his horse-guards, and four cannon. On one occasion when King William came to see his nephew, just before the Flemish campaign, after a royal salute had been fired on the toy ordnance, the small soldier, then aged five, marched up to his Majesty with the quaintly-worded remark: "My dear King, you shall have both my companies and myself to serve you in Flanders." Shortly before his end we find the Duke keeping Queen Elizabeth's birthday, which was celebrated as a Protestant demonstration in those days, by firing off all his miniature artillery and making great rejoicings in Windsor Park. His own eleventh birthday was destined to be an ominous festival. The boy had a perfectly happy day after his own heart, he reviewed his regiment, his toy guns roared a royal salute, and he had the rare indulgence of a grand banquet and crackers, as a rule he was kept on the plainest fare and allowed no sweets or cakes. One account says that he overheated himself by excessive dancing. Whatever the cause, by the next day young Gloucester was prostrated by a "burning fever," and before his own physician, the famous Dr. Ratcliffe, who was hastily summoned, had arrived, a local practitioner bled the feverish boy after the barbarous fashion of the age. Ratcliffe's only comment was: "Then you have destroyed him, and you may finish him, for I will not prescribe," a resolution for which he was very much blamed by public opinion. For five days Anne endured the agony of seeing her only surviving child slowly die. So great indeed was her despair that she shed no tear, and no trace of grief appeared upon her features when she rose from her place by his death-bed and retired to her own apartments after he had breathed his last, a self-command which elicited only accusations of want of feeling instead of admiration at the time. The wasted little corpse lay in state at Windsor for fourteen days, and then was carried to Westminster Hall, partly by coach partly by water, escorted by the Duke's governor, the Earl[1] of Marlborough, and his tutor, Bishop Burnet, by torchlight at dead of night.

[1] Afterwards the Duke.

There it lay for a few days in a chamber draped with black, called the "Prince's robing room," and thence (August 9) it was taken to the Abbey, where the coffin was met by the clergy and choir in procession, and buried with no great ceremonial in the vault of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Many other children, whose very existence has long been forgotten, rest in other parts of the Abbey, notably in the nave and cloisters, but there are some to whom we must allude before we leave these memorials of the dead little ones. In the Chapel of St. Nicholas two infants are commemorated by ugly marble monuments, the heart of the one, Anna Sophia (d. 1605), daughter of the French ambassador, Bellamonte, is in a vase; the other, with the heart in an urn, is a memorial to Nicholas Bagenall (d. 1688), a baby two months old, "by his nurs unfortunately overlaid." The nurse must have tried to make some amends for her carelessness if, as Colonel Chester conjectures, she is the Frances Dobbs (d. 1692) who left all her possessions to the infant's mother, combined with a request that she might be buried as near him as possible. This wish was not complied with, judging by the evidence of the Abbey registers. But when Lady Anne Bagenall herself died in 1713, she was interred near her only child; whether the desire expressed in her will that "the Heart that is in the urne (presumably the baby's heart) be thence taken out and put into my Body with mine," was literally carried out is more than doubtful. Several of the Westminster scholars have been buried here at various times; two, for instance, who were drowned lie in the cloisters, another boy, Philip Carteret (d. 1711), son of Sir George, first Baron Carteret, was honoured with a monument. The figure of Time holds a label upon which are inscribed some Latin verses written by Dr. Robert Freind, then second, afterwards headmaster, of the school, brother of the famous physician, to whom we shall refer later on. Close by is a memorial to another Carteret, Edward (d. 1677), a child of seven, the son of Sir Edward de Carteret, gentleman usher of the Black Rod. His sister Elizabeth (d. 1715), the

young widow of Sir Philip Carteret, is commemorated in the choir aisle.

Fain would we stay and, searching the records, recall other young lives cut off in their budding time and laid to rest amidst the men of note in this historic church, but "persons of importance" are waiting till the children make way for them, and we must pass on. In the cloisters two tablets call for passing mention, the one bears the simple yet most pathetic inscription to "Jane Lister, dear childe" (d. 1688), a little girl of five, daughter by his first wife of the naturalist, Dr. Martin Lister, who was second physician to Queen Anne at the time of his child's death. Two centuries later the other tablet was put up by the Dean and Chapter in the Little Cloisters in memory of a boy of sixteen, Edward Roper (d. 1887), who spent five years of his short life in the choir school, and delighted all who heard him sing by his exceptionally beautiful voice.

CHAPTER XVII

POETS, POETASTERS, AND MEN OF LETTERS IN THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES

IT was long before literary merit, longer still before genius was recognised as a passport to the honour of an Abbey grave or monument. Shakespeare himself was not commemorated here for over a century after his death, and Milton had received the same tardy tribute only three years earlier. Geoffrey Chaucer (d. 1400), the father of English poetry, lived in a house abutting on the old Lady Chapel, and was clerk of the works at Westminster Palace close by. Although favoured at the courts of three Kings—Edward III., Richard II., and finally Henry IV. —Chaucer died a comparatively poor and unknown man; he was buried in the Abbey probably merely because he lived in the precincts, or possibly because the Abbot wished to oblige his patron, John of Gaunt. The exact place of the grave is still open to conjecture. According to the best authority it was at the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel, close to Dryden; and Dart says his gravestone was sawn asunder to make way for that poet's monument. A leaden plate with an epitaph by Surigonius of Milan, a foreign laureate, long hung on the pillar adjacent to his grave, and was his only memorial. At last, 150 years after his death, one Nicholas Brigham, a poet himself and an enthusiastic admirer of the venerable bard, procured an early sixteenth-century grey marble tomb and canopy (perhaps from one of the dismantled city churches) and put it up in the south transept, with a portrait of Chaucer painted at the back. To this tomb Camden says that Chaucer's bones were removed, but his assertion is open to question.

It was not for another fifty years that the name of Poets' Corner was applied to the eastern part of the south transept, and then not primarily because of Chaucer's name, but with reference to the burial of Spenser, the darling poet of his generation. The western wall of this same transept was early dedicated to prose writers, and called the historical side on account, in the first instance, of the celebrated antiquary, Camden's monument. Although there are conspicuous omissions from the ranks of the poets, while the Lake bards and some other men of letters will be found in the baptistery, yet on the whole the chief names in English literature for the better part of three centuries are recorded here. Many a person, who was famous in his own generation, is also commemorated in this sacred spot, but their fame has long been obscured by the dust of ages, and it is our object here, while recording the roll of the great dead, to recall also the memories of those long forgotten.

It is impossible to divide the literary men of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries strictly into the ranks of verse and prose writers, of dramatists and scholars, even of theologians and antiquarians, for most of the poets and dramatists were classical scholars, while the chief theologians themselves were not above dabbling in Latin or English verse. All were moving in the same set more or less; thus the early seventeenth-century writers were friends of Ben Jonson and of old Camden alike, while later on the royalist literary men circled round Davenant and Denham, and towards the end of the century Dryden was their guiding star. In the eighteenth century there were perhaps more feuds, for politics became mixed up with literature to an acute degree; but whether as friend or enemy the different literary circles were controlled by the opinion of such men as Addison, Pope, Swift, and notably the great Doctor Johnson.

Spenser died at the end of the Elizabethan era, but his friendship with Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton, both of whom are also commemorated here, links his name with the generation which gave birth to Milton and Dryden.

The last ten years of his life were spent on an estate which had been granted to him out of the forfeited property of the Earls of Desmond in Munster. Here he wrote the greater part of his famous poem, "The Faerie Queene," which was dedicated to "the most magnificent Empresse Elizabeth," and won for him the admiration of his contemporaries, and a small pension from the Queen herself. But misfortune darkened the end of his career; his house was burnt over his head; he and his wife, with their four little children, barely escaped with their lives, and lost all they possessed; according to Ben Jonson their new-born babe perished in the flames. The poet returned to London broken in health and in spirits, and passed away at a hostel in King Street, Westminster (January 16, 1599), so poor that his friends afterwards exaggerated his poverty and declared that he died for lack of bread.

A memorable gathering of the poets assembled at the funeral, and "mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his tomb"; the vault was hewn in the stone close to the monument of his master in poetry, Geoffrey Chaucer. The memorial to Spenser, for which the money granted by Elizabeth was, according to the gossip of the day, embezzled by one of her courtiers, was not put up till twenty-one years after his death, and then through the liberality of a noble lady, Ann Clifford, Countess of Dorset. But the fate which had pursued the poet all his life overtook his monument, which was by the noted sculptor, Nicholas Stone, and it crumbled away before the end of the next century, but was replaced in 1778 by a copy of the first, for which the poet Mason collected the funds. The epitaph is a sufficient comment on the durability of his fame: "Here lyes expecting the second comminge of our Saviour Christ Jesus, the body of Edmond Spencer, the Prince of Poets in his tyme, whose divine spirrit needs noe other witnesse than the workes which he left behind him."

Of Spenser's friends and contemporaries who died before the civil war, Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton were not even commemorated in Poets' Corner at the time of their

THE WAX EFFIGY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

See b. 137

death, and only Drayton was buried here. Drayton (d. 1631) has a romantic love story; it is said that for thirty years he was hopelessly in love with a Warwickshire lady; he was a native of that county. The beautiful sonnet, "Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part," written in 1619, was addressed to this obdurate beauty, and another poem which complains "of his Lady's not coming to town," was published eight years later, and shows that he remained a constant lover. For this unnamed mistress's sake, in fact, Drayton lived and died a bachelor. His tablet is in the corner dedicated to Chaucer, and the same generous Countess, who gave the one to the memory of the great Spenser, erected the other to the scarcely less celebrated author of the "Polyolbion." Goldsmith makes his Citizen of the World protest, less than half a century after his death, that he had never heard his name before; and the touching lines, attributed to Ben Jonson's pen, on the "pious marble" appeal in vain to the modern tourist to remember "what they and what their children owe to Drayton's name, Whose sacred dust we recommend unto thy trust." Drayton himself, in some verses written shortly before his death, speaks of his own "swart and melancholy face," while another poet, Quarles, alludes to him as one who "had drunk as deep a draught of Helican as any in his time." Ben Jonson, on the other hand, is by no means forgotten, and his judgment on his contemporaries, notably his opinion of his friend or rather his acquaintance, Shakespeare, and of his patron, Lord Bacon, is continually being appealed to even now.

Ben's career is even more chequered than that of his boon companions at the Mermaid tavern. He was educated partly at Westminster School, when Camden, who befriended him and paid for his schooling, was second master, and a doubtful tradition takes him as a student to St. John's College, Cambridge. He was afterwards a bricklayer, a soldier, travelling tutor to Sir Walter Raleigh's son, and an actor by turns, but he won a name for himself as a poet and dramatist, more especially as a writer of masques. For ten years Ben Jonson was high in favour

at the court of James I., and received the post of master of the revels. He, Samuel Daniel, and Spenser are described as poet laureates each in succession to the other, but there is no official record of this tradition; it is certain, however, that Jonson wrote birthday odes and such like poems in honour of his sovereigns, and was paid for these courtly verses by both James and Charles I. The end of the poet-dramatist's life was passed in retirement and poverty. He died August 6, 1637, in one of the little houses which used to cover St. Margaret's churchyard, and, as a dweller in the precincts, was buried here. His grave is in the nave, and a mural monument with a bas-relief portrait bust was put up close to Spenser's tablet early in the eighteenth century (1728) by a posthumous admirer, the Earl of Oxford. The words upon his ancient gravestone (which has been removed for preservation to the wall close by), "O rare Ben Jonson," are repeated upon his monument, and copied also on Davenant's slab; they are traditionally said to have been "donne at the chardge of Jack Young, afterwards knighted, who, walking here when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteenpence to cut it." Another well-known story tells of the poet's jesting reply to Dean Williams, who rallied him on his prospective burial in Poets' Corner. "I am too poor for that, and no one will lay out funeral charges upon me. No, sir, six feet long by two feet wide is too much for me; two feet by two will do for all I want." The Dean promised he should have this space, and there is no doubt that Jonson was literally buried in a standing position, for his leg-bones were seen "fixed bolt upright in the sand" by the clerk of the works in 1849, and the skull, with pieces of red hair upon it, "came rolling down from a position above the leg-bones to the bottom of the newly-made grave," that of Sir Robert Wilson, the Governor of Gibraltar. Once again the great Ben's head-piece was seen when the coffin of John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon, was re-interred close by ten years later.

Within the south ambulatory and St. Benedict's Chapel, not actually inside Poets' Corner, are the graves of two brothers, the Beaumonts. The elder, Sir John (d. 1627),

was well known in his own day as a writer of graceful verse, and his brother's first poem was prefixed to an ode which Sir John wrote to tobacco. The younger, Francis (d. 1616), the dramatist, is more familiar to us now as the collaborator with Fletcher in many a poetic play. Francis Beaumont's connection with Fletcher dated from their early youth; "there was a wonderful consimility of phantasy between him and Mr. Jo. Fletcher, which caused that dearness of friendship between them . . . they lived together on the Banke side (Southwark) not far from the playhouse (the Globe), both batchelors," and "had the same cloaths and cloake between them"; they shared Francis's little patrimony, and were therefore not so poverty-stricken as most of their brother bards. With Drayton and Ben Jonson all three were on terms of intimate friendship. Drayton writes of the brothers as "my dear companions whom I freely chose my bosom friends, and in their several ways rightly born poets, and in their last days men of much note and no less nobler parts." Francis speaks of Jonson as a dear friend in many of the poems which he wrote as prologues to Ben's plays. While Bishop Cowley says of the young dramatist's premature end—

> "Beaumont is dead, by whose sole death appears
> Wit's a disease consumes men in few years."

Drayton attributes Sir John's death to "a too fiery brain and overwrought body."

The name of Francis Beaumont must ever be dear to all lovers of the Abbey for the sake of his beautiful poem on the tombs: "Mortality, behold and fear!" which is too well known to bear quotation here.

Farther down the south ambulatory is Fanelli's beautiful bust of that exquisite writer of courtly lyrics, Sir Robert Ayton (1638), poet and classical scholar, the intimate friend alike of the roystering Ben Jonson and of the serious philosopher, Thomas Hobbes. Ayton, who was in high favour at the court of James I., was a man of such rare beauty of character that nobody envied him his many

honours, and some even held that "he deserved greater," this, in spite of the fact that he was on friendly terms with all the literary men of his day, most of whom were not above "envy, hatred, and malice." His modesty is attested by the fact that he made no claim to be a poet, and "neither publish't in print nor kept coppyes of anything he writt either in Latin or English"; his poems were not, in fact, actually published till 1844, although his nephew had carefully copied them all out in manuscript.

Not far from Ayton's bust is the grave of another Scotch court favourite, Spottiswoode (1639), Archbishop of St. Andrews, the historian of the Church of Scotland, whose history, undertaken at the King's request, was only carried on to 1625, although he survived fourteen years later. He officiated at the Scotch coronation of Charles I., and was honoured by royal command with a state funeral. Beyond the iron gates lies a member of the same family, William Spottiswoode (d. 1883), President of the Royal Society and printer to the Queen.

In 1650 another historian was buried in Poets' Corner; Tom May was the author of a history of the Long Parliament, and a court poet in his youth, petted by Charles I., who called him "his own poet." May and Davenant were rivals for the laureateship, and May was much chagrined at Davenant's success. When he was disappointed of another post at court his loyalty received a severe check, and on the outbreak of the civil war, he deserted his royal patron without any scruple as to former favours. Although May thus threw in his lot with the Puritan side, he remained a roystering cavalier at heart, and joined the free-living, free-thinking section of the Independent party. Wood's story of his death is well known. He says that going to bed very late, after a hearty supper, the historian "tied his nightcap too close under his fat cheeks and chin, which choked him when he turned on the other side"; while, according to Maxwell's jesting rhyme—

> "As one put drunk into a packet boat,
> Tom May was hurried hence and did not know't."

The Council of State arranged a grand public funeral, and put up a monument, which was ignominiously ousted from its place near Casaubon's after the Restoration, and the vacant spot usurped by one to that distinguished scholar, Prebendary Triplett (1670). May's bones shared the same fate, and his rival, Sir William Davenant, was afterwards buried in his empty grave. Davenant had remained faithful to the royal cause, and acted as a letter-carrier between the King and Queen after Henrietta's escape abroad. He was ultimately arrested and thrown into the Tower, but after two years' imprisonment he was released, through the influence of Milton, and allowed to retire into a safe obscurity. Unlike May, who was hated and despised by the other side, Davenant won favour from his foes; after Cromwell became Protector, several of his masques, the music for which was composed by Henry Lawes, were performed by a company he collected together in a theatre called the Opera. Of the famous theatre which Davenant built after the Restoration, and the leading actors and actresses who belonged to his company, we shall hear again. The manager himself died, in 1668, of the plague, and was buried with much pomposity in the Abbey. Pepys remarks that "there were many coaches and six horses, and many hacknies, which made it look, methought, as if it were the burial of a poor poet . . . he seemed to have many children, by five or six in the first mourning coach, all boys." Davenant left several young children by his second wife. Although Denham notes that the coffin, of walnut wood, was the finest he ever saw, yet the poets were much vexed by the omission of the laureate's usual laurel wreath. Sir William was a link between the old generation of poets and the new, represented by Dryden, who succeeded him as laureate, while he himself is said to have followed Ben Jonson in that honoured post. Born at Oxford, he was known amongst his fellow-bards as "the sweet swan of Isis"; and many of them believed the preposterous story, which Davenant used to repeat himself in his cups, that Shakespeare, who had stayed in the old days at his father's hostelry, was

his real parent; he even prided himself on a fancied resemblance to the immortal bard.

Cowley (1667) and Denham (1669), both friends of Davenant's, were buried in Poets' Corner, near Chaucer's monument, within the twelvemonth before and after his death. The two poets had, like Davenant himself, temporarily left their muse to serve their sovereign, and had joined the young Charles abroad after his father's execution; but while their deserts were the same, their rewards were incomparably different.

Cowley composed a song of triumph on the King's restoration to his kingdom, but he received no personal recognition of his services from Charles, who allowed him to retire to a small estate in the country, where in spite of royal neglect he led a happy and bucolic life. He died from a cold caught by staying out too late in the fields superintending his labourers, but Pope repeats an unfounded and malicious story, which attributed his death to a night spent under a hedge, he and his crony Sprat (afterwards Dean of Westminster) having lost their way when returning from too jovial a supper. The King suddenly awoke to the deceased man's worth when he heard of his death. "Mr. Cowley has not left a better man in England," he exclaimed, and forthwith, encouraged by the royal approval, the nobles and gentry, the Bishops and lesser clergy, supported by all the wits of the town, assembled in a great concourse at the poet's funeral. He rests truly in honourable company, near Chaucer, below the bust of Dryden, who spoke always of the elder bard as the darling of his youth, close to the modern laureate Tennyson, and beside Browning.

Sir John Denham, who was made surveyor of the works (a post held till 1657 by Inigo Jones) and a K.C.B. by Charles II., survived his friend two years, but he did not long enjoy these well-merited honours. His later years were clouded with misfortunes, partly the result of his own drinking and gambling habits, partly the fault of others. His beautiful second wife became the mistress of a royal Prince, James, Duke of York, whose escape from St. James's Palace in his boyhood had been arranged by the

very man whom he now betrayed. From despair at the treachery of his wife and friend, or some said from a more prosaic cause, a blow on his head, Denham lost his wits for a time, and while thus demented visited the King in the character of the Holy Ghost. Scarcely had he recovered his mental health than his false wife died suddenly, and rumour accused him of compassing her death by poison. Although the accusation proved to be groundless, popular opinion judged the poet to be guilty, and a raging mob surrounded his house, whose fury he only appeased by a liberal distribution of burnt sack, and by giving the dead woman a splendid funeral at St. Margaret's Church. Denham's last poetical effort was his fine elegy on Cowley, which, although the courtiers, by whom he was detested, still reported him to be mad, does not show any trace of mental disturbance. He was buried with no pomp of mourning close to Cowley. Aubrey gives a striking picture of the old cavalier poet; he describes him as of a slow and stalking gait, tall and bent, "his eie was a kind of light goose gray, not big, but it had a strange piercingness, not as to shining and glory, but like a momus; when he conversed with you he look't into your very thoughts."

Scarcely three months after Denham's death came the turn of another poet, who had also fought in the civil wars, and was knighted at Nottingham by Charles I. himself. Sir Robert Stapylton (1669) had been a Benedictine monk in France in his youth before he appeared at the English court, "too gay and poetical" a gallant for a monkish cell, and his bones rest in a Benedictine church; his grave is close to the old vestry door. His plays were favourites at the Restoration court. Pepys describes the performance of one, "The Slighted Maid," in which the Bettertons took the leading parts at Davenant's playhouse on the anniversary of Coronation Day in 1663. Amongst other leading literary courtiers of this period the ill-fated Strafford's nephew, Dillon Wentworth, Earl of Roscommon (1685), had some contemporary reputation both as a poet and as a skilful numismatist; his linguistic attainments were also beyond the average. After his uncle's execution he

was sent to be educated in Normandy by the advice of Archbishop Ussher, who interested himself in the clever boy. With the Restoration he became Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York, and his popularity at court is attested by his grand funeral, 129 mourning coaches following the hearse. But his memory was soon forgotten, and the monument projected by his friends failed for lack of funds. His last hours were passed in the composition of "an excellent divine poem," to commemorate his friendship with the preacher, Dr. Chetwynd; and when death numbed his active brain, he was heard to murmur with his latest breath the words: "My God, my Father and my Friend, do not forsake me at the end," from his own translation of the *Dies Ira*.

Even as the death of Spenser had marked with black the last years of the sixteenth century, and heralded a period of mourning amongst the poets who survived into the new era, so did the glorious Dryden's decease (May 1, 1700) cast a gloom on the dawn of the eighteenth. His rival Shadwell (1692), who had succeeded Dryden as poet-laureate on his political disgrace, had already passed away, and a cenotaph in Poets' Corner records his forgotten fame. The two poets had once been "particular friends," but Shadwell began a wordy strife by grossly libelling Dryden in his poem, "The Medal of John Bays," to which the then laureate retorted by a savage attack on the "true blue Protestant poet" in the "MacFlecknoe." The paper war continued till Shadwell died suddenly from the effects of opium eating; he was buried at Chelsea, but his son, Sir John Shadwell, a well-known physician, was allowed to commemorate his father amongst the poets. This was the more uncalled for since Shadwell's character was no better than his muse; Nell Gwyn describes him as drinking ale at the Duke's playhouse "all the day long" with the Earl of Dorset, to whom he left a ring in memory of their boon companionship.

Dryden's funeral was a curious and ever-remembered ceremony. The embalmed body of this renowned poet lay in state like that of a royal personage first at the College

of Physicians, then in the Jerusalem Chamber. A Latin oration was set to music and sung by the choir boys as an anthem, and the literary Dean Sprat read the service. The number of friends and admirers who thronged to pay the last honours to the poet-laureate was so great that a hundred mourning coaches were necessary. The confusion and crowd inside and outside the Abbey gave rise to a burlesque description, written by Tom Brown at the time, and afterwards used by a lady-author, "Corinna" (Mrs. Thomas), as the foundation of a story which was printed in a life of Congreve, and long looked upon as a true account of Dryden's funeral. Notwithstanding all this pomp and the honour paid to the poet's remains at the time of his death, the body lay in an unrecorded grave under, says Pope, "a rude and nameless stone" for twenty years, when at last that lover of literary men, John Sheffield, put up a monument close to the spot, but would not allow Pope's florid epitaph to be inscribed upon it. Another decade passed and Sheffield's widow, the eccentric Duchess Frances to whom we have referred before, replaced the first bust by another, which she commissioned Scheemakers to make for the purpose.

Minor poets and prose writers galore were honoured by graves and even monuments in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century, and Sprat and Atterbury are largely to blame for the partiality which they showed to every member of the literary and dramatic coterie of the day, whatever their merits or de-merits, while Sprat refused to admit a memorial to Milton, and considered his very name as a pollution to these walls. The personal character of the persons, whose burial they permitted within this sacred building, can have been of small account in those days to the Abbey authorities, since the notorious evil-liver and free-thinker, St. Evremond, was actually buried in Poets' Corner in 1703, although—according to Atterbury—he renounced Christianity with his latest breath. Not only so, but Dean Sprat allowed Dr. Birch, a prebendary here, to erect a memorial to him. The following year another literary man with a worse reputation, Tom

Brown, the facetious essayist, was interred in the cloisters close to his friend, the novelist and dramatist, Aphra Behn (d. 1689).

The life and writings of Tom Brown, that merry wag "who laugh'd a race of rascals down," were equally low. It was said of him at the time that he "had less the spirit of a gentleman than the rest of the wits, and more of a scholar." His witty translation of a Latin epigram, which he applied to the famous Dr. Fell, who was about to rusticate him from Christ Church, and forgave him for the sake of his ready wit, is perhaps the only specimen of his style which has been handed down to posterity :—

> "I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell;
> But this I know, and know full well,
> I do not love thee, Dr. Fell."

Brown afterwards wrote an epitaph for Dr. Fell's monument in Christchurch Cathedral, Oxford. The authorship of the *London Spy*, formerly attributed to him on his gravestone, which is now defaced, is incorrect. The real author was Ned Ford. Sprat was responsible again for the interment of "Astræa," the only woman novelist ever buried here, and by no means a shining example to the rest of the sex. Besides her literary works, she occasionally employed her wits in political matters, and was sent by Charles II. as a spy to Holland in 1666. So bad was her reputation, however, that no credit was given to her timely warning of the memorable project, which De Ruyter and De Wit planned and actually carried out, of sailing up the Thames and firing the British ships, a bold stroke which took the English admirals completely by surprise.[1]

With such examples before them one cannot wonder that the later Deans found precedents for the interment of immoral dramatists, such as Congreve (1729), whose monument is close to Wharton's, that spiritual young

[1] See page 190.

divine; and actresses, such as Congreve's friend, Ann Oldfield. Congreve was considered as the first dramatist of his age by his contemporaries, and was placed at the outset of his career, by Dryden's extravagant eulogy, upon such a pinnacle of greatness that Shakespeare remained his only rival. As in the case of his master Dryden, Congreve's body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and amongst the pall-bearers walked no less a person than the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, while another brilliant politician, Lord Cobham, erected a memorial to the popular dramatist on his own estate, Stowe. Congreve left most of his fortune, with the exception of small legacies, such as £200 to the actress Mrs. Bracegirdle, to Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, daughter and heiress of the great Duke. She spent £7000 out of the £10,000 on a diamond necklace, and with some of the balance erected the monument in the nave, upon which is an inscription of her own composition. It was commonly reported at the time that she had an ivory statuette, moved by clockwork, of the deceased poet placed on the table at meals, with which she dined, having all the dishes set before it, and conversed as if it were her friend himself. She added to her follies by keeping a wax doll made after Congreve's image, whose feet she daily blistered in memory of the tortures which he had suffered from the gout. In the south aisle of the choir the monument of young Lady Grace Gethin (d. 1697) records a spurious literary reputation, which shames Congreve and the rest of his set. A collection of papers, purporting to be reflections noted down by the lady "with a pencil at spare hours or as she was dressing," was published after her death, and to the third edition Congreve prefixed a laudatory poem. This popular book proved to be merely a compilation of extracts from Bacon and other well-known writers, and shows up either the ignorance of the dramatist or the credulity of the reading public. Lady Gethin left a bequest for an annual sermon to be preached in the Abbey on Ash Wednesday, as a memorial of her virtues and talents. It is a relief to turn from such trivialities to the cenotaph which was put up by his patron, Harley, to Ernest Grabe (1711),

the learned Prussian Orientalist, whose admiration for the English Church brought him over to be ordained, and whose latter years were spent in London.

Pope's connection with the Abbey was so close—he was a friend of two Deans, Sprat and Atterbury, and he wrote so many of the poets' epitaphs—that it is strange to find no memorial to him here.

Swift himself is also omitted, but his great friend, the well-known writer, Dr. William King (1712), "the King of the Commons," lies in the cloisters; his biography may be summed up in one of Dr. Johnson's portentous judgments: "Though his life had not been without irregularity, his principles were pure and orthodox, and his death was pious."

Earlier in the century a tablet to a popular poet and wit, John Phillips (1709), was placed in close proximity to Chaucer's monument. The Latin inscription, which compares Phillips with Milton, was erased by the royalist Dean Sprat, but it was restored by Dean Atterbury, and twenty-seven years later a tardy memorial to Milton was at last placed in Poets' Corner. Phillips was a Herefordshire man and buried in Hereford Cathedral; he was famous in his own county chiefly for his poem on Cyder. His verse was usually modelled upon Milton's, and when a boy he would sit and read that poet by the hour, while a schoolfellow combed his long curling locks; he was a delicate child, very popular with the other boys in spite of his literary tastes. Addison calls his other long poem, "The Splendid Shilling," the finest burlesque in the English language, while Pope praises his verse in unmeasured terms, but both he and Johnson objected to his choice of subjects. Phillips constantly sings the praises, for instance, of "nature's choicest gift," tobacco.

Milton's cenotaph was put up by the Whig politician, William Benson, a generous patron of literature and "a professed admirer of Milton," with a somewhat egotistical inscription which called forth the satirical remark from Dr. Johnson: "Mr. Benson has bestowed more words upon himself than upon Milton." Pope also pilloried the epitaph

in the "Dunciad"—"On Poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ."

In 1721 the burial of William Longueville, in the north-east ambulatory, carries the memory back over forty years to the time when the talented author of "Hudibras," Samuel Butler (1680), was not considered worthy of a free plot of ground amongst the poets. Longueville, his friend and patron, could not collect sufficient money to pay the Chapter burial fees, so Butler lies in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. Charles the Second's neglect was the scandal of the age, for he had taken him up violently at first; the King, in fact,

> "Never ate, nor drank, nor slept,
> But Hudibras still near him kept;
> Nor would he go to church or so,
> But Hudibras must with him go."

In spite of this passion for his poetry, Charles is said to have given no pecuniary help to the author, and allowed him to die in poverty. The accusation was afterwards denied, but the royal purse was not opened at Butler's death, and it was not till by a strange coincidence the very year of Longueville's death that a monument was put up to the poet's memory. The tablet, which is next to Spenser's, was paid for by John Barber, a printer who had risen to be Lord Mayor, and whose generosity evoked Pope's spiteful couplet—

> "But whence this Barber? that a name so mean
> Should joined with Butler's on a tomb be seen."

This same year (1721) Matthew Prior, who had entered Westminster School a few months before Butler died and was likewise a protégé of the Earl of Dorset, was buried by his own wish at the feet of Spenser. Prior was of humble origin: Dorset discovered him as a lad reading Horace in the intervals of serving drink to the customers in his uncle's wine shop. The wits who frequented the tavern used to divert themselves by making the boy turn their English verses into Latin, but at last, through Dorset's influence and generosity, he was received into

Westminster School, and thence obtained an Oxford scholarship. Later on Prior became secretary to our ambassador at The Hague, and such was his talent for diplomacy, that he was taken notice of by crowned heads abroad as well as patronised by literary and political leaders at home. The poet left £500 to pay for his monument; the bust upon it was presented to him in his lifetime by Louis XIV., and the inscription was written by his former headmaster, Dr. Freind. His poems were collected into a large folio and published during his lifetime, but are now dead to fame. The name of one, "The City Mouse and Country Mouse," is remembered only because it was a satire on Dryden's "Hind and Panther," and is said to have drawn tears of annoyance from that poet, a piece of gossip denied by Dr. Johnson, who retaliated by a spiteful remark about Prior, to the effect that "in his private relaxation he revived the tavern." Swift's description of his friend as one "who has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold," and "walks in the park to make himself fat," for he was a thin and hollow-cheeked man, very deaf at the last, is not attractive. The Little Peggy, afterwards Duchess of Portland, to whom Prior addressed a poem, gives a pleasanter idea of his character; she says he made himself "beloved by every living thing in the house, master, child, and servant, human creature or animal." With £4000 granted him by Harley, Prior bought a country estate in his old age, where his chair is still preserved.

Gradually that literary circle which had once known Dryden was breaking up. In the south aisle of the choir is a marble monument to a successful diplomatist, George Stepney (d. 1707), who was a member of the Kit-Cat Club, and very popular with his contemporaries. The Duke of Marlborough had a high opinion of his capacity, and Montague, Earl of Halifax (d. 1715), whose name is connected with all the foremost literary men of the day, was his life-long friend. Stepney was born in Westminster and educated at the school; he won a high reputation in "the world of fine letters and of business," and "spoke all modern languages as well as antient perfectly well"; he is

himself spoken of as "a gentleman of a good diverting conversation." Although Johnson included him in the "Lives of the Poets," and says "his juvenile compositions made grey authors blush," his later verses were few and inferior; the old doctor takes care to add, "I know not whether his poems will appear such wonders to the present age." To his own generation Stepney was a very great man, and he was buried with some state in this aisle—two Dukes, two Earls, and two Barons carried the pall. The body of the renowned essayist, Joseph Addison (d. 1718), lies in the north aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel, with his "loved Montague." Tickell's beautiful epitaph, inscribed above the grave of the friends, is familiar to all; but less well known are the lines in which he refers to Addison's last words: "See in what peace a Christian can die." He

> "Taught us how to live, and (oh, too high)
> The price of knowledge—taught us how to die."

Addison was buried at midnight with much ceremony, and his body lay in state in the Chamber, but it was nearly another century (1809) before the statue in Poets' Corner was put up to his memory; as we have seen, the memorial was very nearly erected in the Chapel of the Kings. Addison used many a time to stroll about the Abbey alone or with his friend, Dean Atterbury, and here he brings the imaginary knight, Sir Roger de Coverley, to whose remarks upon the tombs we have so often had occasion to refer. To all readers of the *Spectator*, that essay, which is specially dedicated to the Abbey, is familiar. His friend and collaborator, Sir Richard Steele, the inventor of Sir Roger, is not interred here, but Steele's second wife, his dearest Prue, was buried in Poets' Corner a year before Addison's death. Rowe, the poet-laureate, whose epitaph is attributed to Pope, also predeceased his friend Addison by one year, and Pope's ready pen was again in request twelve years later when his own intimate friend, John Gay (1732), who had taken leave of Addison on his deathbed, joined his compeers. Beneath Pope's

epitaph was inscribed by his dying request Gay's strange lines—

> "Life is a jest, and all things show it;
> I thought so once, and now I know it."

The celebrated fables were written to amuse Prince William[1] (afterwards Duke of Cumberland) in his boyhood. Gay is best known nowadays, perhaps, by his ballads, such as the popular song, "Black-eyed Susan," but his name was a household word in his lifetime. The author of the "Beggar's Opera" was, indeed, "the darling of the town," and worshipped by the fashionable ladies. The most faithful of all was the Duchess of Queensberry, who was banished from court at one time because she tried to get subscriptions for one of her pet poet's plays, which the King had proscribed. In the Queensberrys' house Gay spent his declining years, the Duke taking charge of his purse, the Duchess of his health. Of men friends, also, he had no lack. In the intervals of nursing Congreve's gout at Bath, and of acting secretary to Pope at Twickenham, he used to receive Swift at his London lodgings; and when the dreaded letter announcing his death reached Swift, the latter dared not open it for several days, so fearful was he of its purport. The next poet to go was Thomson (1748), the author of "The Seasons," born in the year that Dryden died, and so forming another link in the chain which bound these two centuries of literary men. His grave is not here, but he was commemorated fourteen years after his death by a huge monument. Gray, so dear to all lovers of his "Elegy," was buried (1771) in his own country churchyard of Stoke Pogis; the epitaph on his tablet in Poets' Corner was written by his friend and biographer, Mason (1797), to whom he left all his letters and papers. Mason has a memorial close to Gray's, and by the same sculptor, Bacon senior. Mason, who was a collateral ancestor of Erasmus Darwin, was a good specimen of the cultivated divine of his day; although his verse is deservedly forgotten, he had some reputation as a poet,

[1] Third son of George II.

standing a good chance of the laureateship when Gray declined it. To console himself for his disappointment, he painted a portrait of his successful rival, Whitehead. Barely three years after Gray's death came the turn of Oliver Goldsmith (1774). He rests in the Temple Church, but was honoured, as he well deserved, by a memorial here. For no literary man of his time, except Addison, knew and loved the Abbey so well as Goldsmith. Who can see Monck's battered figure, or the coronation chair, without recalling his remarks on them in the "Citizen of the World," even as Sir Cloudesley Shovel's ridiculous effigy reminds one of Sir Roger de Coverley. A dramatist of some reputation in his own day, Richard Cumberland (d. 1811), was buried in Poets' Corner, by order of his friend, Dean Vincent, who preached an elaborate oration at the funeral. Cumberland is chiefly remembered now for his jealous rivalry with Goldsmith and Sheridan, and is caricatured by the latter as Sir Fretful Plagiary in the "Critic." Garrick was a patron of Cumberland, and acted the chief parts in several of his pieces. The dramatist was an ardent politician and a friend of Lord Halifax,[1] who made him crown agent to his new colony of Nova Scotia. In his later years he was sent on a secret diplomatic expedition to Spain, of which he has left an account in his memoirs.

The great Samuel Johnson (d. 1784), author of the Lives of so many of the poets whose names are recorded on these walls, is buried amongst his friends; close also to his enemy, James Macpherson (d. 1796), who is famous because of the controversy which raged over his Ossianic poems. The story of his dispute with the irascible old doctor is too characteristic to omit in connection with the proximity of their graves. Johnson accused Macpherson of literary forgery with regard to the Ossian, whereupon Macpherson sent him a challenge, to which the doctor retorted by purchasing a thick oak staff and writing him an oft-quoted epistle, in which he says he would repel violence with his stick and continue to expose a cheat. Horace Walpole summed up the matter by calling Macpherson a bully

[1] See page 344.

and Johnson a brute. The entire truth will never be known now, but lies somewhere between the two extremes. Macpherson was not capable of writing the whole of the Ossianic poems, which had great influence all over Europe, and were translated into several languages. Napoleon used to read them in Italian, Goethe and Schiller in German, Goethe in fact introduced one into his "Werther." Byron, while he believed the name of Ossian to stand for Macpherson, was most enthusiastic about them. Unfortunately, the diary kept by the author himself, and containing all the information about the compilation of the poems, mysteriously disappeared in 1868. The probability is that Macpherson translated fragments of ancient poems, collected old legends, and interspersed the whole with some verses of his own composition. His body was brought from Scotland for interment in the Abbey by his own wish, Westminster being, he said, "the city wherein he had lived and passed the greatest and best part of his life." His popularity is shown by the fact that the coffin was met as far off as Highgate by a long procession of mourning coaches, which followed the hearse to the Abbey.

In the north cloister are the grave and monument of a man whose name was at one time better known to the public than any of the smaller literary men whose memory has been recalled. I refer to Ephraim Chambers (d. 1740), the author and originator of a great Cyclopædia, which was expanded by Dr. Rees, after it had run through five editions, into the "New Encyclopædia" (1803). The son of a Westmorland farmer, he educated himself so successfully that before he was thirty-two he had published the first edition of his monumental work, and was already a Fellow of the Royal Society. He died at the early age of forty-four, leaving the mass of information which he had collected for the dictionary to his friend and publisher, Thomas Longman, to whom the copyright belonged. Some idea of the bulk of material may be gathered from the fact that there were twenty-five volumes of indexes and references. The French translation of this dictionary formed the nucleus of Diderot and D'Alembert's *Encyclopédie*.

The last of the eighteenth century literary men commemorated by a monument in Poets' Corner was old Christopher Anstey (d. 1805). His popular series of letters in rhyme describing Bath society, and entitled the "New Bath Guide" (published 1766), had taken the town by storm, and raised a chorus of admiration from poet, divine, and politician alike. Gray, whose "Elegy" had been translated into Latin by Anstey, wrote to a friend advising him to read the book, which is, he says, "the only thing in fashion, and is a new and original kind of humour, clever ridicule of fun and fashion." So new was it, in fact, that Smollett culled many of his ideas in "Humphrey Clinker" from its pages. Horace Walpole expends half a page of admiration upon the "Guide"; his description gives a good notion of its contents. "So much wit, so much humour, so much originality never before met together. Then the man has a better ear than Dryden or Handel—*apropos* to Dryden he has burlesqued his 'St. Cecilia' that you will never read it again without laughing. There is a description of a milliner's box in all the terms of landscape, *painted lawns and chequered shades;* a Moravian ode and a Methodist ditty that are incomparable, and the best names that ever were composed."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES

WITHIN the precincts are to be found, with few exceptions, the graves or monuments of all the leading actors and actresses who took part in the revival of the English stage after the Restoration. The splendid brotherhood of dramatists with whose names the Elizabethan and Jacobean era are connected had passed away, and we have recalled their memories in the last chapter. Masques and mystery plays only had been tolerated under the Commonwealth, and the old play-houses were deserted, or had been destroyed. With the return of Charles II. new theatrical ventures were set on foot, and very early in his reign Thomas Killigrew, his groom of the bedchamber, obtained a patent for the erection of a new theatre, as well as leave to license his own plays and raise a troupe of actors. The poet-laureate, Sir William Davenant, started a similar venture under the patronage of the King's brother, James, Duke of York, and before long the two managers were established in their new houses. Killigrew's company at Drury Lane was known as the Royal or King's players, while Davenant called his theatre the Duke's. In 1682, a year before Killigrew was laid to rest in the Abbey, and fourteen years after Davenant's death, the rival companies were amalgamated at Drury Lane, under the actor Betterton's management. The first names on the roll of the players who are buried here are those of the great tragedian, Thomas Betterton, and his no less popular wife, both of whom joined the Duke's company in its first days.

It is only with the Restoration drama that the annals of *actresses* on the English stage begin. Queen Henrietta

Maria had early made a vain attempt to introduce the French fashion of female players into her adopted country by the establishment of a French company, composed only of women, in London, but the experiment was premature, and the foreigners were hissed and pelted off the stage at their first performance. Until 1660 the female parts were taken by boys, and the custom survived even after women had taken their place upon the stage, and some of the more famous of the boy-actors (grown into men) continued occasionally to play their favourite *rôles* as late as the end of the seventeenth century. Kynaston, the chief boy-actor, survived till 1699, long after the ladies had ousted him from the principal parts, but there is no doubt that women appeared upon the stage very soon after the Restoration; on January 3, 1661, Pepys, that inveterate playgoer, tells us that he saw "The Beggar's Bush," "it being well done, and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage."

According to a prologue written for an adaptation of "Othello," Desdemona was the heroine selected for the first English actress, and the part was taken most probably by Mrs. Hughes, one of Killigrew's company, but Davenant had no women in his troupe till after Killigrew had set the fashion.

The Bettertons bore from the beginning to the end of their long theatrical career an unsullied name, and attained the chief places in their company. Betterton may be justly called a child of Westminster, where he was born, bred, and buried. He was the son of one of Charles the First's under-cooks, who is described as a gentleman, and lived with other wealthy people in Tothill Street, near the Abbey. He was trained under Rhodes, who had been a prompter at the old Blackfriars, and formed a small company of actors early in 1660. He ultimately joined Davenant and the Duke's company. His reputation was already established as one of the best tragedians of the day, and Pepys speaks of his performance of the Bondman as "above all that ever I saw." This was in March 1661, and in June Davenant moved into a new theatre, provided, according to an agree-

ment, by the players themselves in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and about this time the ladies joined his company with a stipulation that he was "to mainteine all the women that are to performe" as boarders in his own house, the too confiding laureate being evidently quite unaware of the burden he thus willingly took on his own shoulders of inevitable quarrels and jealousies. Betterton's first real triumph was on December 28, 1661, in the part of Hamlet, which he acted to the Ophelia of the lovely Bess Saunderson, with whom he was already deeply in love, a love that was to last unsullied by doubt or jealousy for the rest of their lives. Even the turbulent audience of that day was hushed into unwonted stillness from the moment when Hamlet spoke the famous words: "'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother," the enthusiasm culminating in the ghost scene, when the actor's face turned suddenly as white as his neckcloth, and Mr. Pepys, vainly hushed by his next neighbour, could not forbear crying out, "It is the best part ever done by a man." It is said that Betterton's reading of Hamlet had been handed down to him through Davenant from the days of Shakespeare himself, and was the traditional way of playing the part. Ugly and gouty, "with a great head, short thick neck, stooped in the shoulders, fat short arms, rarely lifted above his stomach, his left hand frequently lodged in his breast between his coat and waistcoat, while with his right he prepared his speech, his actions few but just," yet Pope acknowledged him at the end of his career to be the best actor he had ever seen, and at seventy in "Hamlet" he still, by voice, look, and gesture, appeared a young man. For fifty years, during which he created 130 new parts, no actor surpassed him in the public favour, and he was looked up to as an authority by all.

Bess Saunderson, who became Mrs. Betterton in December 1662, was not only a good woman and devoted wife, but a first-rate actress, a combination only too rare in those days. She played the leading female parts in the Duke's company for thirty years with signal success, and was especially renowned in Shakespeare's heroines; at last (in 1695) in-

creasing age and failing health obliged her to give up her parts to her husband's ward, Mrs. Barry. The closing scene of Betterton's appearance is most touching. While his aged wife sat trembling with apprehension at home, the venerable actor, crippled with gout and one foot in a slipper, staggered on to the stage in the old Haymarket theatre for his benefit, April 15, 1710, as the fiery Melanthius in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid's Tragedy." The audience was a splendid one; the stage was packed with great people, while the card-players left their games and came with cards in their hands to encourage their old favourite, the curtain descending amidst thundering plaudits. Betterton left his last triumph for his deathbed; he died (April 28) barely two weeks later, in his wife's arms.

It has been erroneously stated that Mrs. Barry, Betterton's ward, the greatest tragic actress of her generation, was buried near him in the cloisters, but her grave is at Acton. She was the daughter of an officer who raised a troop of horse for Charles I., and waiting-maid to a lady of title, and was placed under Betterton's guardianship when quite a girl. It is said that the populace of her day learnt to know Queen Elizabeth through Mrs. Barry's impersonification of the Maiden Queen (in the "Unfortunate Favourite,") who lived again in popular favour through the talents of the versatile actress. Mrs. Barry entirely subdued herself to the part which she was acting, and wept, sighed, or blushed in earnest with her characters; "her face never expressed the passions; it somewhat preceded her action, as her action did her words." She left the stage the year that Betterton died, and only survived him three years; she originated 119 parts during her long career on the stage.

When a small child of about six the charming Mistress Bracegirdle first made her *dèbut* as a page in the same company as Mrs. Barry, and it was owing to the latter's encouragement that she took to the stage as a profession. She was either adopted by Betterton or placed under his care, and, although inferior to Elizabeth Barry in talent, captivated every heart by her charming manners and appearance.

Her first important part was in a play of Congreve's, and it was in his comedies, written expressly for her, that she achieved her greatest triumphs, acting also, however, comedy and tragedy in Dryden's plays, and such adaptations of Shakespeare as were then customary, with almost equal success. "It will be no extravagant thing to say that scarce an audience saw her that were less than half of them lovers, without a suspected favourite amongst them." Congreve and Rowe seemed, in the plays they wrote for her, "palpably to plead their own passion and made their private court to her in fictitious characters." If she favoured any one of her many suitors Congreve was the lucky man; but, in spite of his own ill fame, Elizabeth Bracegirdle seems to have kept her fair reputation.

Mrs. Bracegirdle's artistic career was comparatively short. In 1706–7 the star of Ann Oldfield was rising, and in a trial of strength between the two actresses, when each acted the same part on consecutive nights, the town gave the preference to the younger lady, and Mrs. Bracegirdle retired in some dudgeon, rather than suffer herself to be eclipsed by her rival. Once only did she appear on the stage again, to take part with Mrs. Barry in Betterton's first benefit. A guinea was charged even for the pit, and the performance brought in £500. Betterton appeared at the end with Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle on either arm, and the former spoke an epilogue, written for the occasion by Rowe. Mrs. Bracegirdle survived both her friends, and lived in honourable retirement till 1748, her house was the resort of all that was most brilliant in wit and fashion. She lived long enough to see the *dèbut* of the great Garrick, and to banter old Colley Cibber on his jealousy of the young actor. So benevolent was she to the poor, especially in Clare Market near her residence, that "she could not pass that neighbourhood without thankful acclamations from people of all degrees, so that if any one affronted her they would have been in danger of being killed immediately." She died in 1748, having outlived her own generation, and was buried beside her old friends the Bettertons in the east cloister.

Ann Oldfield, the only actress buried actually inside the Abbey walls, was, while superior to Mrs. Bracegirdle on the stage, far below her in personal character. Ann was the daughter of an officer in the King's army, and, after her father's death, was apprenticed by her mother to a seamstress in King Street, Westminster; they lived with an aunt, who kept a tavern in St. James's. Here the playwriter, Captain Vanbrugh, heard her recite a play one night behind the bar to her relatives and their guests, and was struck by her talents as well as by her personal attractions. Through his encouragement the great manager, Rich, took up the humble seamstress and launched her upon a brilliant theatrical career. In those days the stage training was most severe, and perhaps for that very reason we read of one ignorant untaught girl after another turning out a finished mistress in her art. Ann received fifteen shillings a week merely to appear as a mute, *i.e.* a walking lady or supernumerary on the stage. In 1700, aged fifteen, she was allowed to take a minor part, and it is expressly recorded that she was then unable to modulate that "silver voice" which afterwards proved her chief attraction. After three or four years' more probation she played at Bath before Queen Anne, and here the critic, Colley Cibber, first appreciated her powers. He unearthed an old play, "The Careless Husband," which he had written long before and put away in despair of ever finding an actress capable of the chief female part, Lady Betty Modish, and remodelled his heroine upon the young girl's character, even making use of many of Ann's own remarks. The play proved a great success, which Colley generously attributed to Ann Oldfield's rendering of the part. She took Mrs. Bracegirdle's place in 1706, and became the acknowledged queen of comedy, which she at first vastly preferred to tragedy, saying that she hated having a page drag her train behind her. But in spite of this acknowledged distaste for tragedy she is said to have been inimitable in certain tragic parts, and was the original Jane Shore (1714), and the Marcia in Addison's "Cato," playing to Booth's famous impersonification of the hero (1713), and

there is little doubt that in these parts she roused her audiences to enthusiasm. Her private character does not bear close investigation, yet such was the standard of morality at the time that she was received on intimate terms in the best society, and even at court. She died in 1730 at her house in Lower Grosvenor Street, nursed to the last by her friend, an ex-actress, Mrs. Saunders, the Betty of Pope's somewhat spiteful lines—

> "Odious, in woollen 'twould a saint provoke,
> (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke ;)
> No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
> Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face.
> One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
> And Betty, give this cheek a little red."

Mrs. Oldfield piqued herself on her taste in dress, and she was laid in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, attired much after the fashion described by Pope. In the funeral sermon, Dr. Parker, the preacher, made the somewhat equivocal remark that he buried the actress "very willingly and with much satisfaction." Strange as it seems nowadays the burial of a notorious actress in the Abbey roused no opposition from anybody, the Dean and Chapter granting an easily won consent. But when General Churchill desired to place a monument to the lady's memory, Dean Wilcocks, who was a canon at the time of the unopposed burial, rebelled and refused to allow it.

Barton Booth, who played with Ann Oldfield, was originally destined for the Church, but he ran away from home at the age of seventeen (1698), and went on the stage in the Dublin Theatre. After making a great sensation by his acting of the ghost to Betterton's Hamlet, he ultimately became the acknowledged successor of the old tragedian in popular favour, winning success not only by his talents, but by his rare personal beauty and the peculiar harmony of his voice. He is now chiefly identified with the part of Cato, not only because his acting, coupled with Mrs. Oldfield's, won a fleeting popularity for the piece, but

on account of the political allusions with which Addison had filled the play, Whigs and Tories applauding every allusion to liberty with equal vehemence. Drury Lane was crowded for thirty-five nights—an unprecedented run in those days—with ardent politicians; and at Oxford, where the company afterwards acted, crowds besieged the doors, and every corner was filled before one o'clock. Henry VIII. and King Lear were other parts in which Booth won success, but there seems little doubt that, while surpassing Betterton in appearance and voice, his acting was not equal to that of the older player whom he avowedly imitated. His health gave way early, he retired from the stage at the age of forty-six, and died shortly after (1733), his end hastened by quack medicines and the violent medical treatment—bleeding, plasters, and blisters—so common in his time.

Nearly forty years (1772) after his death a monument was placed to his memory in Poets' Corner by his second wife, *née* Saintlow, who was once a celebrated actress herself. Booth was closely connected with Westminster—in life, because he was educated at Westminster School under the great disciplinarian, Dr. Busby; in death, from his monument, and also because two streets close by (Barton Street and Cowley Street—he was buried at Cowley, Middlesex) record his memory.

Mrs. Cibber, so long associated on the same stage with Garrick, and so like him in appearance that they might have been brother and sister, comes next in the roll of names. Susannah Maria Cibber—so successful as a tragic actress that Garrick cried out on hearing of her death, "Cibber dead? Then Tragedy has died with her"—was a younger sister of the musical composer, Dr. Arne. She had considerable musical talent herself and a fine voice; her *début* was made at the Opera, and she was a great favourite with Handel, who wrote the contralto songs in the "Messiah," and the part of Micah in "Samson" on purpose for her. Unfortunately for her happiness she married the ugly and disreputable son of the well-known manager and actor, old Colley Cibber. Her married life was

bitterness, and finally her husband's unkindness drove her to elope. Richard Cumberland saw her in her early days as the heroine in the "Fair Penitent," and describes her voice as "sweet withal," only so wanting in contrast that it wearied the ear, like "a long old legendary ballad of innumerable stanzas, every one of which is sung to the same tune." This, however, was before Garrick's reforms, and later critics have only words of praise for Mrs. Cibber. Mrs. Betterton was eclipsed and forgotten in the new Ophelia of Mrs. Cibber, the best it is said either before or since; "no eloquence could paint her distracted look, her fine acting in the mad scene." Curiously enough Garrick did not believe in her capability to play what was afterwards her most celebrated part, Constance in "King John," but, encouraged by Quin's remark, "Don't tell me, Mr. Garrick, that woman has a heart, and can do anything where passion is required," he allowed his judgment to be overruled, and was captivated and astonished by her powers. When going off the stage after hearing of Arthur's capture, "she uttered the words, 'O Lord, my boy!' with such a scream of agony as will never be forgotten by those who heard her." In 1749 Mrs. Cibber quarrelled with Garrick and left his company, but five years afterwards a reconciliation was effected, and she never left him again during the remainder of her theatrical career; each felt the want of the other's assistance on the stage. Mrs. Cibber's health was wretchedly bad, and, as with Booth, the doctors' treatment hastened her end. When in her last illness the King (not knowing her state of health) ordered a performance of "The Provoked Wife," one of her great parts, Mrs. Cibber insisted on dragging herself upon the stage to act the fashionable Lady Betty. She was carried from the theatre to her house in Scotland Yard and never left her bed again, dying in January 1766, aged fifty-two. She was privately buried, like so many of her friends and contemporaries, in the cloisters.

Two years later there died at Bath another actress whose name is closely associated with Garrick's. Mrs. Pritchard was considered by some critics as a finer actress than Mrs. Cibber; she is chiefly remembered now as

the greatest forerunner of Mrs. Siddons in the part of Lady Macbeth, but in her own day she won the most brilliant successes in comedy. The wife of an obscure strolling actor, she began her theatrical career in the booths at London and county fairs; but she was ultimately engaged at the Haymarket, and had attained a leading position on the stage ten years before Garrick's star had risen. The great actor respected although he never really liked her, and was wont to complain that in tragedy she would "blubber her grief." So uneducated was Mrs. Pritchard that she is said never to have read the play of "Macbeth," and her own part was read aloud to her by the prompter. Whatever the truth of this, her success as Lady Macbeth was indisputable, and long after her death the critics disagreed as to whether her rendering of certain parts, especially in the banqueting scene, had not surpassed the incomparable Siddons. Dr. Johnson, who called her "an inspired idiot," made the severe observation that only on the stage had she "gentility and understanding"; but the fastidious Horace Walpole, to whom she was a near neighbour, used to invite her constantly to Strawberry Hill, and praised her behaviour in society. Walpole's only remark in her disfavour is that he could not restrain his laughter at her complaints of starvation in the part of Jane Shore, which tickled his fancy, as she was so fat that she could scarcely move across the stage. She took leave of the profession in her greatest part, with Garrick as Macbeth, April 24, 1768, and delivered a poetical farewell, written for her by the versatile actor. She lived till the following August, and a monument was put up to her in Poets' Corner by her admirers; the inscription was written by the poet-laureate, John Whitehead.

Two actors, each celebrated in different ways, died in the same year (1777), and were buried in the north cloister. No greater contrast could have been found than the tragedian Barry and the comedian Foote, whose wit was so funny that even the serious Johnson was obliged to lay down his knife and fork and forego his dinner to laugh. "The dog was so very comical. . . . No, sir, he was irresistible." Foote was a writer and actor of excellent burlesques: his great delight

was mimicry, in which he excelled, and he would invite the public by an advertisement to come and drink a dish of chocolate or tea at the Haymarket, admission only by ticket, and, under pretence of training pupils for the stage, he and his troupe would imitate various characters, taking off the peculiarities of well-known persons. These performances became the rage all one season, to the despair of the tragedians, and the fashionable public used to crowd to the Haymarket to see Peg Woffington as a fascinating orange girl, Quin with his deep voice do a watchman, Delane whine as a beggar, or, best of all, Foote mimic a brother actor. The following season he introduced burlesque by what was called a cat-concert, a skit on the struggling Italian opera, for which he engaged a man so celebrated as an imitator of cats that he was called "Cat Harris." By his cruel wit Foote won many enemies, and died of a broken heart caused by the revenge of a noble dame whom he had held up to public censure. He died October 21, 1777, on his way to seek health abroad, and was buried by torchlight at Westminster. Spranger Barry was Garrick's most famous and successful rival. Like Booth he first appeared on the stage at Dublin, his birthplace. On October 4, 1746, he made his *début* in London at Drury Lane as Othello, and crowds rushed to see the new actor. In one part only, that of Romeo, there is little doubt that Barry surpassed his greater rival, but he challenged comparison in several other Shakespearian characters. When Barry and Mrs. Cibber played "Romeo and Juliet" at Covent Garden, Garrick with Miss Bellamy performed the same parts at Drury Lane. The palm was awarded to Barry much to the disgust of Garrick, who erased the part of Romeo from his *rôle* henceforth. Perhaps the best criticism on the two was written by a lady spectator: "Had I been Juliet to Garrick's Romeo, so impassioned was he that I should have expected he would have come up to me; but had Barry been my lover, so seductive was he that I should certainly have jumped down to him." Barry won triumphs as King Lear and Hamlet, and the following doggerel verses rang through the town, and must have somewhat soothed Garrick's wounded vanity:—

"The town has found out different ways
To praise its different Lears;
To Barry it gives loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears.

"A King, aye, every inch a King,
Such Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite another thing,
He's every inch King Lear."

Barry had many advantages, not only in his fine figure and beautiful face and voice, but he was also very well connected and intimate with the greatest people, supping one night with the Prime Minister, another with some leader of fashion; he won the name of Mark Antony for his magnificent style of living. His triumph, however, was short. A venture as manager of the Dublin theatre failed; he became a martyr to gout early, losing his looks, figure, and fortune, and at last, in 1768, was glad to accept an engagement in company with his wife, the actress "Ann Crawford," at Drury Lane. Garrick behaved most generously to his fallen foe. He gave the couple a salary of £1500, and when Barry's health gave way added £200, with a free choice of parts, and liberty to appear only when he felt able. Yet all was of little avail. The hand of death was already upon Barry, and it is sad to read of one who had fascinated all hearts as Romeo in his youth appearing old and infirm at fifty as Othello, "in a full suit of gold-laced scarlet, a small cocked hat, knee-breeches, and silk stockings, conspicuously displaying a pair of gouty legs," and playing to the Desdemona of his lovely wife. In 1774 he returned again to Covent Garden, where he died three years later, and was privately buried in the cloisters. After twenty-five years had passed, his grave was again opened to receive the coffin of his wife.

Ann Crawford, the daughter of a rich apothecary at Bath, went on to the stage to console herself for a disappointment in love, and married an inferior actor, one Dancer, who died young. After acting at Portsmouth and probably at York, she crossed to Dublin and was engaged

by Barry, who was then making his rash venture as manager of the Crow Street Theatre. Ann's first recorded appearance was on November 8, 1758, when she played Cordelia to Barry's Lear, but it was only after nine years' careful training from Barry himself that she took her place in the foremost rank of the theatrical profession. With the fascinating silver-tongued actor the young *débutante* fell passionately in love, and married him after the death of Dancer. The exact date of her marriage is uncertain, but her name does not appear as Mrs. Barry on the play-bills till she acted at Drury Lane. She and Barry first appeared in London at Foote's theatre, the Haymarket. Garrick witnessed her *début* there and much applauded her. The following year, 1768, he engaged both husband and wife at Drury Lane, and here Ann's reputation reached its greatest height. She was for long the acknowledged queen of comedy, and rivalled Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Woffington in tragic parts; while, like Ann Oldfield, she preferred comedy, and used to say that she only acted tragedy "to please the town." When she was nearly forty a spectator wrote of her Cordelia, "It is the grandest thing of the kind I have ever seen an actress do. My fancy still feeds upon it, and the recollection will go with me to my grave." During her whole life she had no worthy competitor in her part of Desdemona, and in Lady Randolph, her greatest *rôle*, in which she appeared on the stage for the last time in her farewell performance (about 1798), she is said to have excelled Mrs. Siddons.

Ann Crawford was old, coarse, and ugly, but Mrs. Siddons feared her rivalry and was not ashamed to own it; the aged actress was foolish enough, however, to challenge comparison with her younger rival's famous part of "Isabella" for her benefit; no seats were taken, and she fell seriously ill with annoyance. Barry left his wife all he had to leave, and she amassed a good fortune by her own exertions, but she married a third husband, a Mr. Crawford, described by some authorities as a scampish barrister, by others as a bad actor; all agree that he was much younger than herself, and proved an unprofitable husband, who spent her money

and broke her heart. She died in Queen Street, Westminster, November 29, 1801, and was buried in the cloisters.

David Garrick was a pupil of Dr. Johnson's, at Edial, near Lichfield, and travelled up to London in company with his master at the age of twenty in order to start a wine business. But wine was soon deserted for the stage, and four years later, on October 19, 1741, Garrick, who was announced as a "gentleman who had never appeared on any stage" (which was not strictly accurate), took the town by storm in his famous impersonation of Richard III. Gray, who did not admire him at first, says there were "a dozen Dukes" at Goodman's Fields to see him play; the hostility of the other old actors was conquered, and Mrs. Bracegirdle, then in retirement, but a great authority in theatrical matters, obliged Cibber to confess, "I' faith, Bracy, the lad is clever." Henceforth Garrick's success was assured, and for thirty-eight years he held the foremost place on the English stage. To him we owe much; no more was Shakespeare's fame insulted by plays which bore no resemblance to the original text; no more did the traditional sing-song described by Cumberland offend the ear; but while these and other improvements were made by the actor-manager at Drury Lane, one innovation found no favour in his eyes. This was the attempt, made by Macklin, at Covent Garden, to introduce costumes contemporary to the period of the play. Macklin, instead of wearing, like Garrick, the uniform of a military officer in the eighteenth century as Macbeth, tried the experiment of dressing himself and the other characters in Scotch kilts, but on his third appearance he was hissed off the stage (October 1773). John Henderson is said to have been the first to successfully wear a Scotch dress as Macbeth. Garrick won his noblest fame in tragic parts, especially in Shakespearian characters, but so universal was his talent that he rivalled Quin in Falstaff, and brought down the house when he played sentimental comedy or rolled about the stage as the drunken Sir John Brute. The romance of Garrick's life will be found in his marriage, and, as with Betterton, no shadow of ill fame

darkened his domestic happiness. Eva Maria Violette, a young dancer who was brought to England under the protection of the Countess of Burlington and taken up by other great ladies, was for three seasons all the rage in London. She and Garrick fell deeply in love with one another, but it is said that Lady Burlington, jealous for the career of her young favourite, entreated Garrick to suppress his own passion and cure the lady of hers. On this is founded the incident in the modern play called "David Garrick," when the actor feigns drunkenness in order to disgust his lady-love; as a fact the real Garrick did not take the Countess's hint—but won the beautiful dancer for his bride.

Garrick's farewell appearance was on June 10, 1776, as Don Felix, the hero in a forgotten comedy called "The Wonder," and he was so affected that he omitted the usual country dance at the end of the piece, and, instead of one of his favourite and somewhat bombastic epilogues, could only utter a few sentences when he appeared before the curtain amidst the sobs of the spectators. The preceding night, he had taken leave of the stage in tragedy as Lear to Miss Younge's Cordelia, and parted from his companions in the Green Room with a solemn "May God bless you all." Scarcely three years were to pass before he took his leave of life, dying on January 20, 1779, in retirement, at Adelphi Terrace, Strand. Never had such signal honours been paid to an actor before; even the popular Betterton had been buried obscurely by candlelight. Now, from the Strand to the Abbey, a string of carriages blocked the way; a guard of soldiers had to keep back the dense crowds; at the great west door, which was thrown open to receive the procession, stood John Thomas, Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester, in his episcopal robes as if some royal *cortège* were approaching. Peers carried the pall; the coffin was followed by the whole Literary Club, old Samuel Johnson standing bathed in tears by the open grave at the foot of Shakespeare's monument; beside him Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, and Gibbon; around them were the players from Covent Garden and Drury Lane. Five years later Garrick's

widow was seen here again when the coffin of her husband's old master, Johnson, was laid close to the spot where he himself had stood at Garrick's funeral. Forty-three years were to pass after the actor's death before Mrs. Garrick, aged ninety-eight, was laid in her husband's grave. Those who knew her in her old age describe the once beautiful dancer as "a little bowed-down old woman, who went about leaning on a gold-headed cane, dressed in deep mourning, and always talking of her dear Davy." Upon the monument to Garrick at Lichfield is inscribed Johnson's characteristic remark: "I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure." Beneath the statue in Poets' Corner is an inscription by Pratt, substituted for one prepared by Burke, which was justly condemned by Charles Lamb as "a farrago of false thoughts and nonsense."

Mrs. Siddons and her brother John Kemble are links between the old and the new order of players; for five generations some members of the Kemble family were attached to the theatrical profession, beginning with the grandfather of Sarah and John, who acted under Betterton and Booth, and continuing to our own day in Fanny Kemble, whose *début* Mrs. Siddons actually witnessed. Sarah Siddons' parents were strolling players, and all their children were put on the stage as soon as they could walk. Sarah, when a toddling baby, was brought forward as an infant prodigy at her mother's benefit, but the audience were not properly impressed, and only laughed and made noises, till Mrs. Kemble came forward and reproved them by reciting the fable of the boys and the frog. At thirteen the child was playing Ariel in a barn at Worcester, and four years later we find her sustaining the principal female parts at Wolverhampton. Here, however, she enraged her parents, and defeated all their projects for her by returning the love of a poor actor in the company, Henry Siddons. The parents violently opposed his suit, and when on a benefit night the hapless lover recited the story of his unfortunate passion to the audience in an impromptu ballad

of his own composition, and won their sympathy, he received a ringing box on the ear from his future mother-in-law as he left the stage. After this fracas the young people both left the company, Sarah going into service as lady's maid for a while at Guy's Cliff, in Warwickshire, whence she at last won her father's consent to her marriage, which took place at Coventry, November 6, 1773. The newly-married pair joined a well-known company at Cheltenham, and Sarah's fame reaching Garrick's ears, he sent his manager down to see her act, and engaged her for Drury Lane at £5 a week. Her *début* as Portia on December 29, 1775, proved a failure; her dress was old and shabby, her voice weak with nervousness, and, in fact, during her first engagement at Drury Lane she excited little interest. She had the honour of acting twice with Garrick, the second time as Anne to his Richard III., five nights before he left the stage. Garrick did not appreciate the latent powers in the nervous girl of twenty-three, and although he was generous enough to recommend her to Sheridan after his retirement from the management, and always treated her with great courtesy, she bore him a grudge all her life. Sheridan shared Garrick's opinion, and she was driven to go into the provinces again, where she acted at Bath with Garrick's successor, John Henderson (d. 1785), an actor, famous in tragedy and comedy alike, whose grave is in Poets' Corner. Here the young actress perfected herself in her art, and prepared for another appearance in London. Six years later she made the first of her long succession of triumphs at Drury Lane in Sotherne's tragedy of "Isabella; or, the Fatal Marriage," her father and husband both tremblingly awaiting the result. So lifelike was her acting of the death scene that her little boy of eight, who acted Isabella's son, and must often have seen his mother do the part, burst into real tears, and never had such shouts of acclamation been heard since the days of Garrick. Henceforth each new *rôle* created a veritable *furore*, and with Reynolds's magnificent picture of the Tragic Muse to give us a vivid idea of her noble presence, it is not difficult to credit the rapturous enthusiasm which

she aroused. In Lady Macbeth she achieved her greatest triumph, and with this character her name is connected for all succeeding generations. She played the part for the first time on February 2, 1784, and caused Sheridan much anguish when she deviated from Mrs. Pritchard's reading in the sleep-walking scene by putting down the candle, which the older actress had carried all the time, and going through the pantomime of washing her hands. So great was the conservatism of the stage that the manager expected an uproar from Mrs. Pritchard's old admirers, but to his delight and surprise the audience were too spell-bound by the acting to notice the innovation. Her provincial tours were equally triumphant; only once did she meet with successful rivalry, when in Dublin the Irish rallied round their old favourite, Ann Crawford. Edinburgh went mad over her. Her theatrical career was appropriately begun and ended as one of Shakespeare's heroines, her real farewell of the stage being taken in June, 1812, as Lady Macbeth, although she appeared once or twice afterwards at family benefits; for the last time as Lady Randolph, in June, 1819, at the benefit of Charles Kemble. In her old age Mrs. Siddons became so stout and unwieldy that when kneeling in a part she had to be helped to rise. Yet Washington Irving, who did not see her till she was old, says she penetrated in a moment to his heart, froze and melted it by turns, and that he hardly breathed while she was on the stage. Her effect on her fellow-actors was extraordinary; as Queen Katharine on one occasion, her fiery glance at the surveyor drove the unfortunate man who acted the part off the stage, vowing that he would not encounter that awful look again for the world. In Rowe's "Tamurlane" she once worked herself up to such a pitch of agony at the sight of her strangled lover, that she fell apparently lifeless before the murderer, and the audience clamoured for the curtain, believing her dead. Behind the scenes and in private life her haughty manner, her parsimony, and insolence made her many enemies; and on one occasion an Irish audience, having heard exaggerated reports of her uncharitableness and meanness, actually hissed her off the stage, when

she fell fainting into her brother John's arms. The popular actress was much lionised by the fashionable world, and gave readings at private houses as well as at the Palace; nearly all day carriages would be drawn up outside her lodgings: but, in spite of her incivility to her visitors, her receptions were thronged by rank and fashion; even the iron Duke of Wellington uncomplainingly endured the rudeness of the haughty tragedienne. She died June 8, 1831, eight years after her elder brother John, and the statues of brother and sister stand together in the little Chapel of St. Andrew. John is represented as Cato; his statue, designed by Flaxman, and executed by Hinchcliffe, stood till 1865 in the north transept, where it was placed by the sister to whom he owed so much. Through her influence Kemble first appeared in London, in 1783, as Hamlet, and had for long no rival except Henderson in tragedy. He once, and once only, played Macbeth to his sister's famous Lady Macbeth. He became manager of Covent Garden in 1803, and revived Shakespearian plays at that theatre. Wolsey, Lear, Brutus, and Coriolanus were amongst his best parts. The statue of Sarah Siddons was suggested to Chantrey by the Tragic Muse; Macready paid for it, and Lord Lansdowne and the poet Rogers composed the inscription after much consultation. With Mrs. Siddons, the last of the great tragic actresses of the eighteenth century, the muster-roll of theatrical names connected with Westminster Abbey may fitly close.

CHAPTER XIX

DOCTORS OF DIVINITY, OF MEDICINE, AND OF SCIENCE

THE lives of the two most famous headmasters of Westminster School, William Camden and Richard Busby, overlap each other, and extend from the middle of the golden age of Elizabeth to the last years of the Stuart Kings (1551–1695). Both men lived till they were well stricken in years, and at the time when the venerable historian passed away (1623) the future headmaster was a scholar at Westminster. Camden's own connection with the school ceased before the close of Elizabeth's reign, when, in 1597, he received the official post of Clarencieux King-at-Arms; but for twenty-two years he laboured at the education of the young, first as second, afterwards as head master. Camden was no place-hunter; he refused to accept the honour of knighthood, and could boast with reason in his old age that "he had never made suit to any man, no, not to his Majesty . . . neither, God be praised, I needed, having gathered a contented sufficiency by my long labours in the school." But he made his name purely by his own talents, and was early notorious for his antiquarian researches. His first friend at Westminster, Dean Goodman, made him keeper of the Chapter Library, at the salary of twenty shillings, when he was usher at the school, and introduced him to his own patron, Lord Burghley. His name lives for posterity as the author of the "Britannia," and of the historical "Annals of Elizabeth," a work which he undertook under the personal encouragement of Burghley, but did not complete till 1615. During the last years of his life, the indefatigable old antiquary collected together his memoranda of contemporary events from the accession of

James I., and was working at these notes when a stroke of paralysis deprived him of the use of his hands a few weeks before his death. Camden remained an inhabitant of Westminster after his connection with the school had ceased. When he left his official lodgings—the headmaster's house—he leased a small tenement in Dean's Yard, "for the term of his natural life," and would often be found in the Abbey, diverting himself, as Aubrey puts it, amongst the tombs. To these solitary meditations we owe the first attempt at a guide-book, a list in Latin of the chief monuments with their inscriptions, which Camden published in 1600. He died, November 9, 1623, at Chislehurst, whence his body was carried to his house in Dean's Yard, and ten days later interred with some state in Poets' Corner. The bier was followed by a throng of friends, for Camden had endeared himself to all who came in contact with him. Amongst the mourners was, we may be sure, his special friend, the antiquary, Sir Henry Spelman, who was buried in the south ambulatory twenty years (1643) later, by order of Charles I. Spelman had the reputation of a dunce in his youth, probably because he was taught by a "curst" schoolmaster, who took a dislike to the slow-witted boy, but in later life he won distinction as an ecclesiastical lawyer, and was particularly learned in all details of church history. In his last days he is described as "a handsome gentleman, strong and valiant," with his sword always girded to his side; and even when infirm and nearly blind he continued to work, with the assistance of younger scholars, at his compilation of the laws concerning the English Church.

Many are the friends and correspondents of Camden, whose names belong to our Roll-Call. The most distinguished of them all is the French scholar and churchman, Isaac Casaubon (d. 1614), whose reputation is world-wide. He was invited over to England with the offer of a prebendal stall at Canterbury by Archbishop Bancroft, on the death of his patron, Henri IV., and became a prime favourite with the English King, who would often converse with him for hours at a time, and liked to keep him hanging about the court. Casaubon's High Church sympathies,

combined with his swarthy foreign appearance, made him very unpopular with the laity, and on one occasion he appeared before his royal friend with a black eye, received in a scuffle with some of his foes outside the palace. He could count, however, on many ecclesiastical allies, notably Howell, Dean of St. Paul's, and Andrewes, Dean of Westminster; while a Bishop, Morton of Durham, put up and paid the fees, amounting to £60, for his monument. His wife, by whom he had twenty children, was buried with him near St. Benedict's Chapel. She was a daughter of the famous printer, Henry Stephens. The initials, I. W., roughly scratched with the date, 1658, upon the monument, are *traditionally*, but without any historic foundation, believed to be those of the great angler, Izaak Walton, who is known to have been a friend of Casaubon's son, Merick, and of Bishop Morton's, as well as a fervent admirer of the elder Casaubon. The monument is on the same wall, the historical side of the south transept, as Camden's. Reference has already been made to the wanton damage done to Camden's figure, after the funeral of Essex, when the copy of his famous work, the "Britannia," which he holds in his hand, was smashed; but the memorial was restored a century after the outrage, and now bears no trace of the rough treatment which it had received.

Arthur Agarde (d. 1615), another antiquarian friend and a neighbour of Camden's, who spent his life amongst state papers and musty old documents, lies in the cloisters near the Chapter House, the scene of his life-long labours. Five folio volumes attest his industry, and bear out Selden's praise of him as a man, "most painful, industrious, and sufficient in archæological matters." He was one of the first members of the Society of Antiquaries, and Deputy Chancellor of the Exchequer for forty-five years. Not far off rest the remains of a contemporary, the blind scholar, Ambrose Fisher (1617), who, notwithstanding his affliction, was employed as a tutor in the household of Prebendary Grant, and won posthumous fame as the author of a "Defence of the Liturgy of the Church of England."

Somewhere inside the Abbey lies an old Westminster scholar, Richard Hakluyt (1616), to whom we owe those delightful and much read compilations of "Voyages and Travels." As a mere boy at school Hakluyt showed an extraordinary aptitude for all facts connected with the new countries then being opened out by the Elizabethan seamen. He tells us himself that he studied from his youth up "whatever printed or written discoveries, discourses, or voyages I found extant either in Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, or English," and thus mastered many different languages and collected a store of information for future use. He began his ecclesiastical career as chaplain to Sir Edward Stafford at Paris, who was brother-in-law to his first patron, Admiral Lord Howard of Effingham, and in the end of the first volume of his "Voyages and Travels" (published 1598–1600) is an account of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. In later life his sympathy with the colonial expansion of England, then in its first infancy, is shown by the fact that, although no seaman himself but a reverend divine, living in the Abbey precincts, he was one of the chief promoters of the South Virginia Company, and his name is amongst those affixed to the petition sent to the King for the patent of colonisation. Hakluyt was Prebendary and Archdeacon of Westminster from 1602, and must have had many opportunities of a chat with old Camden and the scholar Agarde over their researches into the past, while he could instruct them about the new world beyond the sea. But this trio of learned Westminsters was divorced by death about the time that Busby entered the school, and in after days he could only have recalled the memory of the famous Camden, to whose original position as second master he succeeded some time after the antiquary's death.

A stormy time ensued at Westminster during the headmastership of Lambert Osbaldeston[1] (d. 1659), who was also a prebendary, for he and Dean Williams both quarrelled violently with Laud and the rest of the Chapter, which was headed by Peter Heylin. Osbaldeston fled from his

[1] Buried in the south transept.

post when Williams was imprisoned in the Tower, for some letters, in which he called the powerful Laud "a little urchin" and "a meddling hocus pocus," had been discovered amongst the Dean's papers, and he feared the pillory. He was sentenced to have his ears nailed to the pillory in the presence of his scholars. Busby in the meantime filled his place as head of the school, and although his loyalty to the King is undoubted, he managed to retain his place undisturbed throughout the Commonwealth. At the coronation of Charles II. he carried the golden eagle, which contained the anointing chrism, and continued to reign over the small world of Westminster School with a sway more absolute than that of the monarch himself. A well-known story tells of an impromptu visit which Charles II. paid to the school, when Busby remained covered, afraid to remove his hat lest the boys should see that he acknowledged an authority above his own, but it is certain that he was too staunch a loyalist thus to insult his King. This famous schoolmaster lived to the great age of ninety-one, and after fifty-five years of constant tuition he could truly boast of having educated most of the celebrities of his time. He was buried beneath the black and white marble pavement, which he had himself presented to the choir, while his monument faces Poets' Corner and is close to his pupil Dryden's bust. The angelic face of the white marble figure is a curious contrast to Busby's reputation in life as a stern disciplinarian, one who never spared the rod, who, according to Dr. Johnson, called the rod his sieve, and rejected every boy who did not pass through it. Yet for all his severity his old pupils looked back to his tuition with gratitude and often real affection, while many of them, such as Dean Atterbury, became his friends in after life, and Dr. William King speaks of him as "the grave Busby, whose memory to me shall be for ever sacred." The tradition of Busby and his rod survived long after his death, and was familiar to Addison through his friendship with Dean Atterbury. He puts it on record in the comment made by Sir Roger de Coverley, when he stood before the pedagogue's tomb and exclaimed, "Dr. Busby,

a great man! whipped my grandfather! a very great man! I would have gone to him myself if I had not been a blockhead." The authors of the *Spectator*, Addison and Steele, were both educated at Coventry Grammar School, and were not public school men. Busby was succeeded at Westminster by the second master, Dr. Thomas Knipe (d. 1711), afterwards one of the prebendaries, who was buried in the cloisters and has a tablet in the choir. His successor, Robert Freind, a much more notorious person, is only commemorated here by the long Latin epitaphs which he wrote for other people's memorials, such as the lines on the monuments of his pupil, Philip Carteret, and or his own brother John; verbose inscriptions which excited Pope's derision and inspired the following epigram from the poet's pen :—

"Freind, for your epitaphs I'm grieved:
Where still so much is said,
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read."

Of a noted divine officially connected with the school in Busby's time, Isaac Barrow (d. 1677), mention is made later on. While his lengthy discourses were the terror of the Abbey congregation, two of Busby's pupils, both members of the Chapter, attracted crowds of admirers to hear their sermons. Francis Atterbury, the Jacobite Dean who followed Sprat, was a born orator, and Steele devotes a long passage in the *Tatler* to a eulogy on his style in the pulpit. He was considered one of the best preachers of the day. The prebendary, Robert South (d. 1716), was famous for his witty sallies from the pulpit. Charles II. on one of these occasions, overcome with laughter, turned to Rochester, with the remark: "Odds fish, Lory, your chaplain must be a Bishop, therefore put me in mind of him at the next death." As it turned out, Charles died himself before he carried out his intention, and South was not offered a Bishopric till near the end of Queen Anne's reign, when the Deanery of Westminster and See of Rochester, united in one at this time, might have

been his at Sprat's death. But the aged prebendary refused on the score of his increasing years. "Such a chair would be too uneasy for an old infirm man to sit upon," were his own words. South's memory carried him back to very early days at Westminster. He could recall Cromwell's first appearance in Parliament, "with a threadbare, torn cloak, and greasy hat, and perhaps neither of them paid for"; and "that black and eternally infamous day of the King's murder," when as a schoolboy he had heard Charles I. prayed for by name in the Abbey, probably by the indomitable headmaster, Dr. Busby. The story goes that South was a sulky fellow in his boyhood, thrashed into submission by Busby's birch rod, but there is nothing to substantiate this save a vague tradition. It is certain that this famous old Westminster was buried by his own request near the doctor, and his monument was afterwards placed beside his, with a tablet between them to a later headmaster, Dr. William Vincent, who was Dean of Westminster from 1802 to 1815, and also a lover of the rod. School and Chapter united to honour South's remains with a stately funeral. On the morning of the burial his body was carried from the Jerusalem Chamber, where it had rested for four days, into the College Hall, and there the captain of the school spoke a eulogistic Latin oration, the masters and scholars afterwards joining in the long procession of mourners. Atterbury, who preached the sermon, was much affected by the death of this comrade of his youth and age, but he was still surrounded by a goodly circle of friends, which included the noted physicians, Freind, Chamberlen, and Mead, and the great Joseph Addison himself, who had yet three years more to live before the Dean stood at his grave-side. Atterbury had taken his official place at the coronation of George I., the first Hanoverian sovereign crowned King of England at Westminster, without protest, but he had ever remained a Jacobite at heart. Possibly he might never have swerved from this outward conformity had the boorish new King received his advances with more courtesy, but when Atterbury offered to give back his own perquisites, the throne and

canopy, after the coronation, George is said to have ungraciously declined the proffered gifts.

His predecessor Sprat was equally attached to the Jacobite cause, and during Anne's reign he had been falsely accused of a conspiracy to dethrone the Queen, but was fortunate enough to clear himself. A treasonable paper with his name upon it was found in a flower-pot at Bromley Palace, the official dwelling of the Bishops of Rochester, an incident which gave this episode the nickname of the "Flower-pot Conspiracy," but Sprat was able to prove that his signature had been fraudulently obtained. Atterbury was less innocent; he is said to have had many a treasonable conference in the privacy of the Deanery, where Stanley discovered a secret chamber behind the books in the library, and loved to picture the Dean and his friends plotting for the return of the Stuarts in this hiding-place. He was arrested early in 1723 on a charge of high treason, and sent to the Tower with Dr. John Freind, the headmaster's brother, his friendship with whom had lasted since the days when both had trembled at the sight of Busby's birch rod. Here the Dean languished for seven months, and it was in vain that his friends rallied round him and tried to clear his reputation. Pope braved his own political disgrace and gave evidence in Atterbury's favour at the trial. All the Bishops, except the Bishop of Chester, who was an old Westminster, voted as one man against him; the lesser clergy in the London churches showed more courage, and openly prayed for the prisoner as for "one afflicted with the gout." A picture of the Dean looking through the bars of his prison and holding a picture of Laud was widely circulated at the time.

While Sprat's temporary disgrace was connected with a flower-pot, Atterbury was condemned through the agency of a little spotted dog. He had given the dog to the Earl of Mar, and constantly mentioned it in the letters which incriminated him, and were proved to be his by the allusions to Harlequin. The sentence of deprivation and of perpetual banishment was passed by the House of Lords in the summer of 1723, and Atterbury, accompanied

by his favourite daughter, Mrs. Morice, and her husband, left England never to return. The tears were wet upon his cheek when he wrote to Pope from the Tower that he resigned himself to his fate, with all the world before him "to choose his place of rest, and Providence his guide." Nine years later his body was brought back, as had been the case with Clarendon's, and buried in his family vault, at the west end of the nave. Amongst Atterbury's visitors, during his imprisonment in the Tower, was a fashionable accoucheur, Hugh Chamberlen, who was destined to die in the same year, 1728, as Dr. Freind. Chamberlen was a devoted admirer of the Duchess of Buckingham,[1] and his death took place at Buckingham House. His monument, in the north aisle of the choir, was erected by her young son, Edmund Sheffield, the last Duke, over whose birth his mother's medical friend had presided, and the fact of her safe delivery is mentioned by Atterbury in the long Latin inscription, which he sent from his exile to be inscribed upon it. The sculptors, Scheemakers and Delvaux, are guilty both of this and the first Duke's memorial, which are in equally bad taste; here the life-size figure of the deceased physician, dressed in his doctor's robes, sprawls upon an ugly sarcophagus.

The exiled Dean's fellow-sufferer, John Freind, had been set free through Dr. Mead's influence with Sir Robert Walpole, after only three months' imprisonment. Although their politics were diametrically opposed, for Mead was a Whig and Freind a Tory, the two doctors were great allies, and combined in a common feud with the professor of physic at Gresham College, Dr. John Woodward. So acrimonious were their disputes, that both Freind and Mead are said, on doubtful authority, to have fought duels with Woodward. Whatever the truth of this tradition, it is certain that Mead insulted Woodward in Warwick Lane one evening, and in the course of a scuffle which ensued between them, the Professor slipped and lay prostrate beneath the foot of his rival, at the very door of his college. Yet Mead was not usually a fighter; Dr. Johnson says that he walked in the broad sunshine of life, and his wide

[1] See page 249.

sympathies and sound medical knowledge made him justly popular with his many patients, who included most of the leading men of the day, Sir Isaac Newton amongst them. With the royal family he and Freind were great favourites, and on the accession of George II., Mead was made physician to the King and Freind to the Queen. A memento of his long connection with Westminster Abbey is the monument which he put up to Dean Sprat, which has since been removed from St. Nicholas's Chapel to a position in the nave, near his own tablet. Dr. Freind died (1728) within a year of his appointment. Mead survived till 1754. His name has come down to posterity as one of the first inoculators for small-pox. During his long and successful professional career, Mead amassed a large fortune, and made a fine collection of books and pictures—Dibdin in fact affirmed at the end of the old doctor's life that his "pharmacopœial reputation" was "lost in the blaze of his bibliomaniacal glory," a manifest exaggeration.

On the learned side of the south transept is a cenotaph by Nollekens to the memory of another friend and correspondent of Mead's, the favoured court doctor Sir John Pringle (d. 1782), who was rewarded for his attendance on George II. and his family by a baronetcy. Pringle had spent his early life on many a military campaign as physician either to the British generals, such as the Duke of Cumberland, or to the British army, and in this capacity he was present at the battles of Dettingen and Culloden. He was elected President of the Royal Society ten years before his death, and was on terms of friendship with most of the scientific and literary men of his day. His works on various points in connection with the medical and sanitary treatment of an army in the field are still used as text-books by the profession. John Plenderleath (d. 1811) followed Pringle's example and was physician to the forces in the field under Wellington's command. He died of fever at Coimbra. His monument is in the north choir aisle. A tablet next to Pringle's commemorates a medical man, Edward Wetenhall (d. 1733), who is buried by the side of his father (d. 1713), the Bishop of Kelmore and Ardagh, a

THE WAX EFFIGY OF EDMUND SHEFFIELD, SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

divine of some literary merit, who was a pupil of Busby's at Westminster, and thus returned in death to the place of his early education.

Of the three contemporary physicians who are commemorated by monuments in the nave, Woodward, who died in the same year as his rival Dr. Freind, is the only one buried here; his grave is in the centre of the aisle close to Newton's. His fame as a geologist and naturalist exceeded his medical repute, even his notoriety as a controversialist; his name is familiar at Cambridge as the founder of the Geological Chair, while collections of fossils and other specimens which he left to the university are still treasured in the Woodwardian Museum. The bust of the most noted geologist of our time, Sir Charles Lyell (d. 1875), was appropriately placed by Dean Stanley above the tablet which perpetuates the memory of Woodward, "the founder of English geology." On the opposite side of the nave, almost facing these memorials, will be found the bust of William Buckland (d. 1856), Dean of Westminster, who was twice President of the Geological Society, and the author of many works on geology. To the exertions of his no less famous son, the naturalist Frank Buckland, is due the interment here, under a modern brass, of another eighteenth-century physician, who was much esteemed by his contemporaries, John Hunter (d. 1793), the celebrated surgeon and anatomist, called the founder of modern surgery; he was originally buried at St. Martin's in the Fields. His unique natural history collection was bought some years after his death by the Government and presented to the Royal College of Surgeons; it was opened under the name of the Hunterian Museum in 1813, and annual orations, to be delivered on Hunter's birthday, were founded in that year. In St. Andrew's Chapel is the bust of John Hunter's nephew, Matthew Baillie (d. 1823), who studied anatomy under his other eminent uncle, William Hunter, and was a "morbid anatomist" of some repute himself. The poetess Joanna Baillie, whose poems were so much admired by Sir Walter Scott, was Matthew's sister. Chantrey's medallion of "the founder of physiological optics," Thomas Young (d. 1829),

with an inscription by his biographer, Hudson Gurney, is near Baillie. Young was a physicist and Egyptologist as well as a physician, and from 1814 devoted himself entirely to the former subjects. Many articles from his pen, notably that on Egypt, were contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and he wrote various scientific works. In the nave is buried a chemist, Edward Hussey Delaval (d. 1814), who, like Young, was an ardent student of scientific problems, and developed Newton's theories on optics; he received the Royal Society's gold medal for his paper (afterwards expanded into a book) on "The Cause of the Changes in Opaque and Coloured Bodies." He was associated with Benjamin Franklin in the attempt to preserve St. Paul's from being struck by lightning, and was an authority on lightning conductors. Delaval belonged to the same ancient Northumbrian family with which Admiral Delavall was connected, but with the death of his brother, Lord Delaval (buried in St. Paul's Chapel), this branch became extinct. Sir Humphry Davy, "the genius of modern chemistry," died in the same year as Dr. Young, and is commemorated by a tablet placed near his. Davy's name is associated with the safety-lamp for use in mines, which is called by his name. Almost at the same time George Stephenson brought out a lamp of a similar kind, and a controversy raged for many years as to whom the honour of this life-saving invention was due; each inventor received a national testimonial from his supporters. Davy's is the best known, but Stephenson's lamp was of equal merit; both have since been modified and altered by modern improvements. Sir James Young Simpson (d. 1870) has a bust in the same chapel. To him we owe the blessed gift of chloroform. Simpson was the first physician who dared to use chloroform as an anæsthetic; he experimented upon his own person, and, after a hard battle with prejudice, introduced the practice into general use.

Before we turn to the famous scientist, Sir Isaac Newton, whose monument is against the choir screen, some account must be given of his master, Isaac Barrow (d. 1677), who resigned his mathematical professorship at Cambridge in his

pupil's favour. Barrow was a remarkable person, and his adventurous career would fill a volume. In his youth, about the time of Charles the First's execution, his college, Trinity, Cambridge, to which he returned in later life as master, sent him with a travelling scholarship to complete his education abroad. For five years he wandered about, experiencing all kinds of perilous adventures by land and sea. These included an attack made by two Turkish men-of-war on the vessel in which young Barrow was going to Constantinople, where he was to spend some time with the British Consul. Although a lean man of small stature, the student was endowed with prodigious muscular strength, which he had exercised as a lad in constant fights with the butchers' boys outside his father the linen-draper's shop. He now excited the admiration of the sailors by the leading part which he took in their successful defence of the ship. Long afterwards, on his deathbed, visions of his much-travelled youth passed before the sick man's eyes, and he was heard to murmur softly at the last, "I have seen the glories of the world." He died from the effects of an opiate (of which he had learned the use at Constantinople), when he came up on his annual official visit to Westminster as Master of Trinity to examine the scholars. He was wont to lodge with one of the canons in the cloisters at a house called the Tree, pulled down in 1710, and his uncouth figure, which was very unlike that of the other Church dignitaries, was often to be seen about the Abbey precincts and in St. James's Park. He was walking here one day, with his hat pushed to the back of his head, his cloak half on and half off, when he was accosted by a rude fellow with the remark, "Well, goe thy wayes for the veriest scholar that ever I met." Barrow's repartee is not chronicled, but the following anecdote is a sample of his ready wit. Rochester, the court favourite, greeted him on one occasion with the mocking salutation, "Doctor, I am yours to the centre;" "I am yours to the antipodes," answered the chaplain, to which the Earl, scorning to be foiled by a "musty old piece of divinity," made the quick retort, "Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell." "There, my lord," said

Barrow, turning on his heel, "I leave you." His sermons were noted for their excessive length; the one on slander, for instance, lasted an hour and a half, while another, also preached in the Abbey, took over three hours, and would not have finished then had not the vergers made such a noise on the organ that the long-winded preacher was obliged to cease abruptly. Yet, in spite of all these peculiarities, Barrow was a man "merry, cheerful, and beloved" wherever he went; and his many friends put up a monument to his memory on the learned side of Poets' Corner, close to his grave. Charles II., who was no mean judge, called old Isaac the greatest scholar in England; and as a master of eight languages, and a good poet both in English and Latin, he well deserved the epithet. Had not the career of young Henry Wharton (d. 1695), the author of the *Anglia Sacra*, been cut off at the early age of thirty-one, his reputation bid fair to rival that of the elder divine. Wharton was Archbishop Sancroft's favourite chaplain, and his early death was looked upon as an irreparable loss to literature. His funeral was attended by all the leading clergy of the day, including the new Archbishop Tillotson, and the anthem was composed by the gifted musician Henry Purcell, then organist at the Abbey, whose own premature end followed within a few months of Wharton's. The roll of distinguished scholars buried here in the eighteenth century would be incomplete without the name of Andrew Horneck (d. 1697). A German by birth, who was educated at Oxford, Horneck became a royal chaplain and one of the Westminster prebendaries. He was not only a classical scholar, but learned in the Hebrew and Arabic languages. Of his many and lengthy theological works some have been reprinted in modern times, and are referred to by the best biblical critics. As a reaction, perhaps, from so much theology, his elder son Philip, a successful lawyer, took to playwriting, and showed his remembrance of his fatherland in his chief and only extant drama, "The High German Doctor." The other, William (d. 1746), joined the Royal Engineers, and "learned his military science under the Duke of Marlborough." His tablet is in the north-west tower, and his grave

near his father and the rest of the family in the south transept. William Horneck's grand-daughters were the originals of Goldsmith's "Jessamy Bride" and "Little Comedy."

Of Sir Isaac Newton, who was Wharton's tutor at Cambridge, it is impossible to give an adequate account here; he is famous for all time as the first formulator of the law of gravitation. In his slovenly and untidy appearance he seems to have followed the example of his early teacher, Isaac Barrow; he was in fact utterly regardless of himself, and so modest that in his own opinion he was "only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

The well-known anecdote which ascribes the destruction of Newton's manuscripts and notes for the "Optics" to a pet dog, and is often repeated as a proof of his equable temper, has unfortunately been dismissed as pure fiction by his biographer, Sir David Brewster, who adds that the philosopher never had "any communion with dogs and cats." But the foundation for this story is found in the diary of a Cambridge undergraduate, De la Pryme of St. John's College, who notes under the date 1692, "There is one Mr. Newton (whom I have very oft seen), Fellow of Trinity College, that is mighty famous for his learning, being a most excellent mathematician, philosopher, divine, &c. He has been Fellow of the Royal Society these many years. . . . Of all the books that he ever wrote there was one of colours and lights, established upon thousands of experiments which he had been twenty years of making, and which had cost him many hundreds of pounds. This book, which he valued so much, and which was so much talked of, had the ill-luck to perish and be utterly lost just when the learned author was almost at putting a conclusion to the same, after this manner. In a winter's morning, leaving it amongst his other papers on his study table whilst he went to chapel, the candle, which he had unfortunately left burning there too, catched hold by some means of other papers, and they fired the aforesaid book and utterly consumed it and several

other valuable writings, and, which is most wonderful, did no further mischief. But when Mr. Newton came from chapel and had seen what was done every one thought he would have run mad; he was so troubled thereat that he was not himself for a month after." The first English edition of the "Optics" is dated 1704, ten years later than this unfortunate incident.

Newton lived to the age of eighty-five; his mind was active and his faculties were unimpaired to the last. A distinguished German theologian, Samuel Crell, visited him shortly before his death, and has left an interesting description of his interviews with the great man, which illustrates his extraordinary versatility and vigour. "He read manuscript without spectacles and without bringing it near his eyes. He still reasoned acutely as he was wont to do, and told me that his memory only had failed him. . . . A few weeks before his death he threw into the fire many manuscripts written with his own hand. He left, however, some to be printed, among which is one entitled *Historia Dominationis Clericorum*, as I was assured by his physician, the celebrated Dr. Mead. He had also written, as he himself told me, a Commentary on the Apocalypse of John. Whether or not he burnt it I did not learn. He expressed a wish to read my book, and he read it when it was printing because it seemed to contain some things that were new."

Sir Isaac Newton died on the 20th of March 1727, and we read that his friend Dr. Mead was in constant attendance on his death-bed and held long conversations with the dying man. The funeral took place on the 28th, and after the usual precedent the corpse first lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber. A vast number of distinguished men attended the service, including all the Fellows of the Royal Society, of which Newton had been President since 1703; amongst these were the Lord Chancellor, two Dukes, and three Earls, who carried the pall. Voltaire was present as a spectator, and has recorded the impression made upon him by the sight of the chief men of the nation assembled to pay a last tribute to his brother philosopher's memory.

The huge monument (by Kent and Rysbrack), with

allegorical representations of Newton's discoveries, was put up by his relatives in 1731 at the cost of £500, and is in the same bad taste as that of Dr. Chamberlen. The long and wordy Latin epitaph, which was protested against at the time by Dr. Johnson, is a contrast to the simple sentence on the gravestone, "Hic depositum est quod mortale fuit Isaaci Newtoni." Best of all is Pope's famous couplet, which was not placed on the monument, but is now inscribed on a tablet in the room at Woolsthorpe Manor-house, where Newton was born in 1642, the same year that Galileo died.

> "Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
> God said, 'Let Newton be,' and there was light."

At the opposite end of the nave is a memorial to John Conduitt (d. 1737), who married Newton's niece, Catherine Barton, a lady much admired by the poets and politicians, including Swift and Lord Treasurer Halifax. He succeeded his uncle as Master of the Mint, and lies beside him. In 1874, on the last occasion of the transit of Venus, a tablet to Jeremiah Horrocks (d. 1641), the first observer of this phenomenon, was inserted above Conduitt's monument; upon it is an inscription written by Dean Stanley. Horrocks was a poor curate whose astronomical observations were carried out under the most adverse circumstances in the intervals of drudging at teaching little boys in order to eke out his scanty salary. His researches led him to believe that the planet Venus would pass across the sun on a certain Sunday (November 24) in 1639. Between the services the young astronomer came rushing back to his lodgings, where he had placed a screen in a small darkened room, and with his half-crown telescope—the best which he could afford to buy—feverishly watched the clear sky for the predicted phenomenon. His feelings can be imagined when on his return from the last service in the middle of the afternoon he saw the shadow of Venus, which was thrown upon the screen by his telescope, advancing slowly across the sun. This young genius died shortly afterwards, at the early age of twenty-three; had he lived, says Hearne, who praises him as a prodigy for his skill in

astronomy, he would in all probability "have proved the greatest man in the whole world in his profession." The famous astronomer of modern times, Sir John Herschel (d. 1871), who speaks of Horrocks as "the pride and boast of British astronomy," was buried in the nave, close to Newton, four years before this memorial, which would have received his hearty approval, was erected.

Martin Folkes (d. 1754), the great numismatist, is commemorated by a cenotaph which was placed, by his daughter Lady Betenson's sister-in-law, in the south aisle of the choir thirty-six years after his death. He had studied philosophy under Newton in his youth, and acted as his deputy at the Royal Society, but did not immediately succeed his friend as President, a post which was held for thirteen years before Folkes was elected by Sir Hans Sloane. An antiquary rather than a man of science, Folkes became President of the Society of Antiquaries in his later life, and was also elected a member of the French Academy, a signal honour rarely paid to an Englishman. It is recorded that the sale of his wonderful collection of antiquities, chiefly old prints, gems, and coins, lasted fifty-six days and realised over £3000.

Within recent years another man of science has been laid to rest beside Herschel and close to the grave of Newton. The fame of Charles Darwin (d. 1882), to whom we owe the theory of the origin of species, may truly be said to have penetrated to all parts of the civilised world. This is not the place to dwell upon his biography, but to the student of heredity the fact that Erasmus Darwin, the naturalist, author of the "Loves of the Plants," was one of his grandfathers, and the inventor of the celebrated Wedgwood pottery was the other, must be of considerable interest. In the north aisle of the choir is a bronze medallion head by Boehm of this noted biologist, while two other memorials to scientists have been lately inserted close to his—James Prescott Joule (d. 1889), the discoverer of certain abstruse laws connected with heat and electricity; and John Couch Adams (d. 1892), the astronomer, who discovered the planet Neptune by mathematical calculations.

CHAPTER XX

THE MUSICIANS

THE number of musicians buried or commemorated in the Abbey is not large, but compares favourably with the sister art of painting, for there is only one memorial to an artist here—the portrait painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller. Since the burial of Edmund Hooper, in 1621, the best known of our organists have found sepulture either in the church or the cloisters, as well as one or two composers, whose claim to a grave was usually based on their connection with the Chapel Royal. During the times of the Stuarts and of the Georges all the prominent musicians were connected with the Chapel Royal, *i.e.* they were under the direct patronage of the sovereign, and the Chapel was therefore a more important musical school than the Abbey. Hooper, the first organist of whose burial we have any record, was brought here from the Chapel by Dean Goodman in Elizabeth's reign, and made Master of the Children; in 1606 he was promoted to be organist, and his connection with the Chapter lasted in all for thirty-eight years. He was well known as "an excellent composer of Church anthems." His will is of interest, partly because it shows that a poor musician in those days could make a considerable fortune by his perquisites and by giving lessons to the quality, partly because of his extensive charities. Hooper was undoubtedly of humble or at least of poor parentage, for he chronicles the fact that he was put to school at Greenwich by a generous and wealthy patron. He divides his fortune amongst the poor in the various villages where he was born, brought up, and educated, and bequeathed twelve pence each to sixty-seven poor men and women at Westminster, a number which Chester conjectures to represent the years of his age. This philanthropic

organist's name is practically forgotten and his gravestone bears no record, but in the cloisters will be found the resting-place of a gifted musician, who is memorable if only for his friendship with Milton. The sonnet which that poet addressed to "Mr. Henry Lawes on his Aires" was originally prefixed to a collection of musical compositions written by Henry and his brother William, entitled "Choice Psalms put into Musick for three Voices," which was published during the Civil War (1648), and Milton included the sonnet in the second edition of his poems (1673). The opening lines well express the composer's special gift—the setting of beautiful words to appropriate music. He wrote accompaniments for many of the exquisite lyrics which were written in his time by Herrick, Carew, and other court poets.

"*Harry*, whose tuneful and well-measur'd song
First taught our English musick how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With *Midas* ears, committing short and long;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for envy to look wan;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth aire couldst humor best our tongue. . . ."

The brothers William and Henry Lawes had been trained from childhood for the musical profession, and both were taken as young men into the King's service. Henry, the younger, was in the choir at the Chapel Royal, and a teacher of music in various noble and wealthy families, such as the household of John Egerton, the first Earl of Bridgwater. By 1632 he already had a wide acquaintance with the literary circle which included Davenant, Waller, and Herrick, and from his youth up could claim a real fellowship with John Milton, then a young and unknown poet, who was a passionate lover of music. Lawes was commissioned to write the music for Carew's masque, the "Cœlum Britannicum," which was performed at Whitehall in 1633, and in which his pupils, the Egerton boys, had the honour of acting in company with the King and the courtiers. According to another authority, Lawes was on one of the committees

appointed by the four Inns of Court to arrange for the production of the "Triumph of Peace" before Charles I., in 1634. Soon after this the Egertons got up a private entertainment to amuse their grandmother, the Dowager Countess of Derby, a notable old lady, who had been Spenser's patroness in her youth. Lawes, who was "well acquainted with Mr. Milton's abilities," asked his friend to write the words, while he composed the music, of a pastoral play called the "Arcades," which was performed by divers members of Lady Derby's family at Harefield, her country house, a place about twenty-five miles from Lord Bridgwater's estate, the ancient Abbey at Ashridge, to which we have referred before. It is said that an adventure which occurred to the Earl's children, who lost their way and got benighted in a wood when staying with their grandmother, gave Milton the idea for the plot of "Comus," and this tradition is undoubtedly borne out by the words of Lawes's dedication of the first edition to Bridgwater's eldest son and heir, Lord Brackley. "The poem," the tutor says, "received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family." The masque of "Comus" was first represented on Michaelmas night, 1634, at Ludlow Castle, to celebrate the public entry of Bridgwater as Lord-Lieutenant into Wales. The Egerton boys acted the parts of the elder and younger brothers, while their sister Alice was the lady, and the tutor the attendant spirit, Thyrsis. The musician presumed so far on his friendship with the immortal bard as actually to alter the words when they did not suit his setting; but, nevertheless, Milton pays his friend many elegant compliments on his musical skill throughout the poem. To Lady Alice Egerton and her sisters Lawes long afterwards dedicated a book of airs, and commends the ladies as "excelling especially in vocal music, wherein you were so absolute that you gave life and honour to all I set and taught you." During the Civil War the court musician had appointments at the Chapel Royal, but he earned his living by "the teaching of ladies to sing," and it is said that "his irreproachable life and gentlemanly deportment contributed . . . to raise the credit of his profession." Musicians in Puritan times, and afterwards at the

court of the Restoration, seem to have been, like Gibbons, of whom we are about to speak, a drinking, disreputable set.[1]

Henry's brother, William Lawes, was shot through the head at the siege of Chester, and Charles I., who called him the "Father of Musick," put on "a particular mourning for him when dead whom he loved when living." Henry survived the tribulations which he endured for the royal cause, and returned to his old place as chief court musician and lute player in the King's band on the Restoration, living for the short remainder of his life (he died in 1662) "happy and venerated by all lovers of music." He composed a setting for "Zadok the Priest," which was used at Charles the Second's coronation, but has been since superseded by Handel's.

The first Abbey organist appointed after the Restoration was Christopher Gibbons, a son of the well-known composer, Orlando Gibbons, whose monument will be found in Canterbury Cathedral. During Christopher's childhood the elder Gibbons was one of the three organists at the Chapel Royal, a post held by his son in Charles the Second's time. The boy was baptized at St. Margaret's Church, receiving the name of Christopher, probably after his father's patron, Sir Christopher Hatton. Young Gibbons was organist at Winchester when the Civil War broke out, but he joined the royalist garrison, and was quite as often to be found on the walls of the town as in his place in the cathedral. At Oxford later on he appears to have alternately played the organ in a college chapel and fought for his King. With the Restoration his fighting days were over, and he received a plurality of offices from his royal patron. He excelled particularly in organ playing, but cannot be compared with his father, Orlando, as a composer. His reputation as a dissipated and drinking man was bad, and although Dr. Busby gave him occasional gifts of money, he does not seem to have permitted him to teach the schoolboys music; while Dean Earle disapproved of all the musical men who were

[1] In the cloisters is buried Thomas Baltzar (d. 1663), reputed as the most famous violinist of his time, who died prematurely from the effects of excessive drinking.

connected with the Chapter in his time. But Gibbons did not stay long at the Abbey, for before he died in 1676, two other organists, Albericus Bryan and John Blow, had succeeded one another at the organ, and the appointment was not supposed to be granted for life. His grave is somewhere in the cloisters, and his name is entered in the register as Dr. Gibbons. Charles II. had a particular partiality for him, and requested the University of Oxford to give him a doctor of music's degree, as a special favour to himself. The three organists who succeeded Gibbons and Bryan were all buried inside the Abbey, and the monuments put up to their memory gave the name of the Musicians' Aisle to the north aisle of the choir.

Henry Purcell (d. 1695), who was an incomparably greater composer than his master Blow, may be fairly claimed as a son of Westminster, for the whole of his short life was passed within the very shadow of the Abbey church, where his children were baptized and many of them buried. His father (d. 1664) was master of the choristers, and lies near Gibbons, in the cloisters. His uncle Thomas,[1] who had succeeded Lawes as the King's musician-in-ordinary for the lute and voice, adopted the promising boy, and Purcell was thus reared in a musical atmosphere. So high an opinion had Dr. Blow of his capabilities that in 1680, when his pupil was barely twenty-one, he resigned his post as the Abbey organist to Purcell, who held it till his untimely death. Nothing that we are told by his biographers seems too surprising to believe of this astonishing genius, who was one of the greatest masters of English composition, even the assertion that he wrote the famous music for Henry VIII. (the authorship of which is a disputed point) at the age of thirteen. Into the details of his other works we cannot enter here, but the Abbey is especially connected with his church music. Purcell's setting of the burial service was composed originally for the burial of Queen

1 In the east cloister lies a talented young lutenist and composer, Pelham Humfrey, died 1674, aged 27. He succeeded Cooke as Master of the Children at the Chapel Royal, and was appointed, with T. Purcell, Composer in Ordinary for the Violins to the King. He, Blow, and Turner composed an anthem known as the "Club Anthem," as a memorial, it is said, of their friendship.

Mary, William the Third's wife, and this music, as arranged by Dr. Croft, is still used at the public funerals in the Abbey. At James the Second's coronation, Blow sang amongst the basses in the choir, while Purcell must have taken his own official place at the organ. He afterwards presented a claim "for so much money by him disbursed and craved for providing and setting up an organ in the Abbey Church of Westminster, for the solemnity of the coronation, and for the removing of the same, and for other services." The sum, £34. 12s., was paid out of the "secret service" money.

At William and Mary's coronation the young organist fell into temporary disgrace with the Chapter for selling the seats in the organ-loft, which he looked upon as his perquisite, but he was ultimately obliged to give up the proceeds of the sale.

The last year of Purcell's life, 1695, was marked by several funerals in the Abbey, and since his death—from consumption—did not take place till the winter, there is every probability that he played the organ and the music which he had composed early in this year for the Queen's burial, at each of these ceremonies. Three days only after Mary's interment came that of Henry Wharton. In the next month (April) the venerable Dr. Busby was laid to rest; and within the week Monck's vault was opened for the coffin of an eminent statesman, Sir George Saville, Marquess of Halifax, who had been Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in three reigns, and Lord President of the Council. Seldom had there been a year which had opened more dismally, four funerals following hard upon one another, and in November the organist himself passed away, aged only thirty-seven, at his own house in Marsham Street, close to Dean's Yard. Two hundred years later, in the same month, a Purcell memorial festival was held in London, which included a service in the Abbey, when Purcell's compositions were exclusively performed, including some of his finest anthems. Dryden wrote a beautiful "Elegy" in memory of the gifted musician, which was set to music by Dr. Blow; and the tablet in the Musicians' Aisle has long been said to be due to his wife,

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Lady Elizabeth Howard's admiration for her master, while the epitaph was attributed to Dryden himself. But, according to the latest researches, Lady Annabella Howard, the young fourth wife of Lady Elizabeth's aged brother, Sir Robert Howard, put up the memorial, and her husband wrote the inscription:—"Here lyes Henry Purcell, Esq., who has left this life and gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded." A curious story is told in Malcolm's "London," according to which a young man, named Peter Abbott, made a wager that he would hide himself in the Abbey, spend a night in the coronation chair, and write his name on Purcell's monument. There is proof that he won his bet, for Malcolm saw his pencilled signature on the tablet, and the present writer has copied these words which were cut with a penknife on the seat of Kings: "P. Abbott slept in this chair, July 5, 1800."

Sir Robert Howard (d. 1698) was himself a well-known dramatist, who had been knighted on the field of Newbury for his courage at Cropredy Bridge, and was afterwards imprisoned by the Roundheads at Windsor. Even in his own day, at the Restoration court, his plays were looked down upon, and Evelyn and Pepys both laugh at them as ridiculous and indifferent. His only claim to fame is his relationship with Dryden, and the fact of their collaboration in one play, "The Indian Queen," a joint authorship which led to a deadly quarrel between the brothers-in-law. Howard lies in St. John the Baptist's Chapel. Purcell's epitaph and the Latin verses on his gravestone were re-cut at the expense of Mr. Turle (d. 1882). James Turle was organist here for fifty-one years; his connection with the Abbey began as a boy of fifteen (1817), when he became a pupil of the then organist, George Williams (d. 1819, buried in the south cloister). He was assistant, and finally deputy to Williams's successor, Thomas Greatorex (d. 1831, buried in the west cloister), whom he succeeded. He was present at three coronations, those of George IV., William IV., and Victoria, but did not preside at the organ. A tablet has been put up to his memory in the cloisters, and a window, with portraits of himself and his wife, in the north aisle of the choir.

Dr. Blow returned to his old position at the Abbey on

his pupil's death; during the interval he had been master of the choristers at St. Paul's for a time, and he remained one of the three organists at the Chapel Royal. From his earliest youth, when he was a pupil of Christopher Gibbons, he had been connected both with the Chapel Royal, where he was a chorister, and with the Abbey, for he was first made organist here, like Purcell, at the early age of twenty-one. He began to compose very early in life, and we hear of his anthems at the age of fifteen; afterwards these compositions of his grew in beauty, and, it must also be added, in duration. The famous story touching the protest which James the Second's confessor ventured to make about the inordinate length of "I beheld, and lo! a great multitude," and Blow's reply, "That is the opinion of but one fool, and I heed it not," is a proof that even in his own day the admiring audience at the Chapel Royal got tired of these long anthems.

Blow's loss of temper and rudeness to Father Petre lost him his credit with the King, and had it not been for the revolution of 1688 and the flight of James, the irascible musician would certainly have lost his places. His organ-playing was no less admired than his compositions; he "was reckoned the greatest master in the world for playing most gravely and seriously in his voluntaries, and also for his mastery of canon." A famous example of the latter is the Gloria from his "Jubilate," which is inscribed beneath his tablet in the Musicians' Aisle. This was quoted by Purcell as an instance of his skill, which "is enough to recommend him as one of the greatest masters in the world," and it is said to have been sung at St. Peter's, Rome, through the influence of Cardinal Howard. When Dean Stanley took the Emperor of Brazil round the Abbey on his first visit to England, the royal visitor asked to be guided to the grave of Livingstone, and then to the monument of Dr. Blow, and there, standing in the aisle between the memorials of Purcell and Blow, he read the inscription and the Gloria aloud from beginning to end. Blow died (1708) at his house in the Broad Sanctuary; he was buried near his pupil, beneath the organ (which has since been moved to the centre of the screen); upon his tombstone is

recalled the fact that he was master to the famous Mr. Purcell.

The bust of a later and less famous pupil, Dr. William Croft (d. 1727) is close to Blow's tablet. He also began his musical career at the Chapel Royal, and ultimately became chief organist there, and composer to two sovereigns, Anne and George I., a post which he held, with that of organist at the Abbey, after Blow's death. He was, as it were, the "laureate" of music, expected to write anthems and thanksgivings for Blenheim and the other great victories; he also celebrated events in the royal family, such as Anne's funeral and George the First's coronation, for both of which ceremonies he composed suitable anthems. In 1724 an edition of Croft's works, with a portrait of himself, was published, containing Purcell's burial service, which is printed in conjunction with Croft's setting; and many specimens of his beautiful church music have been selected from these folios for the Abbey and other modern anthem books. Upon the ornate monument is recorded his gentleness to his pupils, which was a contrast to the roughness of Blow; the Latin inscription ends with the words: "He emigrated to the Heavenly Choir with that Concert of Angels for which he was better fitted, adding his Hallelujah."

Croft's successor, John Robinson (d. 1762), who is buried in the same aisle, carried on Blow's traditions in the Abbey, for as a child in 1700 he had been taught by the old master at the Chapel Royal; in his later life he became Croft's assistant. Robinson was popular chiefly as an organ player and a performer on the harpsichord. His compositions were little known even in his own day, and only one of his chants is now extant in print. His first wife and one of his daughters were both professional singers; the latter used to sing in Handel's oratorios. With Handel's memory many of the musicians buried here at this time are connected. Dr. Benjamin Cooke (d. 1793), the next organist, was one of the directors at the Handel Festival in 1784, and received a medal from George III. in commemoration of the event. Cooke is chiefly remembered now for his glees and catches. Upon his monument in the west cloister is incised a canon

of his own composition, in imitation of the one on Dr. Blow's tablet; the inscription was written by the political satirist, T. J. Mathias. In the north cloister is the grave of Bernard Gates (d. 1773), whose favourite pupils, Dupuis (d. 1796) and Arnold (d. 1802), between whom he divided his fortune, rest within the precincts, Dupuis in the west cloister, and Arnold by the side of Purcell, whose leaden coffin was seen when Arnold's grave was dug. Gates was master of the children at the Chapel Royal, and a member of the Abbey choir; at his house in James Street (now Buckingham Gate) Handel's "Esther" was performed for the first time in 1732 by the choristers from the Chapel, and Gates himself sang in the original performance of the Dettingen *Te Deum* eleven years later. Mrs. Gates and several children, one daughter bearing the extraordinary Christian name of Atkinson, are buried in the cloisters, where is a monument to a Mrs. Atkinson, "Body Laundress" to Queen Anne, who brought up Mrs. Gates from her childhood, and seems to have left her money to her. Dupuis inherited his master's estate in Oxfordshire, with a special provision in the will requesting him to take care of an old carriage horse till it died a natural death, when it was to be buried "without mutilation of any kind." He was of French Huguenot descent, and a good performer on the organ, but has no particular claim to a memorial here. His co-heir, Dr. Samuel Arnold, organist at the Abbey for nine years, was distinguished in his day as an operatic composer; he is best known now for his work on cathedral music, a collection of compositions by English composers for the last 200 years, which includes such names as Purcell's and Blow's. He attempted to bring out a complete edition of Handel's works, with a list of subscribers headed by George III., but he never got further than about half way, *i.e.* forty volumes.

A court physician, Dr. Jebb, and his friend, Redmond Simpson, a celebrated performer upon the hautboy, were buried within the same year (1787) in the cloisters. Simpson's widow, who was the violinist Dubourg's daughter, was so badly provided for that Jebb gave up his legacy in her favour. As

medical attendant to the royal family, and making 20,000 guineas in three years by his private practice, Jebb could afford to be generous. He was one of the doctors at the Westminster Infirmary (St. George's Hospital) from 1754 to 1762.

Handel stands head and shoulders above the contemporary musicians whose names we have enumerated. He was a German by birth, and a foreigner he remained, scarcely able to speak English intelligibly, although the greater part of his life was spent in England and he was naturalised in 1726. He first came over from the court of Hanover in 1710, and wrote, by Queen Anne's desire, a *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* in celebration of the Peace of Utrecht, which were performed at St. Paul's, the composer himself presiding at the organ. He returned to England after George the First's accession, and was a favourite court composer for the next three reigns, receiving a small fixed annual pension from each of the three Georges, as well as an annuity, which had been conferred upon him by Queen Anne. For George the Second's coronation Handel composed the famous music for the time-honoured anthem of "Zadok the Priest," which setting has been used ever since; and for the burial of his dear friend, Queen Caroline, he wrote one of his most beautiful pieces of church music, "The ways of Zion do mourn," which was prefixed to the oratorio "Israel in Egypt," when it was first performed. Although nearly blind and crippled with paralysis, the aged composer fulfilled all his engagements to the last, and only a week before his death was present at a performance of his greatest oratorio, "The Messiah," at Covent Garden. He was buried, 20th April 1759, in Poets' Corner about eight o'clock at night, and, in spite of the fact that his funeral was supposed to be a private one, three thousand mourners crushed into the Abbey after the coffin. The anecdotes about Handel would fill a volume. He always wore a large white wig at rehearsals, and when he nodded his ambrosial locks the chorus and orchestra breathed freely, when the wig trembled with rage there was good cause for agitation. Even at court the musician would fly into a passion if the ladies talked and did not listen, and Handel's

constant patroness, the Princess of Wales (George the Third's mother), ever mindful of her favourite's moods, would cry, "Hush, hush, Handel is angry." The statue on the monument is by Roubiliac; it is said to be an exact likeness; the face is from a cast taken after death and touched up by the sculptor's chisel, the eyes were opened after the marble was completed. In his hand the composer holds a page of manuscript with the words from the "Messiah," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," upon it. The bulky figure brings vividly before us the famous description of Handel's appearance from the pen of his contemporary, Dr. Burney: "He was somewhat unwieldy in his actions, but his countenance was full of fire and dignity. His general look was somewhat heavy and sour, but when he did smile it was the sun bursting out of a black cloud . . . his smile was like heaven." The author of the other musical dictionary, Sir John Hawkins, speaks of Handel as "large and rather corpulent, ungraceful in his gait, which was ever sauntering, and had somewhat of that rocking motion which distinguishes those whose legs are bowed." On a tablet above the monument is recorded the festival which was held under the direct patronage of George III. on the centenary of Handel's birth; and early in 1704 Dr. Burney published a folio volume with an elaborate account of this the first Handel Festival. Beneath the great composer's monument was inserted in 1894 a portrait medallion head of the Swedish singer, Jenny Lind Goldschmidt (d. 1887), who was so perfect an interpreter of Handel's vocal music.

We have referred above to the two rival histories of music. Sir John Hawkins (d. 1789), the author of one of them, lived, like Dr. Blow, in the Broad Sanctuary, and was buried in the north cloister, beneath a stone inscribed, by his own desire, only with the initials J. H., and the date of his birth and death. Dr. Charles Burney (d. 1814) lies in the burial-ground of Chelsea Hospital, where he was organist, but his daughter, the novelist, Fanny d'Arblay, put up a monument to him in the Musicians' Aisle, with an inscription from her pen. The doctor's history

was immensely popular at the time of its publication; it ran through several editions almost at once, while the other book, which appeared in the same year, 1776, had no immediate success. The judgment of posterity has reversed contemporary opinion, and the latter work, which is more accurate though less attractive in style and matter, is looked upon as the best authority by later students. There is an amusing song which gives a humorous view of public opinion on the two books at the time :—

"Have you read Sir John's history?
Some folk think it quite a mystery.
Musick filled his wondrous brain.
How d'ye like him? Is it plain?
Both I've read, and must agree
Burney's history pleases me."

When sung as a catch, the words which caught the ear were "Burn his history," repeated over and over again. Both Hawkins and Burney were friends of the doctor; Sir John was one of Johnson's executors, and wrote a biography, which has been called "pompous and feeble," and could not stand comparison with Boswell's. Johnson did his best during his lifetime to say a good word for Hawkins, who was much disliked for his bad manners, his toadiness to his superiors, and rudeness to his inferiors. The best he could say was that Sir John was "honest at bottom," but he owned that his friend had a tendency to brutality and even savagery. When he died the scoffing epitaph—

"Here lies Sir John Hawkins,
Without his shoes and stawkins,"

was composed as a gibe at his drawling way of speaking. Burney was a very different person: his style of conversation may have been stilted, but his heart was in the right place, and his manners were full of charm—all readers of his daughter's memoirs must have learned to love him. With Johnson he was very intimate, and the doctor modelled his celebrated "Tour in the Hebrides" on an

account which "that clever dog" Burney published of a musical trip on the Continent.

Dr. Burney's long life lasted into the nineteenth century, and his name is the last link with that circle of literary men who were connected with Johnson. During the past hundred years a few musicians have been added to our Roll-Call. In the cloisters, for instance, lies William Shield (d. 1829), who has been called "the most original English composer since Purcell," and a memorial slab was placed over his grave in 1891. The best known of his songs, the "Heaving of the Lead" and the "Post Captain," have a nautical ring, and recall the days of the musician's youth, when he was apprenticed to a boat-builder. By his side is buried the Italian, Muzio Clementi (d. 1832), to whom the name of "the father of the piano-forte" has been given. He started the firm of Collard, and seems to have been the first to understand the modern instrument. In his youth Clementi had a musical duel on the piano with Mozart at Vienna in the presence of the Emperor Joseph; the victory was left undecided, but the more talented composer never had a good word to say for Clementi afterwards. In the Musicians' Aisle will be found the gravestone of Sir William Sterndale Bennett (d. 1875), whose name has been compared with Purcell's, and his works are described as "models or classics of the art."

Within recent years one more musician's memorial has been placed near Purcell—a medallion portrait by Mallempré of Michael William Balfe (d. 1870), who was a well-known composer of English opera in his day, but is chiefly remembered now by his popular ballads.

CHAPTER XXI

THE REIGNS OF THE FIRST GEORGES

MANY better men were ruined for their devotion to the Jacobite cause, and Sir Godfrey Kneller, who died in the year of Atterbury's exile, might well have been excused a partiality to his earliest patrons. But Kneller seems to have been utterly unmoved by the misfortunes of James II., whose portrait he was painting at the moment when William of Orange landed at Torbay. He began his career at the court of Charles II., and painted the whole of the royal family, not once but many times. Changes of sovereigns made little difference to so accomplished a courtier, and Kneller transferred his allegiance as easily from James to his son-in-law, as from the Stuart to the Hanoverian dynasty in later days. The popular artist speedily secured the patronage of William III., who made him a knight and his principal painter in 1691, and gave him numerous commissions throughout his reign. Amongst these were the series of admirals, which were commissioned by William, and the twelve court beauties, painted by order of Queen Mary. Anne, her family, and friends all sat to Kneller, and, after the accession of the first Hanoverian King, he received a baronetcy. Foreign potentates, too, thought highly of his talents, and there are portraits of Louis XIV., Peter the Great, and the Archduke Charles from his brush. This exalted opinion of Kneller's skill was shared by his literary and artistic contemporaries; he was made the first President of the Academy of Painting, founded in 1711, and artists flocked to ask his advice and instruction. Dr. Mead was his physician, and Pope his most intimate friend. The artist is reported to have said to Pope on his deathbed: "By God,

I will not be buried in Westminster Abbey . . . they do bury fools there," an opinion shared by the poet, for above Pope's (d. 1744) own epitaph in Twickenham Church are the words: "For one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey."

Kneller's body lies in the garden of his house at Whilton, and after a long dispute between Pope, who refused to make room in Twickenham Church by removing his father's tablet, and Lady Kneller, his monument was put up (1729) at the west end of the nave, whence it was moved later on to the south choir aisle. Kneller himself chose the sculptor Rysbrack, and left £300 to defray the expenses, while Pope wrote the epitaph, a feeble imitation of Raphael's, but interesting as an illustration of the exalted contemporary opinion of the painter's talents, a verdict not endorsed by modern art critics:—

> "Kneller, by Heav'n, and not a master, taught,
> Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought—
> When now two ages he has snatch'd from fate
> Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great—
> Rests, crown'd with Princes' honours, poets' lays,
> Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise:
> Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvye
> Her works; and dying, fears herself may dye."

The two most popular contemporary line engravers, George Vertue (d. 1756) and William Woollett (d. 1785), are buried in the cloisters. Vertue lies near an old monk of the same family. He was employed by Kneller to engrave his portraits and attended his academy; he afterwards became a member of the Society of Antiquaries and their official engraver. His valuable collection of prints, coins, and manuscripts was sold after his death, and Horace Walpole bought the notes which Vertue had prepared for a history of the fine arts in England and founded upon them his own "Anecdotes of Painting." Woollett's most noted work, an engraving of West's Death of Wolfe, first brought his talents before George the Third's notice; he was made

historical engraver to the King and rose to the foremost rank of his profession.

The wealthy Kneller lost some of his fortune in the bursting of the South Sea Bubble Company, but James Craggs (d. 1721), who succeeded his friend Addison as Secretary of State and was buried in his vault, nearly lost his reputation. The young minister's brilliant career was cut short by smallpox, and, although he was unable to absolutely clear his name, his friends refused to believe in the accusations made against him, and flocked to the funeral; the Speaker of the House was one of the pall-bearers. Craggs had been Addison's bosom friend, and he was the chief mourner at his funeral; in the last letter he ever wrote the great essayist dedicated his works to him. Pope was no less enthusiastic, and, probably through his influence with Dean Atterbury, a large monument, with the poet's own lines inscribed upon it, was put up in the west end of the nave, where Kneller's was first placed :—

> "Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
> In action faithful, and in honour clear!
> Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
> Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
> Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
> Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he lov'd."

The grave of Atterbury himself is close to the memorial of Craggs, and with that again Pope is associated, for the exiled Dean wrote to him as to its site, which was to be "as far from Kings and Cæsars as space will admit of." One of the last monuments put up in the Abbey before the Jacobite Dean left must have been one after his own heart, for it commemorated Almericus de Courcy (d. 1720), Lord Kinsale, who was a staunch supporter of James II. and a commander of a troop of horse for his cause. To the De Courcy family, ever since the reign of King John, had belonged the privilege of remaining covered before royalty, and it is said that Lord Kinsale once asserted this hereditary right and wore his hat in the presence of William III.

With the Abbey George I. has no connection beyond the

fact of his coronation. A foreigner he was by birth and a foreigner he remained; his grave is in his beloved Hanover. But with the accession of George II., and the influence of his wife, Queen Caroline, who completely identified herself with her adopted country, the Hanoverian court gradually became more English. The English statesmen impressed our modern constitutional system upon the two first Georges the more easily because neither of these Kings knew nor cared a jot about the politics of their new Kingdom, and it was not till the time of George III. that the Hanoverian monarchs interfered with their ministers.

Caroline's influence, on the other hand, was all-powerful with Sir Robert Walpole, as was his with her, but it was sedulously concealed, and not even suspected by her thick-headed husband, whom she ostensibly obeyed, but really guided in all political matters.

As Prince and Princess of Wales George and Caroline had taken some trouble to win the good opinion of their subjects, and their coronation (October 11, 1727) was a popular and magnificent ceremony. Samuel Bradford, the first Dean of the Order of the Bath, Atterbury's successor in the See of Rochester and the Deanery of Westminster, had been a prebendary for twenty years, and had taken part in two coronations already; he was therefore well versed in all the details of the Dean's duties. Nevertheless the new King was so great a stickler for etiquette that he insisted on a rehearsal of the service, at which Handel, who superintended the music, was present, and the sovereign had a quarrel with the Dean on some minute point afterwards. In spite of all this extra agitation the *Veni Creator*, one of the most essential portions of the old coronation recensions, was omitted when the day came. The confusion in the ritual was atoned for in the eyes of the spectators by the blaze of fine dresses and jewels; the Queen's skirt was so heavy with precious stones, most of them hired for the occasion, that she could scarcely stand upright. The music was performed by a more than usually large choir and orchestra, which was conducted by Handel, and the beautiful anthem, "Let thy hand be

strengthened," in which he had incorporated "Zadok the Priest," was heard for the first time. A French eye-witness, whose experiences have lately appeared, gives an amusing account of the scene outside, when, during a temporary halt in the procession, old Sarah, Dowager-Duchess of Marlborough, seized a drum from the band and sat down upon it, unmoved by the jeers of the spectators. After all was over, the crowd broke up the boarded platform upon which the procession had walked from Westminster Hall, and tore up the blue cloth for relics, so the spectacle ended in tumult and disorder.

George II. and his Queen rest in the centre of Henry VII.'s Chapel, surrounded by their immediate relatives; they are the last reigning sovereigns interred in the Abbey, for from the time of their grandson, George III., to the present day, Windsor has been chosen as the sepulture of our royal family.

There was genuine sorrow when Queen Caroline passed away (d. 1737). Her husband's grief was boisterously expressed, but sincere enough; there is little doubt that he always missed his able helpmeet. When his own coffin was laid beside hers the side of Caroline's was removed by the King's special desire, and her dust was mingled with his. George was too prostrated by his days of weeping to be present at his wife's funeral, but his daughter, Princess Amelia, took his place as chief mourner, and sat by the coffin, which was placed upon tressels near the vault, during the service. The burial took place in the evening, and the long procession was headed by the Dean and Chapter, the choirs of the Abbey and Chapel Royal, the masters of the school and King's scholars, carrying lighted torches, while behind them, just in front of the bier, walked Norroy, King-at-arms. The funeral *cortège* wound round the aisles and ambulatory chanting Croft and Purcell's burial service, and, when all was over, Handel's beautiful anthem brought consolation and peace to the mourners. Bradford was dead, but the new Dean, Wilcocks (d. 1756), who took his place in 1731, had been a prebendary for ten years before that, and there was no excuse for the strange muddle

which ensued at this last funeral of a Queen in the Abbey; the psalms and lesson were altogether omitted, and the confusion inside the church seems to have been very distracting.

Caroline's favourite daughter and namesake survived twenty years longer, but her youth and happiness were destroyed by her secret passion for the Queen's friend, Lord Hervey. She died to all intents and purposes on the day that her mother's coffin was laid in the royal vault; henceforth the Princess lived always in the presence of death, for the dying Queen's prophecy that she would follow her within the year preyed upon her mind, and she gave herself up entirely to religion and secret works of charity. The elder sister, Amelia, a far less agreeable person, lived on till 1786. She was betrothed to Frederick the Great in her youth, but the match was broken off for political reasons; the Princess continued to correspond with her fiancé till his marriage, and always wore his portrait next her heart. During her father's lifetime she took a leading position at court, and was much courted by such political persons as desired to curry favour with the King. There is a florid account of her funeral in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; save for the better arrangements, it was conducted much after the same manner as her mother's. The only incident connected with this burial is the strange adventure of a gentleman of antiquarian tastes, who had received permission to enter the open royal vault the day before, and got locked into the Abbey while he was copying the inscription on the Duke of Cumberland's coffin. Here he remained amongst the tombs all night, and was extricated the next morning, more dead than alive with sheer terror.

Frederick, Prince of Wales, a Prince so detested by his parents that Caroline used to wish him dead a hundred times a day, died before his father and sisters, in 1751. There was no ceremony at his funeral, which took place at night, without "organ or chapel," but what with the beating of two drums inside the church and the tolling of the bells outside there was no lack of solemnity. His brother, the Duke of Cumberland, of whose military career

we speak in the next chapter, had lost his early popularity, and the one universal feeling about Fred's death was the fear lest Billy should be regent, for the heir to the throne was only thirteen. Frederick had espoused his grandfather's side in the family quarrel which raged in his youth, as in his own later days, between the then Prince of Wales and the King, and put up a statue to George I. in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Long afterwards George IV. thought of commemorating his grandfather Prince Frederick's memory by a monument in St. Paul's, but the intention was never carried out, and the Hanoverian graves were left unrecorded, without even a name cut on the pavement, till the omission was supplied in 1866.

Contrary to all expectations, George II. survived nine years longer, and died suddenly (October 25, 1760) at the last, just a month after the British dominion was established in Canada by the capture of Montreal. We shall hear in the next chapter of the glorious naval and military victories which made the name of England famous and added to her dominion at this time, before the obstinacy of George III. lost the greater part of her American colonies. Horace Walpole was present at the funeral, and his inimitable description should be read *in extenso*. He dwells on the immense size of the coffin, the guards, who were the bearers, staggering and groaning audibly under its weight. The Duke of Cumberland's calm deportment is compared favourably with the hysterical behaviour of the Duke of Newcastle, the Princess Amelia's admirer, who, through all his apparent emotion, could not disguise his hypochondriacal manias, and stood on the royal Duke's train in order to keep the damp pavement from giving him a chill. Cumberland was already afflicted by a paralytic stroke, and had resigned his military command to Lord Ligonier, but he lived five years longer, and was present at the coronation of his nephew, George III. He was buried in his father's vault. In 1770 General Strode, an officer who had fought in old days under the Duke's command—he had seen sixty years' service in all—put up a statue in memory of his general in Cavendish Square, where the Princess Amelia

then lived. Strode himself (d. 1776) is buried and commemorated by a monument in the Abbey nave. Long afterwards (1790), when William Augustus's nephew and successor in the title of Duke of Cumberland was laid in the same vault, an eye-witness of the lying-in-state has left on record a minute description of his embalmed corpse (see *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1790). Every finger and every limb as well as the body and face were bound in linen and covered with white satin; "the neck, wrists, knees, and feet are elegantly ornamented with purple bows; the coffin is lined with white satin, and richly ornamented." Princess Augusta, the Duke's mother, two of her daughters, and two of her other sons also rest in Henry VII.'s Chapel. We hear of the Princess of Wales at the coronation of her beloved George, "the best of Kings," when she sailed across Palace Yard followed by her children, quite eclipsing, with her stately air, gorgeous attire, and jewels, the girlish-looking plain Queen, who had been married only a fortnight before to the handsome young sovereign. There was little to distinguish the coronation of George III. from those of the other Hanoverians. Walpole complains of the high price of seats and the muddle made by the heralds in the details of the ceremony. The chief events of the day took place in Westminster Hall. The champion had trained his horse, an old white charger which had carried George II. at Dettingen, so carefully to back out of the hall that it entered backwards, and could not be induced to go forwards. It is said that a mysterious stranger picked up the challenger's glove, and a rumour identified the unknown man with Prince Charles Edward, who was believed to be in London incognito under the name of Brown. Sir Walter Scott uses and embellishes this incident in "Redgauntlet."

In the south cloister is the grave of a learned French divine, Dr. Pierre Courayer (d. 1776), who was buried here at his own request through the influence of one of the canons, William Bell (d. 1816). Courayer, whose heterodox opinions had obliged him to fly from France in 1728, came to London by the advice of the exiled Dean, Atterbury, who was a great admirer of his, and always

had a portrait of him hanging in his rooms. This picture he bequeathed to Courayer, who gave it to the University of Oxford. Atterbury sent an English servant over with the timid scholar, but, once in England, Courayer needed no further help from his friend, for he was received by the Archbishop at Lambeth, and became a welcome visitor at court, where he was especially favoured by Queen Caroline. Prebendary Bell was one of the Princess Amelia's chaplains and belonged to the court circle; he published Courayer's "Last Sentiments" after his death. The Latin epitaph by Kynaston, Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, and a scholar and author himself, was inscribed upon the tombstone too hastily, before it had received a necessary revision, and the Latin is therefore incorrect.

While none of the Hanoverian sovereigns have any memorials here, there is a tablet in the south choir aisle which was put up by Princess Augusta to the memory of a parish priest, Dr. Stephen Hales (d. 1761), who was chaplain to her son George III. when Prince of Wales, and Clerk of the Closet to herself. Hales was a physiologist of some distinction in his own day, and his works on animal physiology and botany are still used as text-books by scientific students. To unscientific people he is best known as the inventor of ventilators, and by this beneficent and sanitary invention he saved the lives of many prisoners in Newgate and the Savoy over here, as well as in some of the French prisons. He deserves recognition not only for this, but also for the sake of his original and unusual character. Horace Walpole laughs at the "old philosopher" as "a poor, good, primitive creature," but other less cynical observers admired his serenity of disposition, and the philosophy with which he regarded even wicked people and those who injured himself, "without any emotion of particular indignation . . . but only like those experiments which, upon trial, he found could never be applied to any useful purpose, and which he therefore calmly and dispassionately laid aside."

Two other inventors, master and pupil, were buried in the Abbey during this same century. Thomas Tompion

(d. 1713), "the father of English watchmaking," created quite a revolution in the art of making clocks by the numerous improvements which he introduced, such as the balance spring in a watch, and the repeater, both of which he perfected, although they were actually invented by others. A barometer and sundial made by Tompion's hand and commissioned by William III. are still at Hampton Court, while one of his clocks is in existence and in working order at the present day in the Bath pump-room. George Graham (d. 1751), his nephew by marriage, was the inventor of an astronomical instrument called the "Orrery," after Lord Orrery; he lies in his uncle's grave. The old inscription speaks of their "curious inventions" which "do honour to the British genius" and of their "accurate performances" as "the standard of mechanic skill"; it was restored by Dean Stanley, to whom an indignant remonstrance concerning the disappearance of the ancient lettering on the slab was pointed out. James Watt, the improver of the steam engine, died in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and will be treated of later[1] in relation to his great contemporary, Richard Trevithick, when we shall speak of other famous engineers and of the modern architects. Few people are aware that beneath the seats in the south transept are the gravestones of two eighteenth-century architects, one of whom, Robert Adam (d. 1792), was the most talented of the four brothers who gave their name to the "Adam" style of architecture and decoration which is so much admired at the present day. Robert had been architect to George III., and his popularity is shown by the honour paid to his remains, when a crowd of fashionable people attended his funeral, and the Duke of Buccleuch, with two Earls, a Viscount, and a Lord, were amongst his pall-bearers. Sir William Chambers (d. 1769) was a still more popular person in his own day, although the fame of the Adam brothers has now eclipsed his. He was architect to the King and comptroller of his Majesty's works, and to him we owe the present Somerset House, which has been called by one authority "the greatest architectural work of the reign of George III."

[1] See page 399.

Chambers was one of the circle of friends which included Johnson, Goldsmith, Burney, and Garrick, all of whom are commemorated here, and often alluded to in these pages. James Wyatt (d. 1813), who was appointed surveyor to the Abbey in 1776, and succeeded Chambers as surveyor to the Board of Works, and as the royal architect, is buried near his predecessor, and has a tablet on the historical side of Poets' Corner. Wyatt was known as the "destroyer," on account of his zeal as a restorer, which was displayed most disastrously at Lincoln, Salisbury, and Hereford Cathedrals. On the other hand he is considered by some authorities as the originator of the revival of Gothic architecture. To his son and successor's taste is due the inartistic rose window of the south transept, which has lately been replaced by the modern glass inserted in memory of the Duke of Westminster. Not far from Wyatt is a memorial to Sir Robert Taylor (d. 1788), an architect of the classical revival, who was much employed by the great people of his time. The Mansion House is one of his works, and he also built part of the Bank of England. In the Abbey his monuments to Cornwall and Guest do not enhance his reputation. Near his tablet will be found that to "long" Sir Thomas Robinson (d. 1777), who dabbled in many of the arts, including architecture. His love of building led him into so many financial excesses that he ruined himself in England and was obliged to accept the post of Governor of Barbadoes. In that island he again took to bricks and mortar, and presented such enormous bills to the Government that he was recalled. Robinson was famous for his splendid entertainments, and our friend Horace Walpole describes some of his wonderful balls and breakfasts, for which money seemed always forthcoming. At George the Third's coronation he acted as deputy for the Duke of Normandy, the last occasion on which the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy did homage by deputy.

Several of the eighteenth-century Deans are commemorated in the nave. Wilcocks, who officiated at the burials of Queen Caroline and Frederick, Prince of Wales, died before the funeral of George II. During his time were built the ugly western towers, which Wren

designed before his death and left in the hands of his successors, Hawksmore and Dickenson. The old Dean was so proud of these additions to the Abbey that he had a bas-relief representing the towers sculptured on his monument, and lies by his own desire beneath one of them. Each of the Deans in these early Hanoverian days contributed his share towards the destruction of the ancient architecture. Atterbury had assisted in the re-modelling of the crumbling northern front after an eighteenth-century pattern, and "complacently watched the workmen hewing smooth" the fine Early English sculptures. The greatest sinner in this respect was Zachary Pearce (d. 1774), who succeeded Wilcocks, but resigned the Deanery in 1768, while keeping the Bishopric of Rochester. He nearly got rid of Aymer de Valence's tomb altogether in order to make way for Wolfe's huge cenotaph, and he is responsible for the Pancake monument and for other equally debased specimens of sculpture. The busts of Pearce and of John Thomas (d. 1793), his successor in the Deanery and ultimately also in the Bishopric of Rochester, are both portraits; the latter is copied from a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the Deanery hang painted portraits of these Deans which have little artistic merit. Thomas was an advocate for the removal of the disabilities under which Roman Catholics suffered in the days when the Romanists were most unpopular in England. Dean Stanley relates an anecdote which illustrates both his presence of mind and ready wit. He was mobbed one day in the cloisters "by a band of tumultuous and misguided enthusiasts, who seized him by the robes and demanded 'how he meant to vote in the House of Lords,' to which with great presence and firmness the Bishop replied, 'For your interests and my own.' 'What! then you don't mean to vote for Popery?' 'No,' said he; 'thank God, that is no part of our interests in this Protestant country.' Upon hearing this one of the party clapped the Bishop on the back and cleared the passage for him, calling out, 'Make way for the Protestant Bishop!'" In his time the first Handel Festival, to which we have referred in the musicians' chapter, was held in the Abbey

under the patronage of the King and royal family. Malcolm, in his "London Redivivum," describes his impression of this scene. The interior of the nave was prepared by Wyatt for the occasion, and Malcolm gets quite idyllic over the wonderful effect of the arrangements. George III. first went to view Handel's monument, and afterwards he and his Queen took their places on thrones prepared for them. Then, says the historian: "How shall I attempt to follow the soft sounds of a female (voice), mellowed by the vast avenues of columns and arches, till they roll forward, swelled by thunder, conceived by Handel, and brought forth by near 600 performers; or paint the vibratory effect on the nerves of the hearers when the crumbling particles of the decaying roof fell in showers responsive? . . . Had Handel himself conducted the band, he must have been even more than satisfied. . . . This celebration was continued till 1790, when the edge of curiosity having been blunted, and the expense a little felt, it was renewed in St. Margaret's Church for a year or two, and for the last time in the Banqueting-House at Whitehall."

Walpole has recorded some personal details about Zachary Pearce, which do not give a high standard of the qualifications which made him so popular a prelate at court. He seems to have made much the same confusion at the funeral of George II. as his predecessor had at Queen Caroline's; Walpole says that "he read sadly, and blundered in the prayers." Horace complains also of his ignorance in the matter of the projected removal of the De Valence tomb; by his own admission the Dean was quite unaware of the identity of the noted Earl of Pembroke, but took him for a Knight-Templar, "a very wicked set of people." Walpole himself had lately added to the monuments which spoil the Abbey by the intrusion of Valori's statue of his mother (designed after a figure of Modesty which is said to be at Rome) into the south aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel. He abuses the Chapter for charging him the extortionate sum of £40 for the ground. They "sell their church over and over again," he continues; "the ancient monuments tumble upon one's head through their neglect, as one of them did and killed a

man at Lady Elizabeth Percy's funeral, and they erect new waxen dolls of Elizabeth, &c., to draw visits and money for the tombs."

Walpole's allusion to Lady Elizabeth Percy recalls the many members of the house of Percy who lie in the private vault in St. Nicholas' Chapel, to which their descendants still have an ancient right. The vault originally belonged to the Seymours, and is close to the monument of the Protector's widow. Her descendant, Charles, sixth Duke of Somerset, married the sole heiress of the ancient Earls of Northumberland, Tom Thynne's child widow, to whom we have referred before; his eldest son, Algernon, was the last Seymour who bore the family titles of Duke of Somerset and Earl of Hertford. He was created Duke of Northumberland after his father's death, and his daughter and heiress became Baroness Percy and Duchess of Northumberland in her own right; thus the family of Percy inherited the Seymours' claim to this burial-place. Algernon married Frances Thynne, a relative of his mother's murdered bridegroom, Tom Thynne, and both he and his Duchess were notable persons in their different ways. The Duke fought as a young man in Marlborough's campaigns, and was sent with the news of the victory of Oudenarde to Queen Anne. Before he succeeded to the title he was Governor of Minorca for five years after Kane's death, and is therefore connected with our colonial possessions. His wife, who was lady-in-waiting to Queen Caroline, was a patroness of learning, and a dabbler in literature on her own account. The poet Thomson was a special protégé of hers, and he dedicated Spring, one of the "Seasons," to her. She also befriended Richard Savage, the unfortunate "voluntary laureate," as he called himself, and, when he killed a man in a drunken brawl, obtained his pardon from George II. Her daughter, Elizabeth, Duchess of Northumberland (d. 1776), who was likewise a generous patroness of literary men, was buried in a new vault on the opposite side of St. Nicholas' Chapel; the ancient burial-place was quite filled up by the last interments of the Seymour family. This necessitated a general shifting of the tombs,

and added to the confusion at the funeral. A terrible scene made the day of her burial one ever remembered at the Abbey. John of Eltham's canopy was broken down by the pressure of the crowd, and the ceremony was delayed two hours by "the fall of the skreen in the chapel of St. Edmund, overloaded with the weight of persons seated on it. Several had their limbs broken, and others were much bruised." Even when the Dean returned at midnight to finish the burial service, groans of murder resounded from such sufferers as were still pinned beneath the débris.

In St. Michael's Chapel is the tomb of another Duchess of Somerset (d. 1692). Sarah was the daughter of Sir Edward Alston, President of the College of Physicians. She married a second husband, John, the fourth Duke of Somerset, and chose as her third the antiquary, Lord Coleraine, from whom she was eventually separated. Her name will ever be gratefully remembered in Westminster for her charitable bequest, which takes the form of pensions to deserving old women, and still bears her name. The greater part of her fortune was left to philanthropic objects, at Oxford and Cambridge, and in her native county, Wiltshire.

The Duchess of Somerset is not the only female philanthropist commemorated in the Abbey. A heavy sarcophagus by Gibbs, in the nave, was put up in memory of a female friendship which lasted forty years, and was only dissolved by death. Mrs. Catherine Boevey (d. 1727), whose virtues it commemorates, was a lady of no mean reputation in her generation; she was of Dutch extraction, one of "those lofty, black, and lasting beauties that strike with reverence and yet delight," we learn from Ballard, who includes her in his "British Ladies." Married at fifteen to a man much older than herself, who proved to be a bad husband, she was left a widow at twenty-two, with a large fortune at her disposal and an estate in Gloucestershire. Although perpetually besieged by suitors, Mrs. Boevey never married again, but devoted her life to works of benevolence and charity, to hospitality, and to the cause of education. She was known amongst her admirers by the name of

Portia, and Sir Richard Steele dedicated a volume of his "Ladies' Library" to her. She is said to have been the original of Steele's "perverse widow," whom Sir Roger de Coverley wooed in vain, and her friend, Mrs. Pope, figures as the "malicious confidante." But the evidence for this assertion is conflicting, and Addison describes another young widow, under the name of Leonora, who might just as well have been sketched from Mrs. Boevey. Her waiting-maid gives a pathetic description of the philanthropic lady's last days. "During the Christmas holydays before she died, she had the thirty children who were taught at her expense to dine at the Abbey (Flaxley); . . . had them all into the parlour, where she was sitting dressed in white and silver, showed them her clothes and jewels, and gave each child sixpence;" they afterwards danced two hours in the hall, where she had a harp and fiddle. When the children had gone, Mrs. Boevey said to her maid: "Rachel, you will be surprised that I put on such fine clothes to-day, but these poor children will remember me the longer for it;" that day month, adds the maid, her mistress died. Mrs. Boevey's life-long friend and companion, Mary Pope, of whom the biographers do not report very favourably, distributed her legacies, and, probably on the strength of her bequests to some schools in Westminster, was allowed to erect a monument to her memory here. She was buried at Flaxley, her own home in Gloucestershire.

Other eighteenth-century philanthropists are to be found in the Abbey—Hugh Boulter (d. 1742), for instance, the munificent statesman-primate, who passed from the Bishopric of Bristol to the Archbishopric of Armagh in 1723, and won universal respect from the Irish people of all shades of opinion for his extensive charities in the relief of distress. Boulter was a staunch and bigoted Protestant, devoted to the English interest; he was Lord Justice in Ireland no less than thirteen times, and through his influence many statutes directed against the Roman Catholics became law. The monument of Warren, Bishop of Bristol (d. 1800), on the same wall, calls for no remark in itself, but may be noticed in connection with the memorial to his

wife (d. 1816) opposite, which is also by Sir Richard Westmacott, and is considered one of his best works. Mrs. Warren spent much of her large fortune in the cause of charity, and her benevolence is typified here by the figure of the beggar-girl holding a baby.

A more interesting philanthropist is Jonas Hanway (d. 1786), who has been aptly called "the friend and father of the poor." The early part of his life was spent in travelling, chiefly in mercantile business, and, like Barrow, he had many exciting adventures by land and sea. He inherited a fortune when he was middle-aged, and the rest of his life was given up to the untiring advocacy of philanthropic schemes. Hanway was one of the founders of the Marine Society, which is intended for the training up of poor boys to be seamen, and his portrait still hangs in the committee room. He shared likewise in the foundation of the Magdalen Hospital, and, as a governor of the Foundling Hospital, entirely re-modelled that institution. One distinction he may lay claim to which affects our modern convenience—he was the first person to introduce the use of an umbrella into England, and, in spite of the jeers and scoffing cries of the passers-by and the hackney coachmen, who feared that their trade on wet days might be interfered with, continued to carry his umbrella in the London streets for thirty years. Hanway found time to use his pen, in spite of all his charitable works; the account of his foreign travels was published soon after his return, and a later description of a tour in England called forth severe criticisms from Dr. Johnson. "Jonas," he said, "acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it all by travelling at home." The amateur author again irritated the doctor and his friend, Goldsmith, by an essay against tea-drinking, which he considered to be a pernicious custom. A traveller who was commemorated by a tablet in the south choir aisle earlier in the century may be alluded to here in connection with Hanway's adventures. Sir John Chardin (d. 1713) was a Frenchman by birth, but he came over to England in 1681 to escape the Huguenot persecution. His travelling days as far as the East was concerned were over by that time, and he settled down as court jeweller,

and was knighted by Charles II. He became a person of some importance at the English court. Evelyn was godfather to his eldest son. Chardin was employed by Charles II. as an envoy to Holland, and his Kensington mansion, Holland House, afterwards became celebrated as the home of Lord Holland and his descendants. The adventurous merchant's early travels had taken him to many hitherto unexplored parts of India and Persia; he published three volumes (in French) of his experiences before his death. His last book, "Some notes on the manners and customs of the East in connection with the Bible," was lost, and advertised for after his death by his family, but it was at last discovered incorporated with a work by another author, who had found the manuscript through the agency of Sir Philip Musgrave, one of the traveller's descendants.

In the cloisters will be found tablets which commemorate two almost forgotten authors. The one, Bonnell Thornton (d. 1768), was a school friend of the poet Cowper at Westminster, and afterwards took part in starting the *Connoisseur*, a weekly paper, which was very successful and got as far as 140 numbers. Cowper was one of the regular contributors. Thornton had some reputation as a wit, and Johnson used to enjoy his jokes and burlesque rhymes. The other, Dr. Buchan (d. 1805), acquired a wide popularity by his work called "Domestic Medicine." The book had an immediate success; about 80,000 copies were sold in Buchan's life-time. It was translated into several European languages, and had a large circulation in America.

Before we leave the miscellaneous monuments which were put up here in the eighteenth century, mention should be made of three, all of which are mementoes of affection. Thus the ugly tablet to Mary Kendall (d. 1710), in St. John the Baptist's Chapel, was put up by her dear Lady Catherine Jones, with whom in death she desired to lie; Lady Catherine survived thirty years longer, but the affection of Mary Kendall was not forgotten, and the friends rest in one vault. The Nightingale monument[1] (erected in 1761), which is so popular with the ordinary sightseer, recalls the affection of

[1] In St. Michael's Chapel.

a son for his parents, and is in Roubiliac's most sensational manner. Death is represented starting from beneath the monument, and aiming his dart at Lady Elizabeth, who shrinks back into her husband's arms. This "epigrammatic conceit" has always attracted the public, and is more popular than any other monument in the Abbey; at the time of its erection there was a perfect furore about it. Horace Walpole, however, styled it "more theatric than sepulchral," and Allan Cunningham, while praising the anatomy of the figures, says: "The Death is meanly imagined; he is the common drybones of every vulgar tale. It was not so that Milton dealt with this difficult allegory. We are satisfied with the indistinct image which he gives us. . . . The poet saw the difficulty, the sculptor saw none." It is said that a robber who broke into the Abbey one night was so terrified by Death's figure in the moonlight that he fled in dismay from the building. The crowbar which he dropped in his terror was left for many years beside the monument for the tourists to wonder at. Roubiliac himself, while engaged upon the work, frightened his serving boy one day at dinner by dropping his knife and fork and starting forward, his eyes fixed on vacancy with an expression of intense fear.

In the next chapel, St. Andrew's, the tomb of Anastasia, Countess of Kerry (d. 1799), recalls a husband's devotion, for here, on a cushion placed for the purpose, till his own death in 1818, the widower used to come and kneel beside the wife who had "rendered him for thirty-one years the happiest of mankind."

CHAPTER XXII

A CENTURY OF NATIONAL MONUMENTS

BY the middle of the nineteenth century the walls of the Abbey were crowded with memorials, chiefly those which commemorate statesmen, soldiers, and sailors, and the later Deans have been obliged to strictly limit the choice of names, and often curtail the proportions of some colossal erection which already disfigured the architecture. Many, such as the monument which insults the fame of Wolfe, or the cumbrous one called the "Prison House of Death" to Lord Holland, were too conspicuous to be interfered with, but others not so notorious have been cut down in size or removed to a less offensive prominence. In speaking of the men who helped to make the Empire between 1700 and 1800, we shall find that various changes of this description have since been made with regard to their memorials. Addison, walking here during the wars early in the reign of Queen Anne, comments on "the many uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were, perhaps, buried on the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean." As we look round the nave, the choir aisles, and the north transept we see an astonishing proportion of this latter class of monument, called in modern language a cenotaph. We have spoken of those which commemorate the literary men and of some dedicated to military and naval heroes, but here and in the next chapter we would gather up the memories of the men who have helped during the past two centuries in the expansion of the Empire, whether from the deck of a man-of-war, or in the storm and stress of the assault or defence on battle-field and fortification-wall. The tragic end of one great admiral, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, has

already been described in detail. Under his command, or that of Sir George Rooke, whose fame is commemorated in Canterbury Cathedral, many of the distinguished seamen of whom we now speak learnt their trade. Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy (d. 1732) first entered the navy under the patronage of Captain Churchill—Marlborough's brother—but joined Rooke's squadron off Cadiz, and distinguished himself in that famous victory (October 12, 1702) when Rooke destroyed the combined French and Spanish fleets off Vigo. Hardy was sent back with the news to Queen Anne, who knighted him with her own hands and gave him a present of £1000. This brave officer was dismissed from the service early in the reign of Anne's successor purely on a suspicion of Jacobite sympathies, and spent the last seventeen years of his life in retirement. A large monument at the west end of the nave recalls his services to his country, and records the fact of his descent from a certain Clement Le Hardy, of Jersey, who hospitably received Henry VII. when, as Duke of Richmond, he took refuge on that island from the long arm of the usurper, Richard III., and was conveyed safely over to Normandy by his host "at hazard of his own life." Another Channel Islander, Philip Saumarez (d. 1747), is commemorated in the north choir aisle. In the opposite aisle will be found the tablet to the memory of the preacher, Isaac Watts,[1] whose father's school at Southampton Saumarez attended as a lad of eleven. The young naval captain distinguished himself in two great victories gained by the English fleet under the command first of Lord Anson, then of Admiral Hawke, off Cape Finisterre in 1747. In the last action Saumarez, who was attempting to head off a couple of disabled French vessels, was killed practically by the last shot fired. Admiral Vernon's (d. 1757) monument[2] is at the end of the north transept. He first distinguished himself during the war with Spain in 1739 by the capture of the strong fort of Portobello with a squadron of six ships only under his command.

[1] See page 385.

[2] A tablet, which existed in Dart's time, to the aged Royalist, Colonel Blagge (d. 1660), famous for his brave defence of Wallingford Castle, must have been destroyed to make way for Vernon; Blagge was buried below.

For this exploit he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, but, although he afterwards commanded the famous expedition against Cartagena, he was shelved upon his return after the peace with Spain because he dared to expose the abuses then so notoriously common in the royal navy. Vernon was called "Old Grog," from his grogram boat cloak, and this nickname was given to the mixture of rum and water, which he invented, and which has been the official drink of sailors ever since. In the west aisle is a tablet upon which is inscribed the name of a young captain who was killed when serving under Vernon off Cartagena. Lord Aubrey Beauclerk (d. 1741) had royal blood in his veins, for he was the grandson of Charles II. and Nell Gwyn, and in his dash and courage he was no unworthy descendant of the Stuarts. His legs were both shot off in the bombardment of Boca-Chica, and he continued to give his orders with the utmost calmness till his life ebbed away. The inflated epitaph by the poet Thomson, typical of the taste of the day, ends with the lines—

> "Dying, he bid Britannia's thunders roar,
> And Spain still felt him when he breathed no more."

Roubiliac, Scheemakers, and Rysbrack, all foreigners, are responsible for some of the monstrous monuments to sailors, such as those to the Admirals Wager, Warren, and Watson. Sir Charles Wager (d. 1743) spent most of his long life in the navy, and came of a sea-going family. His grandfather, a common sailor, died on the high seas; his father commanded a frigate in the Dutch war of 1666, and died on shore the same year, the year of Charles's birth. Colonel Chester truly calls Wager "one of those distinguished commanders whose career added fresh glory to the British navy," and he received the rewards he deserved; he was knighted in 1709 for his gallantry in the West Indies, became Admiral of the White, Lord of the Admiralty, and finally Treasurer of the Navy. A bas-relief represents one of his most dashing exploits, the capture of some Spanish treasure-ships in the West Indies.

While Wager's monument ruins the wall-arcading on one side of the north door and Vernon's the other, in

the transept itself are two more naval memorials—one to Admiral Storr (d. 1783); the other, a singularly tasteless group by Roubiliac, perpetuates the memory of Sir Peter Warren (d. 1752), who distinguished himself under Wager in the West Indies, and ended by settling down on shore as member of Parliament for the city of Westminster. The face of the bust, over which bends a figure of Hercules, is pitted with smallpox to suit the taste of the sightseers of the time; the memorial was called "a superb one," and the crouching woman, who is supposed to represent Navigation gazing at the hero "with a look of melancholy mixed with admiration," was much commended. The memory of a brave sailor, Sir Peter Warren's nephew, Admiral Tyrrell (d. 1766), is traduced by the erection put up in the nave, which was executed by Roubiliac's pupil, Read. It was long called, in derision, after the first burst of admiration had cooled, the Pancake monument, and even now, although its enormous proportions have been modified, it is an eyesore. Tyrrell's last and most distinguished deed was the defeat single-handed of three French men-of-war, one alone of which had 74 guns and 700 men, as compared to the 66 guns and 472 men on the *Buckingham*, Tyrrell's ship. The admiral died on his return voyage, and was buried at sea. The grotesque half-naked figure which represented his soul going up to heaven was mercifully removed to the limbo of the triforium in the time of Dean Stanley.

Two other unsightly monuments not far from this commemorate the Generals Hargrave and Fleming (d. 1750–51). Hargrave was Governor of Gibraltar, and Fleming had been wounded at Blenheim in his youth, and in his later days took part in the '45 Rebellion. The fame of neither, however, is equal to the size of these monuments, which were erected by their families. Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World" only condescends to recognise Hargrave's as one to "some rich man," the general's wealth having been, according to popular opinion, his only title to an Abbey memorial. Even in those days, when Roubiliac's name was revered as a master-sculptor, there were many jeers at Hargrave's figure, which is represented

struggling from a tomb, while a robust angel above, sounding the last trump, surveys the victory of Time over Death below. The Dean and Chapter used occasionally to be reproached for having neglected to repair this erection, on account of the falling pyramids, which were part of the sculptor's far-fetched design. Minerva and Hercules are conspicuous on Fleming's monument, which is surrounded by military standards, branches of laurel and cypress, and all kinds of warlike emblems.

The same idea as that on the Pancake monument was carried out by the younger Bacon in the representation of the wreck of the *Royal George* in St. Michael's Chapel, where the substantial soul of Admiral Kempenfelt is wafted to heaven from a toy ship, and indeed there is no room for surprise at the catastrophe when the comparative sizes of man and vessel as depicted here are taken into account. Kempenfelt had served in his youth under Vernon at the taking of Portobello; he distinguished himself nearly forty years later by dispersing a French squadron which was guarding a convoy of merchant ships to the West Indies, and captured twenty prizes, perhaps the most brilliant and dashing feat in the whole of that campaign. Barely a year afterwards, when Kempenfelt was peacefully in harbour refitting a crazy old vessel, the *Royal George*, to which he had just been appointed, the end of his career came in a tragic manner. An eye-witness, Admiral James, thus describes the terrible catastrophe: "On August 30 (1782), about ten in the morning, his Majesty's ship *Royal George*, of one hundred and twenty guns, being on the careen, was by some unaccountable misfortune upset and totally lost at her moorings at Spithead, and about seven hundred souls drowned in her, among which was two hundred and seventy women. . . . I was enabled to be on the spot with the *Aurora's* boats in three minutes, but the situation of the ship, the confusion occasioned by the accident, and the distressing circumstances of the scene prevented the boats which attended from saving more than three hundred out of a thousand." The vessel was crowded at the time with friends and relations of the crew, as well as with

tradesmen selling their goods, which accounts for the great number of persons on board. The admiral was seated writing in his cabin. In the words of Cowper's famous ballad :—

"His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men."

Of the French war and Admiral Howe, who was Kempenfelt's chief at the time of the shipwreck, we are reminded by two monuments erected in the nave at the national expense to three captains—Montague, Harvey, and Hutt—all of whom were mortally wounded in Howe's victory over the French off Ushant (1794). Howe himself has no memorial here, but of that put up to his military brother by the province of Massachusetts I shall speak[1] in dealing with the soldiers. The first, to Captain Montague, which now fills up the north-west tower, is by Flaxman ; the second, to Captains Harvey and Hutt, is by the younger Bacon. Originally these monuments stood side by side upon the floor of the nave, each surrounded by an iron railing ; but they were so much in the way that in Dean Vincent's time a national committee of taste had Montague's removed to its present position, while that to the two captains was very much reduced in proportions and lifted to the window-ledge. The latter used to stand upon a marble pedestal, upon which was a representation of the battle-ships in high relief ; over it hovered a large angel, holding in one hand an olive-branch, in the other the scales of justice, symbolic of the peace with honour won by Howe's genius.

Close by is Captain James Cornewall's monument, which blocks the entrance to the baptistery, and is chiefly memorable as the first voted by Parliament in honour of a naval hero. Cornewall had his legs carried off by a chain-shot in a desperate action with the Spanish-French fleet off Toulon early in 1744, when his vessel was deserted by the admiral's (Mathews) flag-ship and left to fight alone against overwhelming odds ; it was dismasted, reduced to a wreck, and

[1] See page 343.

yet not actually taken by the Spaniards. In the north transept will be found another national memorial (by Nollekins), put up by King and Parliament, which commemorates three young captains—Blair, Blayne, and Manners—who lost their lives in Rodney's two successful engagements with the French fleet in the West Indies (1782).

Much has been said of the fights with the Dutch in the middle of the seventeenth century. We now turn to an admiral who was second in command of the united fleets of England and Holland against the French and Spanish. Sir John Balchen lost his life, by drowning, off the Channel Isles on his return from a successful cruise under much the same circumstances as Admiral Shovel. From the age of fifteen till his death at seventy-four, in 1744, Balchen had served his country on the sea; he had fought under Rooke in his youth, and under Wager in his middle age, and retired full of years and honours, as Governor of Greenwich Hospital, when well over seventy. But the old sea-dog could not rest long inactive. He returned to duty before a year had passed, as Admiral of the White, and flew with a small squadron to the rescue of some store ships which were hard pressed by the French, and conveyed them safely to Gibraltar. On his voyage home the squadron was caught in a violent storm, Balchen's flag-ship was wrecked on the Casket rocks, and he, with eleven hundred souls, perished in her, a sad sequel to so noble and active a career. His son-in-law, Temple West (d. 1757), who was also a distinguished naval officer and died Vice-Admiral of the White, has a tablet near Le Neve's in the north choir aisle.

It is now time to turn to some of the land battles which were fought both on the continent and in Scotland at this same period of our history. The earlier memorials, which commemorate Marlborough's campaigns, have been already referred to, as well as the battles and sieges of the late seventeenth century. Amongst the most distinguished of all Marlborough's military officers was his brigadier-general, the second Duke of Argyll, who was afterwards his implacable political enemy. Argyll's deeds of valour at Ramillies, at Oudenarde, where the gallant stand made by his battalions

was largely instrumental in gaining the victory, and at the assault and capture of Tournay, prove his military capacity. After Malplaquet his reputation as a general ranked deservedly high, for again his pluck and determination in the attack helped to win the day, and the musket holes in his coat, hat, and periwig testified to his absolute fearlessness of personal danger. But, as commander-in-chief in the Spanish campaign of 1711, Argyll lost some of the brilliant reputation which he had gained, and the first Jacobite rising in Scotland soon after George the First's accession did not add fresh laurels to his brow. Yet, while partially defeated by Mar at Sheriffmuir, the fruits of victory remained in his hands, and the general was able ultimately to conclude peace with the remaining insurgents; the Chevalier himself and his chief officers fled back to France. Although Argyll was coldly received at first in London, his really great services in Scotland were in the end recognised, and he was rewarded by the Dukedom of Greenwich, but his military career was practically over. His name lives for posterity in the pages of Sir Walter Scott, who has recorded the power of his oratory, and in the poems of the many men of letters, including Pope and Thomson, who formed a coterie of admirers about him. His large allegorical monument blocks up the south-west wall in Poets' Corner, scarcely leaving space for the bust of Scott and the medallion of Ruskin.

Before passing on to the days of the Pretender, we would recall the first Jacobite rising in Scotland, which took place soon after William the Third's accession (1690), and was crushed by the courage and promptitude of Sir Thomas Livingstone, colonel of the Scots Dragoons. Livingstone knew Scotland well, for before William came over to England he had been sent there many times to recruit for the Scotch brigade, which was in the service and pay of Holland, and to which he himself belonged. The colonel was rewarded by the post of commander-in-chief in Scotland, and the Scotch title of Viscount Teviot. He was buried in the nave, and his brother and heir put up a monument to his memory.

Many of the men who fleshed their maiden swords under

Marlborough and Argyll on the plains of Flanders lived to take part in the second Jacobite rebellion, when, in 1745, the Highlands of Scotland burst into a flame of loyalty, which was kindled by the Chevalier's handsome, attractive son, Charles Edward, the young Pretender. The military star of William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, the third son of George II., was just rising, and the youthful Hanoverian Prince earned an unenviable notoriety in this campaign by the severity with which he crushed the adherents of the Stuarts. The sobriquet of "Billy the Butcher," or the "Butcher of Culloden," given him by the wags of the town upon his return, stuck to him through good report and ill ever after, but did not affect his popularity with the masses, which is still recalled by many a tavern sign, the "Duke's Head," throughout the country. Cumberland Gate, Hyde Park, was thus named in his honour. The Duke superseded the celebrated old general, Field-Marshal Wade, in the command of the British army after the defeat of Prestonpans and the capture of Carlisle by the Pretender's forces, and the veteran retired into private life. But Wade had well earned an honourable repose. His father was one of Cromwell's generals, and the son continued to carry on the military traditions of the family. George Wade first won his spurs in Flanders late in the seventeenth century, and afterwards fought throughout the Spanish campaign. He was particularly distinguished as general of the brigade which bore the brunt of the fighting at the lost battle of Almanza, where he was one of the few officers not taken prisoner or slain by the French. He was concerned with Stanhope and Kane in the conquest of Minorca, and his chief military exploit on that expedition is the capture of Fort St. Philip in a fortnight. In the Highlands the most lasting memorials of his engineering genius are the good roads and stone bridges which he everywhere laid down for the passage of his troops. This task was completed in three years, and commemorated in the well-known distich, which used to be inscribed on a pillar between Inverness and Inverary :—

"Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You would hold up your hands and bless General Wade."

On his death, in 1748, Wade left £500 to provide a monument for himself either in Bath or Westminster Abbey. The choice fell upon the latter, but great was the sculptor Roubiliac's tearful disgust when he saw the vast monument, which he looked upon as one of his *chef d'œuvres*, skied half way up to the triforium arches.

The Flemish and Spanish campaigns, as well as the romantic days of the young Pretender, are again to the fore in the memorial put up to General Joshua Guest near Kane and Kirk in the west aisle of the north transept; the grave is in the east cloister. Guest began life in a very humble capacity, probably as an ostler, and enlisted in the dragoons early in the eighteenth century; he was amongst the defeated and captured English at Almanza. Although he subsequently rose to high military rank and honours, Guest never forgot the privations of those days of his youth on the plains of Flanders and Spain, and would often in later life send the sentry who kept the door of his tent food from his own table. When the '45 rebellion broke out this honest old soldier, who was then eighty-three years old, was promoted to be Governor of Edinburgh Castle, and it is said resisted a bribe of £200,000 offered to him by Charles Edward if he would betray his trust. Old and infirm as he was, the general was present on the battlefield of Culloden, and he returned to London in a horse-litter soon afterwards, to be greeted with the thanks of the King and Parliament. Guest died in the following autumn (1747), having served his country faithfully for sixty years. On the tombstone of one Mary Smith, who lived to the age of eighty-eight, in Lightcliffe churchyard, near Halifax, is recorded the fact that (by her first marriage) she was the mother of "Colonel Guest." At Culloden there fought a certain Colonel Webb, who was buried in 1785 in the east cloister, beneath a tablet put up to his memory. This brave soldier was the maternal grandfather of Thackeray, and his name is immortalised as Esmond's colonel in one of that novelist's best-loved works.

Opposite Wolfe's monument is the bust of a general whose long military career covers that of all his contem-

poraries, and considerably overlaps that of his junior, but superior officer, the Duke of Cumberland. The latter died in 1765, at the age of forty-four, while the former lived till 1777. John, Earl Ligonier, was a French refugee, and belonged to an old Huguenot family from the south of France. He joined Marlborough's army as a volunteer in 1702, and attracted the great general's attention by his brave and dashing conduct at the siege of Liège, where he and another man (Alan Wentworth), who was slain by his side, were the first to climb by a breach in the walls into the city. At Blenheim all the captains in Ligonier's regiment were killed except himself, and their commander, Lord North, lost his arm. Ligonier acquired the sobriquet of Tasnière after Malplaquet, when he took a leading part in driving the French out of the wood of Tasnière, where they were strongly entrenched behind barricades of trees, and here again he had a narrow escape, twenty-two shots passing through his uniform. He wound up a long and brilliant military career at the lost battle of Val, in Flanders (1747), where he led a brilliant charge which temporarily checked the French advance, and saved Cumberland and his retreating army from destruction. Ligonier's horse was killed, he was taken prisoner, and presented by Marshal Saxe to the French King as a man who "by one glorious action has disconcerted all my projects"; and Louis XV., who had watched the charge from afar, complimented him upon his brave conduct. From this time Ligonier left active service; he succeeded Wade as member for Bath and as general of the ordnance, and finally became an Earl, dying at the great age of ninety-two. Upon his memorial are the names of the principal battles in which he took part, and medallion heads of the four British sovereigns whose cause he served. He erected a tablet in the cloisters to his brother Francis (d. 1746), who sacrificed his life at Falkirk Muir, when he left a sick bed to rally Hawley's dragoons, and died of pleurisy contracted on the battlefield. To him, when Colonel Gardiner fell, deserted by his men, at Prestonpans, George II. had given the command of his regiment, swearing that they should have an officer over them who would show them how

to fight. The Ligoniers are only two of the many French Protestant exiles who fought for us during the eighteenth century.

In the cloisters a tablet records the names of Alexander and Scipio Duroure, the sons of a refugee Huguenot officer. The former died (1765) a general in the British army after fifty-seven years' active service, and is buried below the monument. The latter, Scipio, is chiefly interesting to us now as the colonel of Wolfe's first regiment, the 12th Foot; the colours of which corps were carried past George II. at Blackheath, just before they embarked for Flanders in 1742, by the future hero, then a slim young ensign of sixteen. At Dettingen (1743), where the regiment covered itself with glory, Wolfe, who was already adjutant, had one of Colonel Duroure's horses shot under him, and has graphically described the victory in a letter home. He was, however, transferred to another regiment after Dettingen, and so missed the glorious defeat of Fontenoy (1745), where his old corps was almost cut to pieces, losing 318 officers and men, including their brave colonel, in that desperate and over-rash conflict. Duroure, who was mortally wounded, died a few days later, and was buried on the ramparts of Aleth. Wolfe's subsequent career is too well known to follow in detail. From Flanders he went with General Wade to Scotland and shared in the defeat of Falkirk, and the final victory under the Duke of Cumberland at Culloden. Twelve years later came the first campaign against French Canada, and Wolfe took a leading part in the capture of Louisburg, the Dunkirk of North America. The following year (1759) saw the fall of Quebec, and the general met a glorious death in the moment of victory—a victory which led to the final establishment of British rule in Canada. Pitt, in the House of Commons, moved that a monument be put up by the nation in honour of the young hero, and "in a low and plaintive voice" made a funeral oration which Walpole stigmatised as "the worst harangue he ever uttered." The huge cenotaph was unveiled thirteen years after Wolfe's death, and the tasteless group, by Wilton,

on the summit is supposed to portray the actual death scene, when the dying man, hearing from his attendant that the enemy was in full flight—"They run, they run!"—gasped out his final order, and then, muttering the words: "God be praised, I die in peace," passed away peacefully without any apparent pain. The bronze bas-relief by Capizzoldi, which is the only redeeming feature in this gigantic erection, shows the landing of the British troops and the battle on the Heights of Abraham; it is said to be correct in every topographical detail.

In a vault in the Islip Chapel lies the coffin of Sir Charles Saunders (d. 1775), whose name and fame are unknown to the sightseer who stands before the monument of Wolfe and recalls the brilliant career of that young hero. Yet without the co-operation of this admiral Wolfe could not have achieved his *coup de main*. Saunders had already distinguished himself as a bold and dashing sailor under the command of Anson and of Hawke, and when he was only a young lieutenant Anson made a particular request to the Admiralty to appoint him to his own flag-ship. Later on he was engaged in Hawke's victorious action with the French fleet off Cape Finisterre, and was co-operating with Saumarez in the pursuit of the two last French vessels when his old friend and messmate was killed. Twelve years later, by which time Saunders was Admiral of the Blue, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the fleet which transported Wolfe and his 8000 troops to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Here he and his sailors covered the operations of the military, cut off all supplies from the town of Quebec, and, in short, aided most materially in the subsequent capture of that town. Saunders was received with the greatest enthusiasm on his return home. The audience in the Dublin theatre stood up and applauded his appearance at the play on the night of his landing; and in London he had an audience with the King and received the thanks of Parliament. Pitt, who moved the vote of thanks to the generals and admirals, mentioned Saunders by name, "whose merit," he said, "had equalled those who have beaten Armadas." Although the hero

was given other appointments on sea and shore, his active service was practically over, and his last years were spent in retirement. In the north ambulatory is the figure of an admiral, dressed like a Roman soldier. Charles Holmes (d. 1761) took part with Saunders as third in command of the fleet in the taking of Quebec. In his younger days Holmes had served in the West Indies, and had seen much service there in our constant naval skirmishes with the Spaniards. At the close of the North American War he returned to Jamaica as commander-in-chief of the fleet, and during the last eighteen months of his life carried on a running fight with the French in those parts, capturing many of their rich merchant vessels. Another heavy monument (in the north transept) commemorates Brigadier-General Adrian Hope (d. 1789), one of the first English governors of Quebec.

In the nave are memorials to the memory of two young officers who were killed in these same Canadian campaigns. The one, Viscount Howe (1758), elder brother of the great Admiral Howe (whose memorial is at St. Paul's), fell in the flower of his age during the first and disastrous expedition against Ticonderoga, before which fort he was killed. Wolfe speaks of him in terms of high praise as "the noblest Englishman that has appeared in my time, and the best soldier in the British army." The monument was put up by the people of Massachusetts only a few years before the province severed itself from the mother country, as a testimony to their gratitude and to the general's worth. The other officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Roger Townshend, was slain by a cannon ball at the age of twenty-eight when reconnoitring the French lines at Ticonderoga, July 25, 1759, in the same summer which saw Wolfe and his gallant band scaling the Heights of Abraham. His monument is historically interesting, as upon it is a bas-relief of Ticonderoga, showing a skirmish between the French and British in the distance; in accordance with the classical taste of the period Townshend and his men are dressed like Roman soldiers. This piece of sculpture (by Carter and Eckstein) used, however, to be much admired. Flaxman

considered it "one of the finest productions of art in the Abbey," and the tourist on his way to put Washington's or André's head in his pocket would sometimes include those of Townshend and his men in his collection of Abbey relics.

Before we leave the subject of our North American colonies, a brief mention must be made of a statesman whose monument is in the north transept. George Montagu Dunk, second Earl of Halifax (d. 1771), was a prominent politician in the reigns of George II. and George III., and held the offices of Viceroy of Ireland, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Secretary of State at different times. So greatly was the commerce of America extended under his auspices that Halifax was called the "Father of the Colonies." He may also be justly considered the founder of Nova Scotia, so large a part did he take in the foundation of that colony, the capital of which was called Halifax after him in 1749. The monument of the unfortunate young soldier, Major John André (d. 1780), recalls the War of American Independence. André's story is too hackneyed to bear a detailed repetition. He was adjutant-general of the British forces and undertook a secret mission to the treacherous American general, Arnold, who betrayed his own side to the British. The traitor himself escaped discovery, but André on his way back was taken within the American lines in civilian dress, and, although no compromising papers were found, he was condemned to the death of a spy, and, in spite of every effort made to save him from the ignominy of such an end, he was hanged by order of General Washington on October 2, 1780, and buried beneath the gallows on the banks of the Hudson. The bas-relief upon the monument, which was put up by George III. the year (1781) after his death, falsely represents the execution as a military one. In order to show some recognition of the thrill of horror felt in England at the tragic fate of this popular young officer, the King created André's brother a baronet; forty years later his bones were, by the Duke of York's request, sent over from Tappan and buried with solemn funeral rites before the memorial; the chest in which they came is still to be seen in the Islip chantry chapel.

In the north cloister lies John Burgoyne (d. 1792), commander-in-chief of the British forces in the early part of the war, a general whose conduct of affairs was supposed to have largely contributed to the British collapse and the ultimate loss of the States. The reputed son of Lord Bingley, Ambassador to Spain, who was his godfather, Burgoyne carried the romance which was connected with his birth into his own life, when he eloped in his youth with Lady Charlotte Stanley, the sister of Lord Strange. Her father cast her off with a small dowry, which the bridegroom spent in purchasing a commission in the Guards. He did not see active service, however, till middle life, when he distinguished himself in Portugal, and rose rapidly to the rank of brigadier-general. His experience there led him to suggest to the English War Office the formation of a brigade of light cavalry, such as he had seen on the Continent. The idea was taken up and the first two regiments of light dragoons were raised in 1759. Disaster was connected with both Burgoyne's American campaigns. He reluctantly left his invalid wife, who died in his absence, to take part in the first (1774), and came home much dispirited, blaming General Carleton bitterly for his inaction. Burgoyne laid his own plan for the next campaign before the authorities, and returned to America in 1777 with the supreme command of a small but enthusiastic British army. Ticonderoga fell after six days' siege, but the general followed up his success by attacking the American troops with a comparative handful of men, and was forced to surrender to General Gates at Saratoga. Disgrace followed, and, although ultimately restored to favour, Burgoyne never fought again. He ended his life at a little house in Park Prospect, close to the Abbey, surrounded by his friends and books. Close to his grave is that of Colonel Enoch Markham (d. 1801), who served throughout the American War. When quite a youth he had fought as a volunteer in the Canadian expeditions, and on his return had raised the 112th Foot or Royal Musketeers at his own expense; he lies wrapped in the colours of this, his old regiment, which had long ceased to exist. His brother

William became Archbishop of York. Their father traced his descent from Bridget Fleetwood, Cromwell's daughter, and was himself a major in the British army, stationed at Halifax in Nova Scotia. Both father and son lie in the cloisters. In Poets' Corner is another name connected with Canada and the States. Sir Archibald Campbell (d. 1791) began his military career in the Fraser Highlanders during the North American campaign of 1758, and was wounded at Wolfe's capture of Quebec. When the American War of Independence broke out Simon Fraser (son of Lord Lovat) again raised a Highland regiment, with which Campbell sailed as lieutenant-colonel, but he was taken prisoner immediately on their arrival in Boston harbour and remained a year in captivity. After his release he revenged his misadventure by seizing Savannah with the loss of only four men, and his services were rewarded by the post of Governor of Jamaica, which island he valiantly defended against the French. As Governor of Madras in 1786 he made the important Arcot Treaty (February 1787), but, owing partly to the abuse of his opponents, partly to his weak health, he was obliged to resign his post two years afterwards.

CHAPTER XXIII

MAKERS OF OUR INDIAN EMPIRE

THE makers of our Indian Empire—civilians, soldiers, and sailors—are well represented on the Roll-Call. Campbell has been alluded to in connection with the American War, for he only gave the last years of his life to India, but most of those of whom we speak now, notably Malcolm and many others, were dedicated to England's service in the East practically from their boyhood. In the north aisle of the choir is a memorial to a distinguished diplomat, and, in his youth, a protégé of Dr. Johnson—Sir George Leonard Staunton (d. 1801), who was closely connected with the East India Company and Madras about the same period. As secretary to Lord Macartney, the Governor who preceded Campbell, Staunton took a prominent part in the negotiations with Tippu Sultan, which led to the Treaty of Mysore (1784). He was rewarded by a baronetcy and a pension on his return to England, and in 1792 he went with his old friend Macartney on the first British embassy to China, and afterwards published an account of the mission. His son, who accompanied him on this expedition, was, although only a boy of eleven, the only one of the party able to converse in Chinese with the Emperor, so diligently had he studied the language. He in his turn became a servant of the East India Company at Canton, and a great authority on all Chinese subjects. He was one of the founders of the Asiatic Society, and wrote and translated various works on China and the Chinese. The elder Staunton's last years were saddened by incapacitating ill-health; too often indeed these early pioneers suffered in fame or in health for their efforts to build up our Indian Empire, and literally gave their lives as a sacrifice to duty.

Many of them were veterans in military service although not old in years, and had fought against the Pretender in '45, or taken part in the Flemish and Canadian campaigns against the French. Major Stringer Lawrence (d. 1775), for instance, whose bust is in the nave, began his career as a marine under Admiral Wager on the coast of Italy, and afterwards served under Wade in Flanders and Scotland. Two years after the Pretender's defeat at Culloden Lawrence was appointed major-general of the East India Company's forces, and for the next decade conducted a brilliant series of campaigns against the French in India. Clive fought under his command at the capture of Devicota, and the friendship between the two brave officers, who were associated in many a hard-fought battle, lasted to their lives' end. They died within a few weeks of one another, but were neither of them buried in the Abbey, where Lawrence alone has a monument, put up by the Company. Upon it is a view of Trichinopoly, which place he defended against the French from May 1753 to October 1754, fighting two important battles during the siege, and finally concluding a truce with his opponents. He was fated to be again beleaguered by his old enemies, under Lally, in Fort St. George, four years later, and was shut up there for nearly three months (December 1758 to February 1759). It is said that the French general expended 2600 shot, 2000 shells, and 20,000 rounds of small ammunition in the vain endeavour to take the fort, whence he withdrew discomfited on the approach of Admiral Pocock's fleet. Sir Eyre Coote (d. 1783) completed the work of Lawrence and Clive by the expulsion of the French from the coast of Coromandel; his reduction of Pondicherry in 1761 was the final blow to their empire. He, like Lawrence, had fought against the young Pretender before he sailed, in 1754, for India, where, after twenty-three years' active service, he ended his brilliant career by the famous defeat of Hyder Ali at Porto Novo (June 1782), a victory which saved Madras from destruction, and led to the Treaty of Mangabur (1784). The victor himself died broken down in health and prematurely aged a few months after the

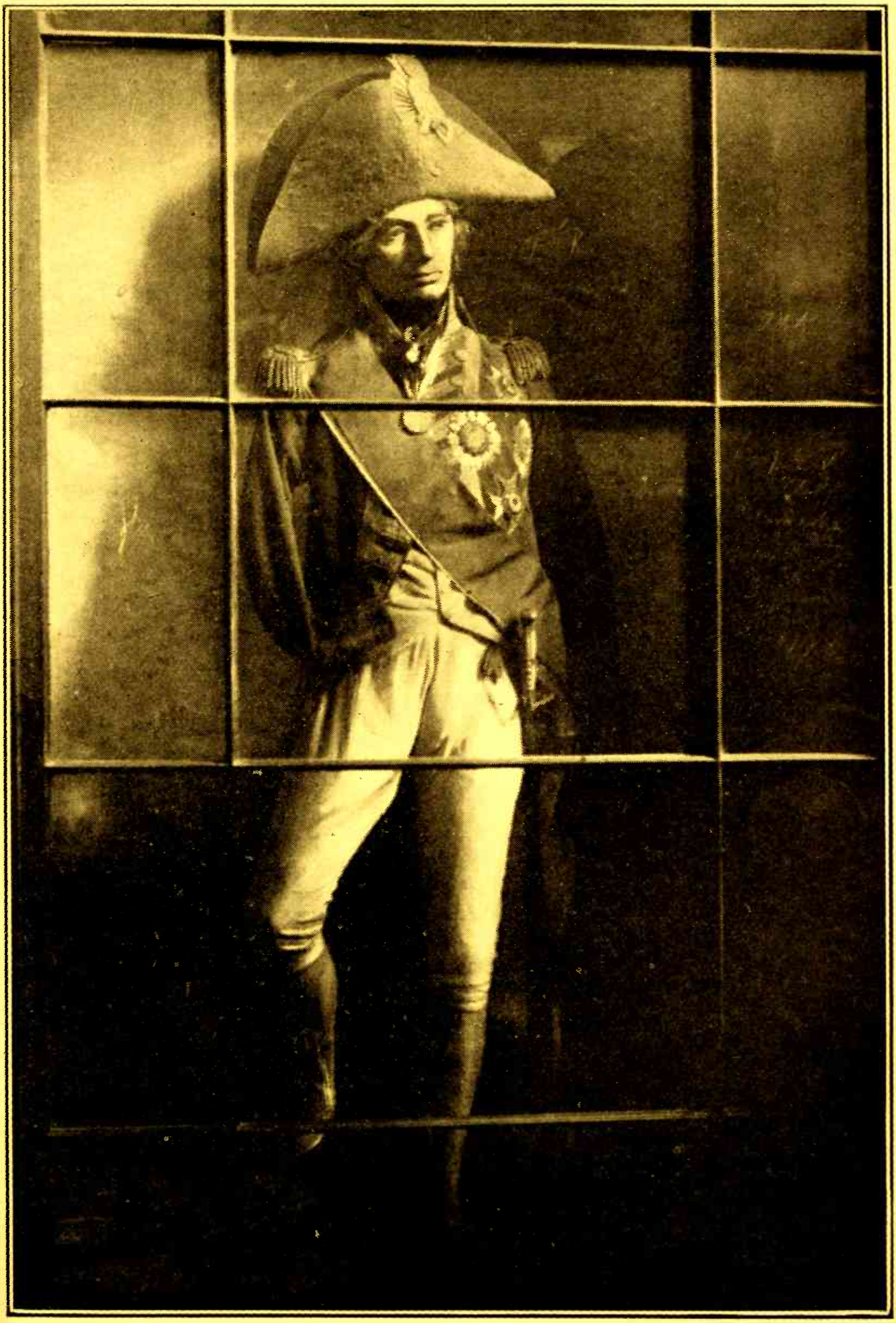
battle, and it was not long before his vanquished foe followed him to the grave. Coote's monument, a tribute from the grateful Company, is in the west aisle of the north transept.

Several sailors who distinguished themselves in the East Indies and elsewhere at this period have monuments scattered about the Abbey. The end of the west aisle of the north transept, for instance, is defaced by the palm trees and Indian chiefs which form part of the huge memorial, by Scheemakers, which was put up by the East India Company to their faithful servant, Admiral Watson (d. 1757). In the winter of 1756 Watson in command of the naval, and Lord Clive of the land forces, recaptured Calcutta from the cruel Nawab Suraj ud Dowlah and avenged the tragedy of the Black Hole. Watson was then associated with Clive in the taking of Chandernagore, but refused to acquiesce in the somewhat treacherous means afterwards taken by Clive in order to outwit the Nawab. The story of the "red treaty," to which Watson's name was practically forged by Clive—with the best of motives—will be found in Macaulay's Essays, but is too long to quote here. The admiral died a few months later, worn out with Indian fever, a common lot of three-fourths of the men who made the Indian Empire in those days.

Three of his juniors—Admiral Pocock (d. 1792), Captain Cooke (d. 1799), Admiral Totty (d. 1800)—are commemorated by tablets in the Chapels of St. John the Evangelist, St. Michael, and St. Andrew. Sir George Pocock served under Wager in the Mediterranean, took part as second in command to Watson in the taking of Chandernagore, and on his chief's death he succeeded to the chief command. Two years later he came to the rescue of Fort St. George and thus saved the beleaguered Lawrence from a French prison. After distinguishing himself in various actions with the French and Spaniards during the wars of the next few years, Pocock, it is thought in a fit of pique at the appointment of Sir Charles Saunders as First Lord of the Admiralty, unexpectedly resigned his flag and desired that his name might be struck off the list of admirals; the last twenty-six years of his life

were spent in retirement. A white marble monument close by was put up by the East India Company to Captain Edward Cooke, who, in 1794, had the honour of serving under Nelson at the siege of Calvi, and was mentioned with warm praise in the admiral's despatches. His career was cut short at the early age of twenty-seven, when he received a mortal wound in a deadly encounter with a French frigate in the Bay of Bengal. The French ship ultimately struck her colours, and Cooke won the victory, in what has been aptly called "one of the most brilliant frigate actions on record." He died (May 1799) at Calcutta, after suffering acute agony for several months from the wounds which he had received on that fatal yet glorious day.

The great name of Nelson will not be found "scratched" upon the Abbey walls. The well-known saying variously reported as "a Peerage or Westminster Abbey," and as "Westminster Abbey or glorious victory," attributed to the hero when he boarded the *San Josef* at the battle of Cape St. Vincent, seems to point to his own expectation of an Abbey grave or monument. Napoleon's dream of the conquest of England came to an end at Trafalgar in 1805, but the victory which insured England's supremacy of the sea was bought by the death of her heroic admiral. Nelson expired with the words "Thank God, I have done my duty" on his lips, and his remains were brought back for interment to St. Paul's, not to the Abbey. The Dean and Chapter, jealous for their Abbey, and in order to attract the crowds who went to the eastern Cathedral to gaze at Nelson's grave back to Westminster, had a funeral effigy of the hero made. The figure, which was originally set up near Kempenfelt's monument, is now in the Islip Chapel, and is a good and life-like representation of the famous sailor. The face is copied from his death-mask, and the figure was modelled from a smaller one for which Nelson sat in life. All the clothes, except the coat, were actually worn by him in battle. Maclise, who borrowed the hat for his picture of "The Death of Nelson," found the mark of the eye patch on the inner lining, and the stamp of the period on the crown.



THE WAX EFFIGY OF LORD NELSON

"Westminster Abbey or glorious victory"

Over the south-east cloister door is the monument of a rear-admiral, the sad ending to whose active career in the navy is connected with one of Pocock's last and most daring exploits. John Harrison (d. 1791) was the son of an old salt who had served his country in the navy for forty years, and his son bid fair to follow in his footsteps. He was made captain of Pocock's own flag-ship, the *Namur*, and was with his admiral during his different engagements with the French in the East Indies. But Pocock's final achievement was as commander-in-chief of the secret expedition to Havana, whither he safely conveyed Lord Albemarle and his troops in 1762. The place was reduced by sheer pluck and determination, a large proportion of the soldiers and seamen being incapacitated by sickness, owing to the terrible climate; the Duke of Cumberland, who was now too infirm and gouty for active service, wrote his congratulations to Albemarle: "No joy can equal mine, and I strut and plume myself as if it was I that had taken the Havannah." Worse dangers were, however, in store for the unlucky victors. The voyage home was a disastrous one: some of the old and crazy battle-ships foundered, others had to throw all their guns into the sea, twelve transports were wrecked, and when at last the *Namur* and the few remnants of the fleet reached home, many seamen and soldiers succumbed to their terrible privations, for they had suffered every imaginable horror of cold, hunger, thirst, and sickness. The brave captain of the *Namur* was struck down with palsy and remained a helpless invalid for the last twenty-eight years of his life.

A small tablet close to Harrison's records the prowess of a midshipman, William Dalrymple[1] (d. 1782), who was killed at the early age of eighteen, off the coast of Virginia, during a desperate engagement, in which the captain of his ship, the *Santa Margareta*, took the *Amazone*, a French vessel of superior force, "almost in sight of the enemy's fleet," and the gallant boy's name was mentioned for his courageous behaviour in the public despatches home.

With the Company again is connected the name of a distinguished geographer, Major Rennell (d. 1830). He

[1] Uncle to the present Earl of Stairs.

began life in the navy, and after a while entered the sea-service of the Company; but he did not long remain a sailor, for in 1764, at the age of twenty-one, he was given the appointment of Surveyor-General of Bengal, with a commission in the Royal Engineers. Henceforth he devoted his energies chiefly to map-making and surveying, and in 1776, when he was disabled by a wound received in a skirmish with some fanatics, he returned to England and won European fame as a geographer and antiquary. Before his death he was the acknowledged head of British geographers, and the Royal Geographical Society was founded in his memory the year of his death. He was buried in the nave, and a bust by Hagbolt was erected in the north-west tower.

During those exciting times when the Company's officers were fighting for their honour and their lives in India, the very year, in fact, of Coote's death, a daring Scotch boy, aged only thirteen years, of small stature but mighty courage, who was destined to add another name to the roll of Indian heroes, entered the Company's service. John Malcolm (d. 1833) delighted the director who interviewed him by his ready reply to the question, "Why, my little man, what would you do if you were to meet Hyder Ali?" "Do, sir! I would at him with my sword and cut aff his heid." "You will do," exclaimed the examiner; "let him pass." It was indeed no empty boast: "Boy Malcolm," as he was called in his regiment, was entrusted, three years later, with the command of two companies of sepoys, sent to meet the band of English prisoners released by Tippu Sahib, and he rose by one deed of daring after another to a high place in the Company's service, ending his long civil and military career as Governor of Bombay, 1830. Diplomatist as well as soldier, he was sent as envoy to Persia, the first since Elizabeth's reign, in 1799. Perhaps his chief military success, after years of retirement, was the final and bloody defeat of the Mahratta Confederacy at the battle of Inchidpoor, 1817, after which he concluded a lasting peace with Holkar. His statue, by Chantrey, which was erected by his private friends, stands in the north transept. The

friendship cemented in India between Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, and Malcolm forms one of many links between Indian military heroes and those of the Peninsular war, of which campaign there are few memorials in the Abbey.

In the south-west tower is a tablet to Lieutenant-Colonel George Lake, of the 29th Foot, who "fell at the head of his grenadiers in driving the enemy from the heights of Roliça, in Portugal" (1808), a feat which decided Wellington's first victory in the Peninsula. As aide-de-camp to his father, the great Indian general, Lake had already been severely wounded at Laswari, one of the decisive battles of India, which broke the power of the great Mahratta family. He fell to the ground, after giving up his horse to his father, just at the most critical moment of the battle, before the eyes of the cavalry, who were about to charge.

In 1809 a memorial was put up in the north transept, by Thomas Hislop, commander-in-chief at Bombay, to his friend, Major-General Coote Manningham, lieutenant-colonel of the 95th regiment of Foot and equerry to the King. Manningham had begun his military career at the siege of Gibraltar, and concluded it at the victory of Corunna, dying worn out by the fatigues of the terrible retreat shortly after.

With the Peninsula is intimately connected the name of a distinguished engineer officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Richard Fletcher (d. 1813), whose tablet is in the north-west tower. Fletcher was Wellington's chief engineer, and his reputation was made by the fortifications, which he constructed from his chief's plans, at Torres-Vedras, and thus utterly baffled the besieging French army. At the three investments of Badajos he directed the siege works, and was in command of the assault at Ciudad Rodrigo; the Iron Duke in his despatch reported that "Fletcher's ability exceeded all praise." He went home to receive a pension, gold medal, and other honours, but soon after his return to the war he was killed by a musket shot, in the final and successful assault on St. Sebastian, after having superintended the engineering works during the whole siege.

Fletcher lies where he fell, and a cenotaph only commemorates him here.

Beneath an unmarked stone not far down the nave lies another soldier who joined in the assault on St. Sebastian, where he was wounded. He received the personal congratulations of Wellington for his personal bravery. Sir James Leith had already greatly distinguished himself at Lugo, in Sir John Moore's famous retreat, and in the battle of Corunna. He joined the Peninsular army in 1810. His record is one long series of deeds of valour: at Busaco and Badajos he covered himself with glory, and at Salamanca he and his whole staff were wounded in a dashing charge. He was created a K.B. for these distinguished services, and after the campaign received the command of the forces in the West Indies and the governorship of the Leeward Isles. Here he restored the French West India Islands to the Bourbons, and received various honours, such as the cordon of military merit from Louis XVIII., a sword and G.C.B. from the British Government. He died of yellow fever in 1816, and his remains were brought over to the Abbey in the following year.

Three young officers who fell in the Peninsular war have tablets in different parts of the Abbey. In the north aisle of the choir will be found the name of Captain Bryan, who was killed at Talavera in 1809. John Theophilus Beresford, a lieutenant in the 4th Foot, was mortally wounded by the explosion of a powder magazine in the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo in 1812, and is commemorated near Ligonier. In the Abbots' Chapel above Colchester's tomb is the memorial to Lieutenant-Colonel MacLeod, who fell at the siege of Badajos, also in 1812.

In the nave is the tombstone of a naval hero, Thomas Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald (d. 1860), whose fame has been compared with that of Nelson, Blake, and the greatest of our admirals. His brilliant career in the British navy was cut short by his sudden and mysterious disgrace in 1814. During the twenty-one years which he served in our navy Cochrane was distinguished by his dash and also by his inventive genius — qualities

which constantly led him in and out of most extraordinary escapes, as on the occasion when he disguised his ship and his crew as a Danish vessel and Danish sailors, and thus deceived the Spaniard sent in pursuit of him. While on this same cruise, when he was in command of a small brig, which carried only a crew of ninety men and fourteen 9-pounders, he boarded and captured a huge frigate, and carried her off in triumph to Port Mahon. Cochrane's hairbreadth escapes and encounters with the enemy are too many even to allude to here. He was again employed in the Peninsular war to harass the coast of Spain, this time to aid his former enemies, the Spaniards, against the French, and he carried his naval tactics on to the mainland, when he with a party of seamen held the castle of Trinidad till the town and citadel below capitulated, and the brave tars were obliged to retire to their ship. For his many services during our wars with the French Cochrane was made a K.B., but after his disgrace his banner was torn from its place in Henry VII.'s Chapel and the name on his stall obliterated. Into the rights and wrongs of the accusation and trial we cannot enter here; enough to say that Cochrane was charged with conniving at the escape of a French spy, found guilty and sentenced to be fined and imprisoned. He was likewise expelled from the navy and the House of Commons, his name erased from the Order of the Bath, and his banner literally kicked down the steps of Henry VII.'s Chapel, while the brass plate with his coat-of-arms was torn from its place above the stall. On the day of his funeral the banner was restored by royal command to his family, and once again hangs with those of the other knights, but the arms were not put back till long after, and the present writer well remembers the vacant place with the marks where the nails had been. Beneath it some Chilian admirer had inscribed in Spanish, "Long live Cochrane, Chili, and liberty." The fine was paid by a penny subscription, which was enthusiastically contributed by the gallant admiral's many admirers of all ranks, while the imprisonment only lasted sixteen days. But the naval career of this, the last of our sea-kings, was temporarily ruined as far as his country

was concerned, and Cochrane took himself and his valuable services to other lands. In Chili he carried out to a successful issue the reconstruction of the Chilian navy, and led his small but well-disciplined fleet time after time against the Spaniards. In 1901 a touching scene was enacted in the Abbey, when a group of Chilian sailors laid some handsome wreaths, tied up with the Chilian colours, upon their intrepid commander's stone, and sang their national anthem standing in a circle round the grave. From Chili Cochrane went to Brazil, where he was appointed "Admiral of the National and Imperial Navy," by the Emperor; but when peace was restored between Portugal and Brazil he gave his services to Greece in the War of Independence. It was not till 1828 that his honour was cleared, and he finally returned to England in 1832 to resume his rank in the British navy, and take up his inherited title as Earl of Dundonald. He was reinstated in the Order of the Bath, with the title of G.C.B. in 1847, and in the following year received his last commission, as Commander-in-Chief on the West Indian and North American station, a post which he held for three years. In 1854 he was nominated a rear-admiral, but his days of active service were over. His grandson, the twelfth Earl, has inherited many of his forbear's splendid qualities, and made a name for himself as a dashing cavalry leader in the Boer war.

Close together in the nave not far from Lord Dundonald lie three heroes of the Indian mutiny—Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde (d. 1863), Sir James Outram (d. 1863), and John Laird Mair, Lord Lawrence (d. 1879). Campbell's name carries us back again to Wellington's victories; he joined the army as a boy in 1808, and was first under fire at Roliça; he served under Sir John Moore in his advance to Salamanca, sharing afterwards in the hardships of the famous retreat to Corunna. In five years he literally fought his way to the rank of captain, and returned to England in 1813, covered with glory and with glorious wounds. It was two years before he was fit for active duty, and, like his contemporaries, India soon claimed his services. His name occurs again and again during the next few years, and is especially noted in the second Sikh war. During the interregnum of peace in India before the mutiny, Colin

Campbell fought for his country in the Crimea, and won fresh laurels there; to him and to his Highlanders may be attributed the victory of the Alma, and they were again to the fore at Balaclava. Once more did he lead his gallant brigade to the front in the storming of the Redan. Just a year after the Crimea the general was recalled to India to help in quelling the mutiny (1857). Lord Palmerston sent him out with the rank of commander-in-chief, and he arrived at Calcutta just in time to lead the relief force to Lucknow.

On Outram's monument is a bas-relief of the famous scene when the three heroes, Campbell, Outram, and Havelock, reliever and relieved, met and clasped one another's hands at the Residency of Lucknow. Havelock was doomed to die but a short while after that joyful meeting. Clyde and Outram, rivals in life, were united in death only five years later in this great temple of silence and reconciliation. Four years ago, on September 25, 1898, the forty-first anniversary of the memorable day, when Outram and Havelock fought their way into Lucknow and thus enabled the defenders to hold their own till Colin Campbell arrived, the survivors of the garrison and their rescuers met together in the Abbey to return thanks for their deliverance. The generals themselves were long dead, but over their graves passed the soldiers and civilians who owed their lives to them. Veterans scarred with many a wound, military officers in mufti, Chelsea pensioners in their red coats covered with medals, were there, and amongst them were members of the Lawrence family, who were seen standing beneath the bust of Lord Lawrence. The splendid services of Outram will never be forgotten, and the epithet, "The Bayard of India," inscribed upon his tombstone, fitly describes his unselfish and chivalrous character. The Lawrence brothers too, Henry and John, only one of whom rests in the Abbey, must ever be remembered with gratitude. John, Lord Lawrence, civilian by his training, but a born soldier by his military genius, saved the Punjaub, and nobly supported the Governor-General, Earl Canning. In 1863 he succeeded Lord Elgin as Viceroy,

when the troubled days of the mutiny were over. Henry, a soldier by profession as well as aptitude, saved Lucknow by his wise precautions during the siege, and thus preserved our Indian Empire from destruction in its direst need. He fell mortally wounded on the ramparts shortly before the relief. Although his name has no memorial stone here, in the north transept is the bust of one who was first his secretary and later his trusted friend. This distinguished man, Sir Herbert Edwardes (d. 1868), crowded more deeds of daring and active philanthropy into eighteen years (1840–1858) than many men have accomplished in a lifetime. We have only space to mention his earliest exploit, when, as a young lieutenant (just a century after Devicota), he, with but one Sikh regiment and 300 horse, kept an army of 12,000 Sikhs at bay for seven hours in the Punjaub, and after nine months' hard fighting crushed the Mooltan outbreak (1848). For this he received the thanks of Parliament and a C.B., in spite of the protests of an elderly peer, who remarked that such honours were unprecedented for so young a man, and received a well-deserved rebuke from Wellington himself: "My lords, Lieutenant Edwardes's services have been unprecedented and his rewards must be unprecedented too."

In the nave lies another Indian hero of the same period, Sir George Pollock (d. 1872), who won military fame by his able generalship in the first Afghan war, after the Cabul disaster, for which public service he was thanked by Parliament, and won an eloquent tribute from Sir Robert Peel. The dark pages of the early troubles of India and the terrible mutiny have now been turned, the volume shut, and we have added to our Roll-Call the names of many a saviour of our Indian Empire. Before closing the list of their graves and monuments it may be pointed out that the modern glass which was inserted in 1860 in the windows above the central doorway and at the end of the west aisle of the north transept commemorates seven officers killed during the mutiny. Sir Henry Barnard, K.C.B., general of the second division of the army in the Crimea, was made commander of the Indian field force on the outbreak of

the mutiny, and died of cholera after the reduction of Delhi in July 1857. Lieutenant-Colonel Woodford had also distinguished himself in the Crimea; he was shot when leading a successful attack on the mutineers' guns at Cawnpore, November 1857. Lovick Cooper, a young ensign, fought in the same battle, and was killed the following year, March 1858, at the siege of Cawnpore. Captain Thynne had served with the Rifle Brigade throughout the Crimean war; he was killed at the capture of Lucknow, March 1858, when Ensign Bankes and Captain Moorsom were also slain. The latter, although only twenty-three at the time of his death, had planned the famous retreat from the Cawnpore Residency, and laid out the Alumbagh entrenched camp. Lieutenant-Colonel Adrian Hope, C.B., first distinguished himself in the Kaffir war, then in Turkey and the Crimea, and took part with Clyde and Outram in the relief of Lucknow; he was killed before the fort of Rohya, in Oude, April 1858.

Of the regular army we have spoken exclusively up till now, but there are two modern monuments which remind us of our volunteers. The one was put up in the nave to George Herries (d. 1819), a well-known merchant, who was buried here with military honours, as the first colonel of the London and Westminster Light Horse Volunteers. The other is a tablet recently (1901) erected in the north cloister, and unveiled by the Secretary of State for War, in memory of seven members of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, who were enrolled in the corps of the C.I.V.'s, and lost their lives in the Boer war.

CHAPTER XXIV

POLITICIANS, PHILANTHROPISTS, AND LAWYERS

THE last chapters are concerned chiefly with the Makers of the Empire who fought for the flag. It is time to turn to the men who managed the affairs of state at home and abroad. To the latter class belong the Methuens, father and son, staunch Whigs both of them, whose monument is above their vault in the south choir aisle. John Methuen (d. 1708) is remembered now as the author of the celebrated commercial treaty between the allied Powers and Portugal (1703) which bears his name. He was first sent as an envoy to Portugal in the time of William III., but returned to be Lord Chancellor of Ireland, a post in which he proved a conspicuous failure, and quite incapable of managing the Irish Parliament. Once again Methuen went as ambassador to Portugal, and died at Lisbon, after he had successfully negotiated the treaty. He seems not only to have understood the southern people, but "in his complexion and manners" was "much of a Spaniard—a tall, black man." Swift abuses his character, but other contemporaries praise him as "a person of great parts, much improved by study and travel," while his "manly yet easy eloquence" is said to have shone in the House of Commons "upon many important and nice occasions." His son Paul (d. 1757) was created K.B. on the revival of the Order of the Bath in 1725, and his banner still hangs above the brass plate engraved with his arms in Henry VII.'s Chapel. He followed in his father's footsteps, and was several times sent as ambassador to Portugal, Spain, and Savoy, besides holding various official posts at home. His only sister died in 1711, and Sir Paul left no descendants to inherit his large fortune, 50,000 guineas of which "were

found at his house tied up in different bags and sealed, which had lain so without any interest many years."

Methuen was a Lord of the Admiralty; and the public services of another contemporary Whig politician, James Oswald (d. 1769), who was a commissioner of the navy, may be briefly referred to in this connection. He lies beneath a modern brass in the nave. Oswald's whole life was spent in the public service. He was on the Board of Trade and in the Treasury of England and Ireland at various times during the reigns of the two first Georges, and never hesitated to expose abuses, such as the employment of paid Hanoverian mercenaries in the English army. His friendship with David Hume and Adam Smith is recorded by their biographers.

Various legal luminaries, who were also members of Parliament, are commemorated amongst the statesmen; but away in the south transept, near the Duke of Argyll, is a monument put up by a certain Edward Atkyns in memory of his ancestors—three Barons of the Exchequer. The earliest member of this distinguished legal family, who held that post in the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II., was, according to the inscription, "a person of such integrity that he resisted the many advantages and honours offered him by the chiefs of the Grand Rebellion." As a fact, the first Edward Atkyns (d. 1669) was very good friends with Cromwell. He was one of the judges appointed to try the disturbers of the peace during the Commonwealth. His sons were both Lord Chief Barons of the Exchequer. The younger, Edward, was a fervent Jacobite, and retired from his post at the Revolution of 1688, when his elder brother, Robert (d. 1709), who is called "a virtuous judge," took his place. He had, like his father, continued on the bench in the Protector's time, but was nevertheless made a K.B. at the Restoration, and was at one time Speaker of the House of Lords. His son and namesake (d. 1711), "a gentleman versed in polite literature," was knighted by Charles II. at Bristol, and is known as the author of a history of Gloucestershire. Other lawyers, whose names are connected with politics and with literature, have memorials amongst the statesmen, and will be spoken of in due course.

From the middle of the eighteenth to the end of the nineteenth century a long succession of politicians were buried or commemorated in the Abbey; Wellington, Melbourne, and Grey are the most notable Cabinet ministers omitted from the Roll-Call. Each was linked to each by a chain of political traditions, and the influence of the Pitts, of Canning, of Palmerston or Peel, descended like the mantle of Elijah upon the shoulders of our modern statesmen, Beaconsfield and Gladstone.

William Pulteney, Earl of Bath (d. 1764), the founder of the organised Opposition to the Ministry, which is now one of the chief features in party politics, comes first by right, not of superior genius, but of seniority. His funeral in the Islip Chapel (his monument is in the north ambulatory) was the occasion of a terrible riot, which has been described in another chapter, when the canopy of Edward I. was destroyed by the mob. Pulteney is chiefly remembered now as a great orator. Lord Chesterfield and Horace Walpole have both immortalised his talents; his tongue cut like a sword, yet he could change from bitter invective to witty sally or pathetic allusion at will, and thus played upon the feelings of his auditors. He has no real claim to the proud title of patriot, and Pope's words, "he foams a Patriot to subside a Peer," are literally true, for after twenty-one years of opposition to Sir Robert Walpole's government he accepted a Peerage from George III., and thus brought about his own political downfall. Many other members of the Pulteney family will be found in the Abbey register. William's cousin, Daniel (d. 1731), who has a monument in the south cloister, was also a politician, and had an implacable hatred for Sir Robert Walpole; it was largely owing to his influence that William went over to the Opposition when he was disappointed of office in 1721, and carried a personal dislike of the Prime Minister into politics. Daniel Pulteney's daughter (d. 1732) eventually succeeded to the vast Bath estates; her husband (d. 1805) took the name of Pulteney, and was looked upon as the richest commoner in England; both are buried in the cloisters.

The pseudo-patriot William Pulteney is connected with

the true patriot William Pitt. The great Commoner joined with Pulteney in his opposition to Sir Robert Walpole when he first entered Parliament. Pitt was then a young cornet in the Horse Guards. His political views led very shortly to his dismissal from the army, but although he never used his sword in the defence of his country, he, and his famous son after him, never ceased to strive with all their powers of eloquence and oratory in the same noble cause. The elder Pitt, as War Minister, slowly built up the British Empire in the last glorious years of George the Second's reign, and the younger strove to repair the ravage wrought by the pig-headed obstinacy of George III., which lost us our American colonies. He ultimately shattered his health in the vain struggle to crush Napoleon Bonaparte. Each of the Pitts knew how to select his instruments. The choice of Wolfe for the command of the expedition to Quebec was due to the father's sagacity, while the son pinned his faith on Nelson and Sir Arthur Wellesley. The elder Pitt was created Earl of Chatham in 1766, and transferred his oratory to the House of Lords, where he protested in vain against the unjust taxation of the American colonies. The war with America practically broke his heart. On the 7th of April 1778 a memorable scene took place in the House of Lords, when Chatham dragged himself into the Upper Chamber, supported by his son and leaning on a crutch, to make a final protest, almost with his dying breath, against "the dismemberment of this ancient and noble Monarchy." Before the speech was ended the orator fell to the ground in a fit and expired a few weeks later. He was temporarily buried at his family place, Hayes, in Kent, while Westminster and St. Paul's vied for the honour of receiving the great statesman's remains; but "it was judged more respectful to his memory to place him near the dust of Kings," and a site in the north transept was selected for his grave and monument. There was a grand public funeral on the 9th of June, which was attended almost exclusively by members of the Opposition; young William Pitt walked as chief mourner, and Edmund Burke was one of the pall-bearers—the banners

borne in the procession were afterwards hung up in the church at Hayes. The huge monument, 33 feet high, is the work of the then fashionable sculptor, John Bacon, who wrote the vapid inscription which merited George the Third's well-timed rebuke: "Now, Bacon, mind you do not turn author; stick to your chisel." A wax effigy of no particular merit was added to the other figures in the Islip Chapel.

The only one of his hearers who was utterly unmoved by the passionate feeling of Chatham's last public utterance was the Tory, William Murray (d. 1793), created first Earl of Mansfield and Lord Chief Justice of England in 1756. Mansfield was a vehement supporter of the coercion policy, and he and Chatham, while nominally on the same side in politics, had been antagonists ever since Murray entered Parliament in 1742 as Solicitor-General. Their "wordy strife" continued when Chatham followed Murray to the House of Lords ten years after the judge's elevation to the Peerage. The contrast between the two orators was a striking one; the fiery patriot with his torrent of eloquence was often at a disadvantage when combating the silver-tongued lawyer with his cut and dried legal arguments. Lord Mansfield was a devoted old Westminster, and was laid in the Abbey by his own request, "from the love which he bore to the place of his early education." His former schoolfellows, the poet Cowper and Bishop Newton, both paid tributes to his best qualities. Cowper addressed some verses to the judge on the loss of his valuable library and collection of antiquities, which were burnt in the Gordon riots. Newton describes him in florid language as "the oracle of law, the standard of eloquence, and the pattern of all virtue both in public and private life." Pope's lines, referring to the grave in the Abbey—

> "Where Murray, long enough his country's pride,
> Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde"—

bear another less flattering interpretation. The second Earl, David Murray (d. 1796), a statesman and diplomatist of no mean order, was eclipsed by his uncle's greater reputation. He lies with him in the north transept, where

a vault was constructed in 1784 to receive the first Countess of Mansfield's remains. Close behind Lord Mansfield's statue, which was copied from a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, stands the figure of a modern Tory statesman. Sir William Webb Follett (d. 1845) held the posts of Solicitor-General and Attorney-General in succession under Peel's second administration, and is looked upon as the best advocate of his time, perhaps even of the century. In the same aisle a medallion commemorates the philosophical jurist, Sir Henry Maine (d. 1888), who won his reputation as legal member of the Indian Council. He was afterwards Master of Trinity Hall, and Professor of International Law at Cambridge; his works on Ancient Law and Village Communities are widely circulated, and have been translated into several European languages.

After this digression from Chatham to record the memory of these members of the legal profession, we must return to the short but brilliant political career of his second son. William Pitt, the younger, died at the age of forty-six in February 1806, worn out in body, and so poor in worldly goods that Parliament paid the expenses of his funeral, pensioned his three nieces, and voted £40,000 to pay his debts. Napoleon was ever Pitt's bugbear. He lived to see the power of the French navy broken at Trafalgar, but even at that glorious time, when the young minister was hailed as the saviour of Europe, Pitt declared that Europe could not be saved by any one single man. Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz, three months later, was his death-blow, and he never raised his head again. "Roll up the map of Europe," he exclaimed; "it will not be wanted these ten years." The patriotic statesman died with what his favourite niece, Hester Stanhope, called the "Austerlitz look" upon his face. With Pitt the name of his strenuous opponent, George Tierney (d. 1830), is so closely connected that, although he survived him twenty-four years, his tablet in the Whig Corner calls our attention at this point. An ardent Whig, Tierney was distrusted by his own party, and only held office once during his long parliamentary career. So acute did the political strife between himself and Pitt become at one time that

Tierney challenged the minister, and they fought a bloodless duel on Putney Heath in May 1798.

Westmacott is responsible for the allegorical monuments which commemorate Pitt and Fox in the nave. Pitt is represented in the act of speaking, while History records his words, and Anarchy, the French Revolution, crouches in chains at his feet. Fox, the apostle of Liberty, is dying in her arms, and the slave who kneels at his feet recalls his last speech in the House of Commons, a motion for the abolition of the slave trade. Charles James Fox died, September 13, 1806, in the same year as his rival William Pitt, and lies near him in the north transept. At the head of Fox, "whom in life he so dearly valued, and near whom in death it would have been his pride to lie," is the grave of Henry Grattan (d. 1820), the eloquent and impassioned defender of the rights of Ireland, his native country. Fox passed over to the Whig opposition on the question of the American war; he was against the war from the beginning, and ended by desiring the independence of the States, and their severance from the mother country. Dr. Johnson's well-known remark—spoken in the last year of the old doctor's life—that Fox "divided the kingdom with Cæsar, and that it was doubtful whether the nation was ruled by the sceptre of George III. or the tongue of Fox," refers to his famous struggle with the King and Pitt in 1784, when the popular Whig leader was defeated.

In the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Fox was associated with the brilliant parliamentary orator and dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan (d. 1816). Sheridan was the last survivor of the political and literary circle which had bowed before the dicta of Samuel Johnson; his funeral was, as has been well said by a modern writer, the funeral "not merely of a man but of an age." He outlived Goldsmith and all the leading members of the old Literary Club, and survived the political rivals and friends of his glorious prime. Burke had been dead twenty years when Sheridan was laid to rest in Poets' Corner. Yet his popularity was unabated, and all the chief personages in the world of fashion, of politics, and of letters flocked to his burial; the Duke of Wellington wrote an autograph letter

to express his regret at his unavoidable absence. The most striking event in Sheridan's political career was his motion to impeach Warren Hastings, and his subsequent speeches during the trial. Macaulay's account of the great oration, which lasted for several hours at intervals during four (not two) days, is to be found in the Essays, and both he and Gibbon assert that the exhausted orator fell back into the arms of Burke at the end, with the words, "My Lords, I have done." Sheridan was again in the forefront of a political battle in the opposition to the union of Great Britain and Ireland, and fought courageously for a losing cause. He was conspicuous also as a champion for the liberty of the Press. To our generation his fame as a dramatist remains unimpaired by time; now that his political frays are practically forgotten, his comedies, "The Rivals," and "The School for Scandal," are as popular on the modern stage as they were in the days of Garrick, when Sheridan was manager of Drury Lane.

The chequered life history of Warren Hastings (d. 1818), Governor-General of Bengal in 1771, when his friend Clive was in command of the Indian army, is too complicated a web to unravel in a few brief lines. Hastings was a King's scholar at Westminster, and a schoolfellow of the poet Cowper. Long afterwards, when the evil days came for the Indian official, Cowper remembered their boyish friendship, and addressed some verses to his old companion at the time of the impeachment. The poet was not singular in his fidelity, and it was said of Warren Hastings at the end of his life that he had never lost a friend. At the age of eighteen the Westminster boy began his duties in the mercantile service of the East India Company, and during his early struggles the famous General Clive befriended the young man and gave him much sympathy and good advice. For thirty-five years Hastings devoted himself to India, and the time of his administration in Bengal was marked by a great advance in all the arts of peace as well as in the gradual pacification of the native rulers. Yet the old order was rapidly passing away, and, before the Governor left, certain practices with regard to finance, which had hitherto been

looked upon as but the ordinary perquisites of an official in India, were regarded with other eyes at home. Four years (1787) after his return to England, the late Governor of India was impeached before the Commons on the charges of personal corruption and other malpractices in his administration; amongst his principal prosecutors were Edmund Burke, Sheridan, and Fox, while Pitt stood aloof, and may be called a lukewarm supporter. The trial dragged out for seven years and three months, excited the bitterest feelings, and roused up both friends and enemies for the accused, who was ultimately acquitted in the House of Lords. Hastings was practically beggared by the expenses of his defence, but his income was made up by the Company, and the remainder of his life was spent in domestic happiness at Daylesford, the home of his race, where he was buried. There his remains still rest, notwithstanding the eloquent protest of Lord Macaulay, who considered that "the dust of the illustrious accused should have mingled with the dust of the illustrious accusers."

Burke alone of the statesmen who were most prominent in the famous trial has no memorial here, but in the north transept lies his friend, Gilbert Elliot, the first Earl or Minto (d. 1814). Elliot prepared the case against Hastings and Impey, and owing to the practical experience of Indian affairs which he thus obtained, he was made Governor-General of India in 1806. His younger brother, Hugh (d. 1830), a distinguished diplomatist, lies in Minto's vault. He was ambassador at the Danish Court for nine years, and there carried out the policy originated by Pitt, and adhered to ever since, of a close diplomatic relationship between England and Denmark. In later life Hugh Elliot became Governor of the Leeward Islands and Madras successively. Near the grave of his early patron is Chantrey's statue of Sir Stamford Raffles (d. 1826). His extraordinary knowledge of the Malay races, when secretary to the Government of Penang, attracted Lord Minto's attention, and Raffles accompanied the Governor-General on his expedition to reduce Java, then (1811) under the French flag. After the capture of that island, the young official received the arduous post of first Governor of the new colony, and for nearly five years ruled

the Javan people with striking ability and success. Finally, in spite of Raffles's protests and after Lord Minto's return to England, Java was given back to Holland (1816). Later on, Raffles was made Governor of Bencoolen, and established a more enduring colony than Java when he persuaded the Company to rent Singapore from the Sultan of Johore, and hoisted the British flag there, Feb. 29, 1819. Raffles was thus the founder of the colony and city of Singapore. By his ceaseless exertions this indefatigable Empire-builder "secured to Great Britain the maritime supremacy of the Eastern seas"; and when he returned from his years of toil abroad he founded the Zoological Society, which was practically the last act of his energetic life.

On the west side of the Statesmen's Aisle is another maker of our Colonial Empire. Beneath the bust of Charles Buller (d. 1848) Lord Houghton records the gratitude of the British Colonies to "a statesman who so well appreciated their desires and their destinies." Buller was a zealous advocate of Colonial and Indian interests before the Privy Council Committee after his return from Canada, whither he went in 1838 as secretary to the Governor, Lord Durham. Harriet Martineau founded her "History of the Peace" upon material supplied by Buller's Canadian diary, and by Lord Durham's official report, part of which he wrote. The statue, by Chantrey, of Francis Horner (d. 1817), near Buller, commemorates a famous political ecomomist, who died at Pisa and was buried at Leghorn; the inscription is by the antiquary, Sir Henry Englefield. Horner, Jeffrey, and Sydney Smith were the original founders of the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802, to which Sir George Cornewall Lewis (d. 1863) was a constant contributor and at a later period literary editor. Lewis and Buller were intimate friends, and their busts by the same sculptor, Weekes, are close together. As Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1855, Lewis roused the opposition of his predecessor, Gladstone, and of Disraeli by his enormous budgets. He is said to have raised the taxation to a higher level than it ever attained before in order to pay the costs of the Crimean war; he made himself very unpopular wirh the public by his duties on tea, sugar, and other domestic necessaries,

besides increasing the income tax to 1s. 4d. in the pound. To this statesman is attributed the saying that "life would be tolerable but for its amusements."

With the noble band of men who devoted themselves to the abolition of slavery Sir Stamford Raffles takes his place; when in the service of the East India Company he emancipated all the negroes who were under his control, and brought down upon himself the displeasure of the directors. The earliest agitator on behalf of the slaves was a certain Granville Sharp (d. 1813), a poor clerk in a Government office, who made the freedom of all humanity, black and white, the aim and object of his life. From the time when he protected a black man, whom he met in the London streets in 1765, from his master, Sharp fought the most able lawyers in the kingdom, including Mansfield, on the question of the ownership of slaves, which was finally decided in the law-courts; and through his untiring efforts the freedom of every slave who landed on English soil was guaranteed. He carried his principle of personal liberty so far that, rather than take even a subordinate share in supplying war material to the British forces during the struggle with the American Colonies, which he considered an unjust one, he resigned his clerkship in the Ordnance Department. Henceforth he gave himself up to the slavery question. He founded the society for the abolition of the slave trade, which included Wilberforce and Clarkson amongst its members, and the colony for freed slaves at Sierra Leone. Sharp was likewise one of the originators of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It is no wonder that he was called the father of the anti-slavery movement, and he well deserves the memorial placed by the African Society in the south transept. In the Whigs' Corner will be found the tablet which was put up under the auspices of Sir Fowell Buxton to Zachary Macaulay (d. 1838). Upon it is an inscription (slightly altered from the original) by the first Sir James Stephen, an admirer of Sharp and Macaulay alike. Zachary Macaulay was the first Governor of Sierra Leone (1793), before the colony was handed over to the crown (1808), but the duties of this difficult post shattering his health, he resigned in 1799, and returned home to take part in the struggle

against the slave trade which was being waged by Sharp, Wilberforce, and Buxton. The statues of these last philanthropists are placed side by side in the north choir aisle. Both are likenesses, but it has been truly remarked that Wilberforce's, which is by Joseph, is more of a caricature than a portrait. Wilberforce's labours in the great cause did not begin till after what he called his conversion in 1802. Before that time he had been one of the gay set of young politicians who frequented fashionable clubs, where the leading statesmen of the day were to be met. The future philanthropist gave up gambling in a single night, not because, like Colonel Panton,[1] he had won a fortune, but because he had gained £600 from a man who could not afford to lose it. He and Pitt were bosom friends from their college days, and their friendship remained unbroken to the end in spite of temporary political estrangements. Wilberforce carried one of the banners before the bier at his friend's funeral. The first victory of the abolitionists was in the year of Pitt's death, when the bill for the abolition of British slavery received the royal assent; but Wilberforce died in 1833, twelve months before the great emancipation day (August 1, 1834), which marked the total abolition of slavery and the emancipation of slaves in all parts of the British dominions. Wilberforce, ten years before this, had bequeathed the leadership of his party in the House to Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton (d. 1845), but he continued to agitate against slavery after his retirement, and his last appearance was at an anti-slavery meeting. He and his comrades may fairly be said to have "removed from England the guilt of the African slave trade, and prepared the way for the abolition of slavery in every colony in the Empire." A special petition was made to the Dean (Ireland) for a grave in the Abbey, and the famous abolitionist was followed to his last resting-place in the north transept by both Houses of Parliament, with the Lord Chancellor and Speaker at their head. Wilberforce's third son, Samuel, was Dean of Westminster for a few months in 1845, but his name is best known as the Bishop of Oxford.

Sir Fowell Buxton and Sir James Mackintosh (d. 1832)

[1] See page 199.

had already combined in the much-needed reform of the penal laws, and, after the death of all his early supporters, Buxton continued his efforts in the cause of humanity. His friend Mackintosh was a many-sided person—"jurist, philosopher, historian, and statesman"; he was a successful barrister at home, and was for a time a judge at Bombay. During his intervals of leisure he wrote a history of the Revolution of 1688. His tastes were more literary than political, but he was drawn into politics by his friendship with Sheridan and Burke at the time of the Warren Hastings trial, and was offered a Tory seat by Spencer Perceval just before his assassination; but Mackintosh adhered to his early principles, and his bust is amongst the other Whigs in the north-west tower.

The monument to Spencer Perceval (d. 1812), Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been raised to a window ledge in the nave. It is one of Westmacott's favourite allegorical groups, and represents the murder of Perceval, who was shot by a madman, one John Bellingham, as he was passing through the lobby into the House of Commons. George III. was himself insane at this time. The Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., and the Parliament are responsible for the memorial. Perceval's political career began at the time of the Warren Hastings trial, when he first came under the notice of Pitt, who made him Attorney-General afterwards, and looked to him as one of his staunchest supporters and probable successor in the leadership of the House. Pitt's prognostication came true; Perceval ruled the country during the most critical years of the Peninsular war, and remained at his post undaunted by criticism, till his life was cut off before the downfall of Napoleon.

Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh (d. 1822), who succeeded his father as second Marquess of Londonderry a year before his own death, carried on the struggle and Perceval's policy to the end. As Foreign Secretary and Plenipotentiary to the allied Powers, he attended the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, and was welcomed by the nation on his return as the negotiator of the peace of Europe. But the last years of Castlereagh's life were one long struggle with the

financial difficulties brought about by the war. He lost his popularity—partly on account of the heavy taxation, which led to riots and general discontent; in part also because of the share which he took in urging George IV. to divorce the people's favourite Queen Caroline. He was hooted whenever he appeared in the streets; and Shelley, in the masque of "Anarchy," written in 1819, after the so-called "Manchester massacre," has branded his memory with unfair and cruel aspersions, which give, however, a true picture of the popular feeling at the time—

> "I met Murder on the way,
> He had a mask like Castlereagh:
> Very smooth he looked, yet grim,
> Seven bloodhounds followed him;
>
> "All were fat, and well they might
> Be in admirable plight,
> For one by one, and two by two,
> He tossed them human hearts to chew,
> Which from his wide cloak he drew."

The unfortunate minister died by his own hand in a fit of insanity, and his funeral in the Abbey, which was decided upon as a mark of respect by his compeers, provoked the hostile demonstrations of the mob, who raged outside the Abbey while the burial service quietly proceeded within. His widow survived him only two years, and was laid not in his grave but in the cloisters.

The name of Castlereagh leads on to that of his political enemy, George Canning (d. 1827). The complicated misunderstanding between the Tory ministers cannot be detailed here. Suffice it to say that, like Pitt and Tierney, the two statesmen fought a duel (in 1809), in which Canning was wounded. Later on, both men defended the Prime Minister Perceval's war policy and the Duke of Wellington's generalship in the House of Commons, and on Londonderry's suicide Canning took his place at the Foreign Office. The last year of his life Canning became Prime Minister, and made an alliance with the Whigs on the question of Catholic emancipation. It is interesting to note that he split with Sir Robert Peel, and took Lord Palmerston into

his Cabinet at this time. So great was Canning's admiration for Pitt that he called his second son, a captain in the navy, by his name. The young man was drowned off Madeira, and his body was brought back to England and buried in the east cloister. Canning's widow (d. 1837) was made a Viscountess, and their third son, Charles John (d. 1862), who was created an Earl in 1859, inherited her title.

Earl Canning was Governor-General of India at the time of the Indian Mutiny, and afterwards became the first Viceroy. With the names of the Lawrences, of Clyde, of Sir Herbert Edwardes, and the other heroes of the mutiny Canning is inseparably connected; and he holds a high place amongst the Indian statesmen at that troubled epoch. The family vault is near to that of the Pitts in the north transept, where in close juxtaposition with the Cannings' statues stands the marble figure of their cousin, Stratford Canning (d. 1880), first Viscount de Redcliffe, the distinguished diplomatist, for fifty years our ambassador in the East. As an Eton boy, Stratford could remember seeing Addington and Pitt, and on one occasion George III. had addressed him, "asked what form he was," and, hearing he was in the sixth, the King remarked: "A much greater man than I can ever make you." The epitaph on Boehm's statue was written by Tennyson, and fitly commemorates the noble character of the aged statesman, who looked back over a life of ninety-three years with unimpaired memory and intellect.

> "Thou third great Canning, stand among our best
> And noblest, now thy long day's work hath ceased,
> Here silent in our Minster of the West,
> Who wert the voice of England in the East."

A large monument in the Whigs' Corner to Henry Vassall Fox, third Lord Holland (d. 1840), carries us back again to his uncle, Charles Fox, by whom and by his maternal grandfather, Lord Ossory, he was brought up. During the travels of his younger days Lord Holland met Nelson in Italy, and was presented to Napoleon in Paris when he was First Consul; long afterwards he remembered his early admiration of Bonaparte, and opposed the

bill for his detention as a prisoner of war, besides agitating in the House for an inquiry into the treatment of the Emperor at St. Helena. Like his uncle, he desired the abolition of slavery, and continued to support the emancipation of slaves all his life, although as a large owner of property in the West Indies his own interests might have led him to oppose it.

Close to Lord Holland are busts, by Boehm, of two prominent Whig statesmen, Henry Petty Fitzmaurice (d. 1863), third Marquess of Lansdowne, and John, Earl Russell (d. 1878). Petty was a rising statesman in the last days of Pitt, and he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the "Ministry of all the Talents," on the Prime Minister's death. In the House of Lords, after his succession to his father's title, Lansdowne, like his cousin Lord Holland, used every effort to promote the abolition of slavery and the repeal of the penal laws. His public life lasted for fifty years, far into the Victorian era; he became leader of the Opposition when Peel died, and by his advice the Queen sent for Lord Palmerston when Derby and Russell each failed to form a Cabinet after Aberdeen's resignation (1855). He was buried at his own country seat, Bowood. The memorial here was not put up till 1873, when Dean Stanley and the Earl's grandson co-operated in the inscription.

Lord John Russell was a boy at Westminster School early in the century; when he was about fourteen he was taken to see Charles Fox a few months before the death of that statesman, an account of whose life and times he edited long afterwards. About this period he went on a trip to Scotland, and was shown round Melrose by Walter Scott himself. At the end of the famous novelist's life, Russell in his turn desired to do his former cicerone a service, and offered a sum of money from the Treasury (which was not required) to the dying man. Russell was twice Prime Minister; the whole of his political career was devoted to the cause of freedom at home and abroad, while he was a no less fervent champion of literature and science. In 1866 his Ministry, which included Gladstone as leader of the House of Commons, was defeated on the Reform Bill; Russell resigned and never again took office. Disraeli pro-

posed to give him a public funeral in the Abbey at the expense of Parliament, but he was buried by his own desire at Chenies. The bust referred to above was put up in 1880.

Holland and Russell are connected with Palmerston and Aberdeen, with Peel and Cobden, and, as we have seen, their lives overlapped those of the modern statesmen, Disraeli and Gladstone. Peel (born 1788), Aberdeen and Palmerston (both born in 1784) were all contemporaries, but the youngest of the trio, Sir Robert Peel, was the first to die. Peel in his schooldays was a bosom friend of Byron, who even then had "great hopes" of his future success. Already the boy showed a marked penchant for politics, and would go with his father, who was an ardent supporter of the Tories, to the gallery of the House of Commons to hear the orations of Pitt and Fox. When Peel first entered public life as a youth of twenty-one, his maiden speech in the House is said to have been the best first speech "since Mr. Pitt's." With George Canning Peel was on intimate terms of friendship. They differed only on one point; while Canning was on the side of the Roman Catholics, Peel was violently opposed to them. After Canning's death, circumstances altered Peel's views on this burning subject, and his name will ever be associated with the bill for Catholic Emancipation. In his famous speech when introducing this measure, he gave the chief credit to his late friend, to Fox and to Grattan. The minister was destined to change some of his other opinions; at one time favourable to protection and an opponent of Cobden, he ended by being converted to free trade, and the repeal of the Corn Laws, which he carried through the House in June 1846, led to his final fall from office, after he had held the position of Prime Minister, for the second time, from 1841 to 1846. He died in retirement four years later, from a fall when riding on Constitution Hill, and was buried at Drayton. It is said that Gibson refused to undertake the statue, which stands in the north transept, unless he were allowed to use classical costume, and the British statesman is therefore addressing the House wrapped in a Roman toga.

Richard Cobden (d. 1865), whose grave is at Lavington,

has a bust (by Woolner) in the west aisle of the same transept. His life was spent in a struggle for liberty—first in the arduous labours of seven years which preceded the repeal of the Corn Laws; lastly when fourteen years later, with the tacit approval of the ministers, Palmerston and Russell, he carried through the commercial treaty with France and the reform of the tariffs. Peel had paid him an eloquent tribute at the time of the repeal of the Corn Laws, and declared that Cobden's and not his own was the name which ought to be associated with the success of this measure. In 1860 Palmerston proposed to reward Cobden with a title for his triumph in the cause of free trade, but the Prime Minister's offer was declined, and the apostle of freedom ended his life as a plain commoner.

The bust of George Gordon, fourth Earl of Aberdeen (d. 1860), is in the same aisle. Pitt was his guardian and Palmerston his schoolfellow. He held office under Peel as Foreign Secretary, and was First Lord of the Treasury in the brilliant coalition Cabinet which was formed after Peel's death, and included Palmerston, Russell, and Gladstone. He was, like Gladstone, a distinguished Greek scholar, and is commemorated by Byron in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" as "the travell'd Thane, Athenian Aberdeen."

The statue of Henry John Temple, third Viscount Palmerston (d. 1865), was placed by Parliament near Chatham's monument. He first stood in 1806 as Tory candidate for Cambridge University, a seat vacated by the younger Pitt's death, but did not succeed in entering Parliament for another year. Palmerston received the post of Secretary of State for War from Spencer Perceval, and held it, under five Prime Ministers, for twenty years. Strictly speaking Palmerston belonged to no party, although he remained under the influence of Canning's principles all his life. But after 1828 he may be said to have thrown in his lot with the Whigs, and was Foreign Secretary in successive Ministries—with the exception of four months—till 1841, when Peel returned to power for five years. Palmerston did not rise to the chief position in the Whig Cabinet till he had turned seventy. He was Prime

Minister during the crisis of the Crimean War, and when the Indian Mutiny broke out. Save for a brief interval in 1858, when the Tories, with Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer, tried in vain to pass the Reform Bill, Palmerston continued at the head of the Whig Government till the end of his long life. He died two days before he was eighty-one, his faculties still keen and his energy unabated. Pathetic stories are told of his attempts to fight against the growing infirmities of old age. A hidden witness has recorded a touching anecdote. A fortnight before his death he saw the old statesman come out of his London house early one morning, look about to assure himself that he was alone, then climb over the area railing round his house and back again to test the strength of his muscles. Even when he felt himself failing he always assumed a cheerful manner in his wife's presence, lest she should be anxious about him. Lord Palmerston was honoured by a public funeral and buried in the Statesmen's Aisle. By a special stipulation, which was made at the time of his death, Lady Palmerston, who died four years later at the age of eighty-four, was interred in his vault. Up to this time it was the custom to bury the near relations of our distinguished men within the precincts, with no question of favour or privilege, but the want of space had already restricted the burials, and thirty-three years more passed before a similar request was made to the Dean. The words in Gladstone's will, "I desire to be buried where my wife also can lie," made an Abbey grave impossible unless the same favour were extended to his widow, and had the Dean not followed the precedent of the Palmerston burial and permitted the wife to lie with her husband, the Gladstone sepulchre would doubtless have been at Hawarden. Lady Palmerston was essentially a great lady of the old order, which has now so entirely passed away. First as Lord Melbourne's sister, then as the wife and later on the widow of Lord Cowper, she had lived in the great world of fashion and politics since her girlhood, and was herself a diplomatist to her finger-tips, while her unerring tact taught her, although so ardent a politician, the exact limits of female influence. Her salon was famed throughout the Continent, and much of the

informal conversation which took place there influenced the Cabinets of Europe. She was a powerful support to her husband in many a political crisis, charming back the offended supporter to his allegiance, or smoothing the ruffled plumes of an angry diplomat, as in the case of a celebrated statesman, who told Disraeli that, much to his own surprise, he had just paid a friendly call on Lady Palmerston after not having been on speaking terms with her husband for three weeks. She had, in fact, the gift, so rare in a woman, of concealing her personal predilections, and treated friend or foe in the same kindly and gracious manner. Madame Craven gives a delightful account of her visits to Broadlands, the Palmerstons' country place, where all the visitors, foreign and English alike, found their special wants catered for by the accomplished hostess, who had the art of entertaining with no visible effort, and without permitting any lapses into the busy boredom so common in large country houses. There is no better epitaph written on Lady Palmerston than the character drawn by her friend, Madame Craven : "Her gentle manners and speech were but the sincere expression of a benevolence, good-humour, and kindness rarely found to the same degree in those who frequent the fashionable world. These were the characteristics which won her so many friends and make it impossible to believe that she had any enemies, the qualities which have left so dear and so undying a memory in the hearts of her friends."

The statue of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield (d. 1881), and the grave of William Ewart Gladstone (d. 1898) carry the memorials of our Prime Ministers up to the very end of the last century. Both these men had started their political life in the Cabinets of one or other of the leaders to whom we have referred in this chapter. Disraeli was born two years before Pitt's death, and in his early life he was distinguished as a novelist and man of letters rather than as a politician. His political career did not begin, properly speaking, till after the accession of the sovereign to whom he was in later life so devoted a servant. He represented the Toryism of young England at that time and built up the Conservative party out of the ruins of the old Peelites,

when their leader had passed away. The names of parties were changing fast, Conservative and Liberal were substituted for Tory and Whig, while even ministers seemed to have altered their convictions in the general confusion of coalition and reform Cabinets. But Disraeli remained a consistent Conservative all his life, and during Palmerston's popular last administration sat almost by himself upon the Opposition bench. The Reform Bill became law in 1867, two years after Palmerston's death, when the Conservatives were in power, and Disraeli became Prime Minister for the first time, but he had only been at their head for a few months when the Government was defeated, and his party remained out of office for seven years. Gladstone now rose to the chief place in the Liberal Cabinet after years of successful budgets had made his name famous as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the bills for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church and the Irish Land Act were passed during this his first Ministry. Once more (1874) the wheel turned round, and the rival politicians changed places. Disraeli, who was created Earl of Beaconsfield in 1876, remained Prime Minister till the defeat of the Conservative party a year before his death, and the country turned to Gladstone as to a statesman who loved peace. Disraeli's name is associated with the expansion of England; to him we owe the germ of the Imperial ideas which are so rife at the present time, and are typified by the title of Empress of India, which was adopted by our late Queen through his influence. His rival is remembered for his reforms at home rather than for his foreign policy. Gladstone's later political career till his resignation in 1894 is too recent to treat of even in brief. Enough to say that while the Conservative minister rests with his wife at Hughenden by his own expressed desire, the Liberal statesman sleeps in the Abbey, where Mrs. Gladstone was laid beside him in June 1900. Boehm's statue of Beaconsfield stands between the Cannings and Peel; facing his is a vacant space, where Brock's statue of his illustrious opponent will shortly be placed.

Two men who both did good service to the State in Gladstone's Ministries, but were neither of them leading

members of the Government, were commemorated here in the closing years of the last century. William Edward Forster (d. 1886), member for Bradford from 1861 till his death, was the son of a Quaker minister who died in Tennessee when on a mission from the Friends to present an anti-slavery address to the President of the United States. The son of one abolitionist, Forster was the nephew of another, Sir Fowell Buxton, over whose statue his medallion with an inscription by Dean Bradley was placed in 1888. With education he is connected by his relationship with Dr. Arnold, whose daughter he married, and by his efforts to raise the instruction of the masses. To him we owe a new scheme of elementary education, which culminated in the Elementary Education Bill (1870) and was the origin of the Board School system. Forster's youth and age were connected with Ireland. As a young man he accompanied his philanthropic father, who went to relieve the distress caused by the terrible Irish famine in 1845. In his later life he was Chief Secretary for Ireland (1880–1882) during the Land League troubles, and returned to England shattered in health after the severe and thankless duties which were part of his onerous position. As first chairman of the Imperial Federation League his name is linked with the Imperial ideas of the present time. Gilbert's artistic monument to Henry Fawcett (d. 1884) is almost lost to view in the gloom of the baptistery. It recalls the struggle of a courageous man with a crushing infirmity, that of loss of sight. Fawcett became totally blind at the age of twenty-five, yet in spite of his blindness he took a prominent part in politics, and ultimately rose to be the official head of the Post Office as Postmaster-General.

We have spoken of the philanthropists who fought so good a fight for the abolition of slavery, or for the reform of our penal laws and prisons. One philanthropic statesman remains, who brought light into the darkness which obscured the toiling masses of humanity in mine or factory, and raised the level of our working classes after years of constant effort. I refer to Anthony Ashley Cooper, 7th Earl of Shaftesbury (d. 1883), whose statue, erected in 1888, stands at the west end of the nave close to Pitt and

Fox. Shaftesbury had a brilliant political career before him when, as a young man, he gave up his whole life to the cause of philanthropy. Where other philanthropists, such as Wilberforce, held before them the freedom of the black man as their primary object, he toiled ceaselessly for the betterment of his own countrymen; to him we owe the abolition of child labour, and the first (1847) of the many subsequent Acts which have shortened the hours of work in factories and mines. Shaftesbury will ever be remembered also as the children's benefactor; he was the chairman of the Ragged Schools for thirty-nine years, and under his auspices the Shoeblack Brigade, the Refuge and Reformatory Union were founded. The animals shared in his benefactions to the human race, and he took a leading part in the various efforts made for their protection. Year by year till shortly before his death he was present as President at the Westminster Window Garden Show, which used to take place either in Dean's Yard or the College Garden, but has been given up since his death. Shaftesbury was indirectly concerned in the Peabody Gift for the improvement of the dwellings of the poor, and he used all his influence to push it with the Government. Owing largely to his representations the generous scheme of the American philanthropist George Peabody (d. 1869) took shape, and in 1864 the first block of dwellings called by the donor's name was built in Spitalfields, and speedily followed by many others. Peabody died in London, and his body lay for a month in the west end of the nave close to the site where the statue of his supporter now stands.

In the south aisle of the choir will be found a portrait bust, beneath which is inscribed the name of a patriot who fought for the independence of his country. Pasquale de Paoli (d. 1807), the champion of Corsican liberty, took refuge from Napoleon Bonaparte in England, the land of freedom, where he died in exile; his remains were afterwards taken back to his native country.

CHAPTER XXV

THE END OF THE ROLL-CALL

THE statesmen bring our register of names down to the close of the last century, but by no means exhaust the Roll-Call. Two important groups of English worthies, the poets and men of letters, the engineers and architects, who flourished between 1800–1900, yet remain, besides a few isolated graves or monuments which cannot be classified. Eight Deans have succeeded each other since 1802. Five are buried within the church; two, Turton (1842 to 1845) and Wilberforce (1845) became Bishops after a very short tenure of the Deanery; the eighth Dean, George Granville Bradley, followed Arthur Stanley in 1881. We are not concerned here with the annals of the Abbey, which are fully chronicled in the volume called by that name, nor with the history of the various innovations and improvements in the services. During the last fifty years stricter regulations have been tacitly made by the last two Deans as to the burials and monuments. Enough to notice the fact that in every instance the permission of the Dean has to be obtained before a new name can be added to the Roll-Call, and whereas in former days no difficulty was ever met with by the applicants, and scores of obscure persons were honoured by burial here, the want of space has obliged the custodians of the Abbey to strictly limit the admissions.

Three coronations only took place during the nineteenth century, those of George IV. (1821), William IV. (1831), and Victoria (1838), in the time of Ireland,[1] who took his official position as Dean of Westminster only at the two first. So many accounts have been given of these modern pageants

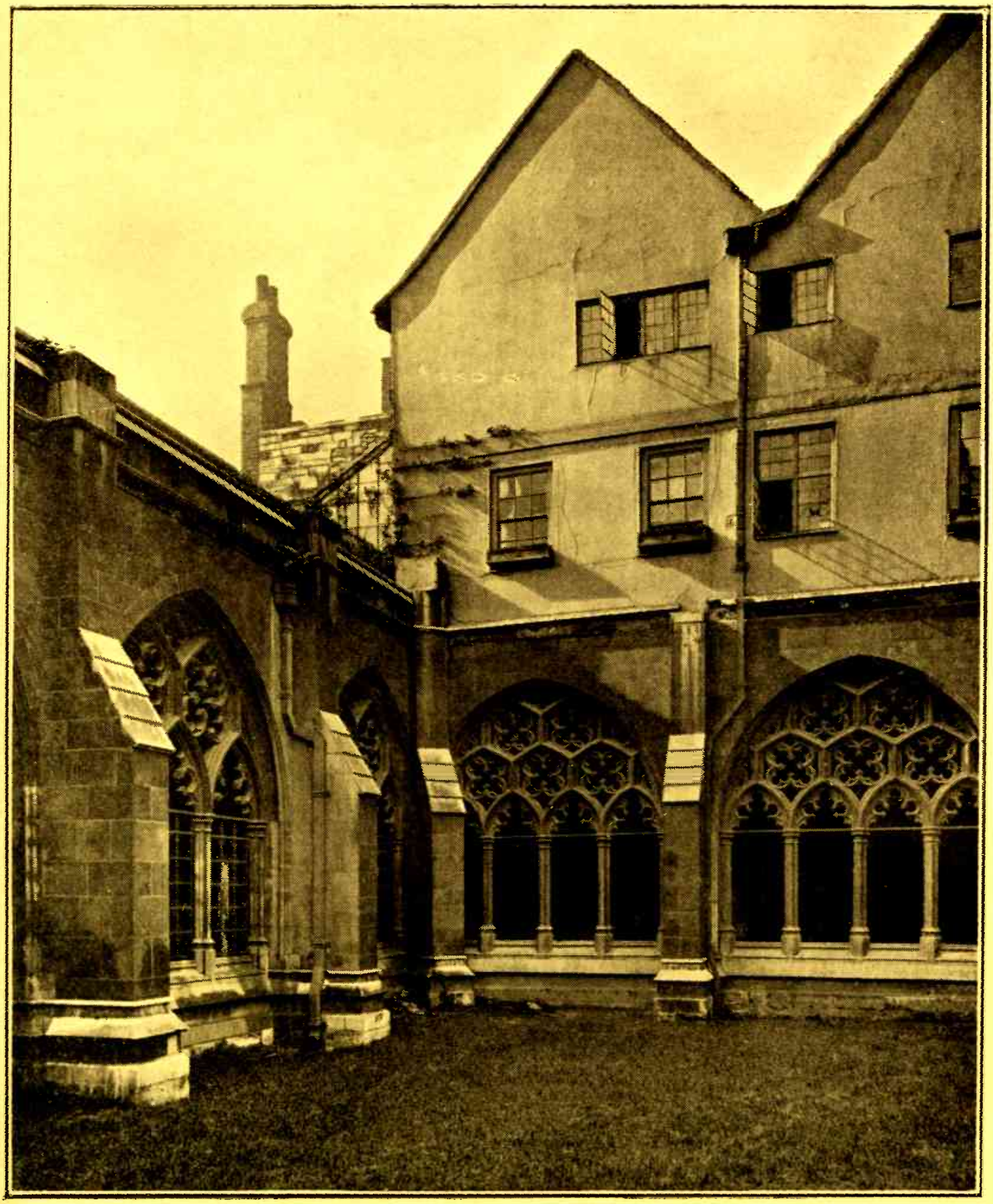
[1] At Queen Victoria's the Sub-Dean, Lord John Thynne, performed the Dean's duties, as Ireland was too infirm to be present.

that no attempt to describe them will be made in this connection. At the coronation of Edward VII. and his consort Alexandra on August 9, 1902,[1] the order of service was similar to that arranged for William IV. and Queen Adelaide, with a few abbreviations; the Litany and sermon were omitted. The octogenarian Dean, Dr. Bradley, was able to walk in the procession, hold the crown, and give the chalice to his sovereigns at the Sacrament service, the last public acts of his official life before he resigned the Deanery. The more onerous of the Dean's duties were performed by the Sub-Dean, Canon Duckworth.

We have noted before that no royal monument has been erected in the Abbey since the reign of James I. But in one of the chapels near the sepulchre of Henry VII., Louis Philippe, then King of France, was allowed to place a tomb with a recumbent effigy in memory of his brother, the Duc de Montpensier, during Dean Vincent's tenure of office. Thus by a curious anomaly the son of the republican Philippe Égalité rests with the blood-royal of England. The Duke died in 1807, while he and his brother were living here in exile, and his body, first interred in the north aisle, was removed to this vault, where rested afterwards (1810) for a few months the remains of Queen Louise of Savoy, wife of Louis XVIII., before they were removed to Sardinia. In the centre of this little chapel is now the tomb of Arthur Stanley (d. 1881), who was Dean from 1864 till his death. We have spoken of Stanley's work in connection with the Abbey in another volume; here it is enough to recall, as we come to each in turn, the different persons of note commemorated in his time and in most cases by his initiative. His wife, Lady Augusta (d. 1876), the daughter of the 7th Earl of Elgin, lies in the same vault, and the Dean placed the modern window above to her memory. Overhead are various historical scenes connected with the Bruce family, below Lady Augusta is depicted as a Lady Bountiful going about her many works of charity and benevolence.

Another window, which was chosen by Stanley, is that presented by Mr. Childs of Philadelphia in memory of the two poets, George Herbert (d. 1633) and William

[1] Postponed on account of the King's illness from June 26.



AN ANCIENT PART OF THE DEANERY

Cowper (d. 1800). Herbert, the "Holy Poet," pursued the even tenor of his calm, peaceful life in a country parsonage, and composed purely religious poetry, while the other writers of verse were pouring out amorous lyrics or drinking-songs. Charles I. solaced the dreary time of his imprisonment with the "Temple," and over the same work Cowper pored continually till he was persuaded to lay it aside by his friends, who feared the effect of the book upon his unwholesome and morbid tendencies. This, and the fact that both poets were educated at Westminster School, are the only links between these writers, who were utterly different in character and represented "two opposite poles of the English Church," the ecclesiastical and the evangelical. Cowper's serious poem, "The Task," owed its popularity at first to the inclusion of his jesting rhyme, "John Gilpin," in the same volume. The actor Henderson recited this delightful ballad at some of the popular recitations which he gave in London, and 6000 copies were sold as soon as it appeared in print. As a contrast, and a proof of Cowper's claim to be considered as a "sacred poet," it is enough to mention one of his many beautiful hymns, which are sung in our churches, "God moves in a mysterious way."

Stanley's predecessor, Richard Chenevix Trench (d. 1886), who went from the Deanery to the Archbishopric of Dublin, is another well-known writer of religious poetry. He lies in the centre of the nave. Stanley repaired a gap in the ranks of the English worthies when he added a memorial to the two Wesleys, John and Charles. He placed the medallion with profile heads of the two brothers close to Isaac Watts (d. 1748) in the south aisle of the choir. This monument had been erected fifty-two years after the great Nonconformist preacher's death, and had since been "wantonly injured" by some passer-by, but was restored by his admirers in Stanley's time. Dr. Johnson has truly pointed out that Watts "was one of the first authors that taught the dissenters to court attention by the graces of language." His poems roused a *furore* of enthusiasm in the religious world of his day, and were not supplanted, even with Church people, till the publication of

Keble's "Christian Year." His hymns were written under many disadvantages, as they had to be given out line by line in the chapels to worshippers, who could either not read or else had no hymn-books, and the practice of congregational singing may be said to take its origin from the time of Dr. Watts. The doctor himself placed the hymns of his young contemporary, Charles Wesley (d. 1788), far above his own, and his opinion is endorsed by the present generation.

Over 6000 hymns were composed by the two Wesleys, and of these about 500 are used in church and chapel to this day, and have never lost their early popularity. Charles was educated at Westminster School, under the care and at the cost of his elder[1] brother, Samuel, who was an usher there. As Oxford undergraduates he and John collected a small body of young men round them, the first nucleus of the Wesleyan Methodists, a body which was not formally constituted till many years afterwards. John (d. 1791) was the real founder of Methodism. Charles was ever sympathetic with the movement, but could not go so far as his brother; he constantly deplored the necessity of a breach with the Established Church. Both men toiled as missionary and itinerant preachers in the British Isles and in America, and their life-story should be read in Southey's fascinating biography. Charles is described as going about till the end of his days clothed for winter even in summer, "on a little horse grey with age." Such was the respect for his character that eight Anglican divines carried the pall at his funeral in Marylebone Churchyard. The aim of John's life was to bring all the world "to solid, inward, vital religion," and he laboured ceaselessly for this object, sending out missionaries, when age obliged him to give up itinerant preaching himself, to preach the Gospel to every creature. His body lay in state for many days at the City Road Chapel, where he was buried, and was visited by crowds of admirers. The last letter he wrote was addressed to the philanthropist Wilberforce, who with the help of the Methodists continued to pay the pension which John had given to Charles's widow since his brother's death. In

[1] A monument to four of Samuel's children has been placed in the cloisters in recent years.

the baptistery, far removed from the Nonconformists, is Chantrey's bust of John Keble (d. 1866), Rector of Hursley, who with Newman and Pusey took a leading part in the High Church—called the Oxford—Movement of 1832, and wrote some of the "Tracts for the Times."

Before 1827, when Keble published the "Christian Year," no modern Churchman had attempted to rival the dissenters in the realm of sacred poetry, and his poems had an immediate success; before the author's death ninety-five editions had been issued, and the number reached 109 in the course of the following year. At Oxford a college on Church of England lines was founded in memory of Keble, and called after his name. Within recent years (1895) a memorial has been placed near Keble's to his friend and schoolfellow, Dr. Thomas Arnold (d. 1842), by some of his old pupils. Arnold was headmaster of Rugby from 1828 till his death, and may be called the pioneer of the modern public school system of education. An ardent reformer, he carried out his own educational views against the most strenuous opposition; after a hard struggle he won the battle and was looked up to as a hero by his contemporaries and pupils. Amongst these were the two Deans, Stanley and Bradley. Wordsworth was one of his most intimate friends. It was to Arnold that Wordsworth made his oft-quoted comment on Southey. "It is painful," the old poet said, "to see how completely dead Southey has become to all but books." When Arnold expressed his own fears lest he himself might lapse into the same absorption in his library, Wordsworth declared that if he had to choose he would rather give up books than men. Opposite Arnold is the memorial of his son, the poet, essayist, and critic, Matthew Arnold (d. 1888), whose bust by Bruce Joy stands between those by Chantrey of two Churchmen who, like the Arnolds themselves, combined an interest in books and in their fellow-men. The personal influence of Frederick Denison Maurice (d. 1872) has not yet died out, and in his life-time his opinions roused as much antagonism as enthusiasm. He was the founder of Queen's College for Women (in 1848), and started the Work-

ing Men's College in Great Ormond Street (in 1854), of which institution he was made the first Principal. When he held the preachership at Lincoln's Inn, and afterwards at Vere Street Chapel, Maurice collected round him a devoted congregation, both lay and clerical; amongst his admirers may be counted Gladstone, Tennyson, and Thirlwall. Charles Kingsley (d. 1874), the novelist, poet, and preacher, carried into practice many of Maurice's maxims. While the master may be called the originator of "Christian Socialism," the name of "Muscular Christianity" was invented to describe his disciple's religious creed. Most of Kingsley's useful and active life was passed at his country living, Eversley, where he is buried; for the last two years he likewise held a Westminster Canonry. At Eversley his best sermons were preached, his beautiful lyrical poems and his popular novels, "Hypatia" and "Two Years Ago," were written. "Westward Ho!" vividly portrays the Devonshire scenery amidst which Kingsley had been bred and whither he was wont often to return, while the "Water-Babies" recalls his love of wild nature and of the fisherman's craft.

Thrupp's seated statue of William Wordsworth, the poet of nature and of solitude, was placed (1850) in the baptistery, which was called by Dean Stanley in after days Little Poets' Corner. Coleridge and Southey, the other members of that famous triumvirate known by the name of the Lake poets, are commemorated in the original Poets' Corner. Wordsworth's contemporaries looked up to the author of the "Excursion" as to a seer, and at the present day Dove Cottage and Rydal Mount, where he spent the morning and evening of his days, are visited by many an ardent literary pilgrim. Yet in the chorus of admiration there was one jarring note, which has been voiced by Browning in his poem, "The Lost Leader." In his youth Wordsworth was a believer in liberty, equality, and fraternity, and a zealous reformer; he spent a year in France during the crisis of the French Revolution, and for a while his muse was inspired by republican sentiments. But gradually his ideas were modified; he became a "respectable Conservative," and accepted a small place in the stamp

office from the Tory Government. Wordsworth succeeded Southey as poet-laureate, a post which Alfred Tennyson held after his death, and it is recorded that both men successively borrowed the poet Rogers's coat on their first appearance at a court levée. Wordsworth and Southey (d. 1843) lie amidst their beloved mountains, and the former poet composed the inscription which commemorates his friend in Crosthwaite Church. Robert Southey was a King's scholar, expelled from Westminster because he had the courage to protest in the school magazine, the *Flagellant*, against the power of the rod, which was wielded to excess at that time by the headmaster, Dr. Vincent. He and Coleridge started their literary life together; they lived in the same lodgings, and wrote for the same periodicals, and the philosophic poet converted his colleague to pantisocracy and unitarianism. While under Coleridge's influence Southey visited Lisbon, an expedition which coloured much of his writing in later life. Thackeray extols Southey as an English worthy who devoted fifty noble years to duty. From the time when he and Coleridge took a double house at Keswick after they married, Southey was practically the bread-winner for both households. Coleridge, who gave way more and more to opium-eating, left his wife and family on his friend's hands, and some idea of Southey's industry may be gathered from the number of works, poetry and prose alike, which came from his never-resting pen. "How many mouths I must feed from one inkstand!" is his own pathetic summary of the situation. He was introduced to the *Quarterly Review* by Sir Walter Scott, and contributed ninety-five articles to that periodical. Meantime he was compiling his Lives of Nelson and of Wesley, which rank high amongst English classics, and publishing the poems which made his fame, "Thalaba" and the "Curse of Kehama." At the end of his life this heroic man of letters received some reward for his labours; he was made poet-laureate, and given a pension of £300 a year by Sir Robert Peel, who offered him a baronetcy. A few of the books from his Keswick library were bought by Sir George Grove, at the sale of whose books the present

writer acquired a precious volume, Coleridge's translation of Wallenstein, which was covered by Mrs. Southey with a piece of one of her print dresses.

Coleridge was the first to die of the three Lake poets. His unhappy self-indulgence had marred his life, but could not mar his genius. Even his friendship with Wordsworth came utterly to grief, and although these two men of genius were outwardly reconciled after five years' estrangement the old intimacy was never renewed. Together they had composed the "Ancient Mariner" in the early days of their acquaintance, when Coleridge would stay for months at a time with William and his sister Dorothy, and tramp the hills in their company. This famous poem was afterwards entirely rewritten by Coleridge, and the authorship therefore belongs to him alone. The reputation of Coleridge as a literary critic was justly great. His lectures on Shakespeare and other poets, which were given with varying success according to the lecturer's moods, attracted large and fashionable audiences. It was at the most successful of these courses in 1818 that Coleridge made the popularity of Henry Cary's translation of Dante. He had met the young clergyman casually at the sea-side, and was attracted by hearing him recite passages from Homer to his boy as he strolled along. The praises of Coleridge and of Southey brought Cary's book, which had fallen flat on its first publication in 1812, before the public, and henceforth it has taken rank as one of the standard English versions of Dante. Cary (d. 1844) lies amongst the poets near the grave of Dr. Johnson. To Coleridge[1] we are indirectly indebted for a prosaic and practical innovation, the introduction of penny postage. The poet was keenly alive to the drawback of the heavy charge made for postage at that time. His attention was attracted to the grievance in the Lake country, where he had observed a cottage girl give back a letter without opening it because she could not pay the postage. He supplied the shilling demanded, and then discovered that the envelope, which was always returned unopened and unpaid to the postman, only contained a blank sheet of paper sent at intervals to the girl

[1] Miss Martineau tells this story about Rowland Hill himself.

from a brother in London to assure her of his well-being. Coleridge urged his friend Rowland Hill to bring the matter before the Government, and, after a long struggle with the Whigs, penny postage was carried through the House, July 12, 1839. Hill invented the adhesive postage stamp which made the change possible, and superintended the working out of the whole scheme, first as a Treasury then as a Post Office official. This great reform, due entirely to Hill's energy, although it has been claimed by Chalmers, whose invention of a stamp appeared after his, ran "like wildfire through the civilised world." He was rewarded by a K.C.B., and on his death was buried in St. Paul's Chapel, where he is commemorated by a bust.

In his last days Coleridge held a literary court at Highgate, where he lived in a friend's house, and whither the rising generation of writers flocked to drink in the words of wisdom which fell from the prophet's lips. The great conversationalist would pour forth "things new and old," turning at will from scientific or philosophical talk to "a dramatic story, a joke, or pun." Although Lamb declared that his friend talked "like an angel," he could not resist poking fun at the seer, who loved a monologue better than an argument. "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" said Coleridge to Lamb one day—he had been a Unitarian preacher for a short time. "Yes," stuttered the humorist. "I never heard you do anything else." Coleridge and Lamb died in the same year (1834), but only the former is commemorated in the Abbey. The bust of Coleridge which was given by an American, Dr. Mercer, in 1885, and placed near Southey's, bears out in some degree the poet's own description of his face, which, unless it was animated, gave an impression "of great sloth and great, almost idiotic, good nature. . . . 'Tis a mere carcase of a face—fat, flabby, and expressive chiefly of inexpression. Yet I am told that my eyes, eyebrows, and forehead are physiognomically good. I cannot breathe through my nose, so my mouth, with sensual thick lips, is almost always open." Wordsworth's personal appearance was equally ill suited to statuary; it was impossible to give a pleasing likeness of the brawny dales-

man with his prominent nose and heavy mouth in marble; in life his features were redeemed by the depth and light of his flashing eye. The same may be said of the bust which represents Robert Burns (d. 1796); it is by a Scotch sculptor, Sir John Steel, and was unveiled by Lord Rosebery three months before Lowell presided at the unveiling of the Coleridge memorial. The whole of the cost was paid by shilling subscriptions, the greater part of which was given by Scotch working men, a striking testimony to the constant popularity of the peasant poet in his own land. Yet, if much of Burns's poetry appeals chiefly to his countrymen, his many beautiful and affecting songs and lyrics will ever keep their place in the hearts of English and Scotch alike. Scott met Burns, whom he calls the "boast of Scotland," when he was a boy of sixteen, and was honoured by a word of thanks from the elder man for some information, which he alone of all those present was able to supply. He and others have recorded the extraordinary brilliance of the poet's eye, which glowed as with fire when he was animated. Scott says that he "never saw such another eye in a human head." It is only quite recently that the name of Sir Walter himself has been added to the Roll-Call, and a bronze medallion head, the last work of that gifted sculptor, Onslow Ford, which commemorates his constant admirer, John Ruskin (d. 1900), the leader of art critics, has been placed within the last year above the memorial to Scott. The site chosen by the Dean (Bradley) for the bust of Scott is next to the monument of that Duke of Argyll whose character the novelist portrays in the "Heart of Midlothian." It is a replica of the Abbotsford bust, and probably the best likeness which exists of the "great romancer." Chantrey used to take careful notes of his sitter's mobile features while he talked, and thus caught his most characteristic expression, "the head inclined a little forward and down, and the lurking humour in the eye and about the mouth." At the time when he was sitting to Chantrey, Scott was himself within the Abbey on the occasion of George the Fourth's coronation, and has left on

record his impression of the ceremony, which for cost and magnificence far exceeded those of the other Hanoverians. The solemnity of the day was somewhat marred by Queen Caroline's repeated and vain attempts to force her way into the church. Sir Walter's description of these events is well known, not so perhaps the end of his enjoyment; he got blocked in the streets when returning late at night after the banquet, and only extricated himself by mentioning his name to some Highland soldiers who were guarding the street and immediately made a way for him. Thackeray, in his "Four Georges," has coupled the names of Scott and of George IV. "He the first gentleman of Europe! . . . No; thank God, we can tell of better gentlemen. . . . I will take Walter Scott, who loved the King, and who was his sword and buckler, and championed him like that brave Highlander in his own story, who fights round his craven chief. What a good gentleman! What a friendly soul, what a generous and what an amiable life was that of the noble Sir Walter!" The story of Scott's life is before the world now; we know all about his financial struggles, and his incessant literary labours, when he was pouring out the Waverley novels and romantic poems in a constant stream. Here, where all such struggles with life are over, it is pleasanter to dwell upon the peaceful end, which is described by Lockhart in the biography of his father-in-law. "It was a beautiful day (September 21, 1832), so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over the pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt round the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes." Not far from Scott's memorial is the spot where William Gifford (d. 1826) and the friend of his youth and age, John Ireland (d. 1842), rest in one grave. Both were of poor parentage, and natives of the same village, Ashburton; the two boys were apprenticed to an ignorant shoemaker, who took away their books and discouraged learning. Ireland obtained a Bible clerkship at Oxford, and was followed to the university by Gifford, whose doggerel verses, which were

recited by the young author to the rustics, came under the notice of a neighbouring doctor, who sent him to college at his expense. Ireland took orders, and, after holding a stall at Westminster for many years, became Dean on Vincent's death. Gifford gradually made his way by his writings into the literary and political world. He was introduced to Canning, through him to Scott, and when the *Quarterly Review* was started by these two men and other eminent Tories, Gifford received the post of editor. In the fifteen years of Gifford's editorship the *Review* was noted for its cruel and biting criticisms on rising authors, many of which, including probably the well-known article on Keats's "Endymion," came from the editor's pen. Scott describes Gifford as "a little man dumpled up together, and so ill-made as to seem almost deformed, but with a singular expression of talent in his countenance." Gifford's whole life was embittered by his physical infirmities; the one bright spot is his enduring friendship with Ireland, who won his consent on his deathbed to burial in the Abbey, and selected the place where both men now lie. There is no inscription save the names and dates upon the stone. Gifford's best qualities are commemorated in the following verse, which might well have been placed above his grave :—

"A soul
That spurns the crowd's malign control,
A firm contempt of wrong,
Spirits above affection's power,
And skill to soothe the lingering hour
With no inglorious song."

Scott was on friendly terms with all the leading men of his day, and amongst his intimates may be reckoned Thomas Campbell (d. 1844), whose statue is close to Southey's. Campbell was already famous as the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" before he met Scott, whose personal acquaintance he made in Edinburgh on his return from a tour abroad, when he read him "Lochiel's Warning," which the other poet immediately committed to memory and repeated after this first hearing. Campbell's two best known shorter poems, "Ye Mariners of England" and "Hohenlinden,"

were written about this time. Campbell witnessed the battle of Hohenlinden from the monastery of St. Jacob, which is above the plain where it took place, and his vivid description of the scene is no fancy picture. Scott always regretted that his friend did not write more, and give a fuller sweep to his genius. But Campbell was a successful literary man; his Life of Petrarch became the standard English biography; he received a crown pension, and was much thought of by many of the leading politicians, including Fox, Holland, Minto, and Francis Horner. As the founder of the Polish Association he was a hero in Poland, and at his funeral in Poets' Corner a Polish noble stepped forward after the service and threw a handful of earth from the grave of Kosciusko into the open vault.

Marochetti's bust of William Makepeace Thackeray (d. 1863) stands beside Addison's statue, not far from Scott. Burns and Scott were essentially Scotch, Thackeray no less emphatically English. An American admirer speaks of him as "the highest, purest English novelist since Fielding: he combined Addison's love of virtue with Johnson's hatred of cant; Horace Walpole's lynx eye for the mean and ridiculous with the gentleness and wide charity for mankind as a whole of Goldsmith. . . . He will be remembered in his succession with these men for ages to come, as long as the hymn of praise rises in the old Abbey of Westminster. . . ." Like Scott, Thackeray was both journalist and novelist, and he added to his literary genius a rare skill as an illustrator. He was on the staff of *Punch* almost from the commencement (1841) of that journal, and his charming illustrations of the Rose and the Ring are familiar to each succeeding generation of children. Yet when, as a young man, he applied to Dickens for the post of illustrator to the later numbers of the "Pickwick Papers," his fellow-novelist failed to recognise his talent and chose another artist. In 1860 he was made the first editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. From 1847, when he published "Vanity Fair," his reputation as a novelist was assured, and he continued to write and publish his popular novels till within a few days of his death, when he pulled the unfinished manuscript of "Denis Duval" from his pocket to show a friend.

Beneath the bust of Thackeray lies his contemporary, Charles Dickens (d. 1870), whose novels were contemporaneous with his, and had as great a reputation. Dickens was a most versatile person—novelist, journalist, and actor. As a novelist he first became celebrated by his inimitable "Pickwick Papers," which were followed by a long series of popular stories and sketches. In journalism he is remembered as the founder of the *Daily News*, and the magazine called *All the Year Round*, formerly *Household Words*. Dickens was fond of acting, and, with the help of some other amateurs, got up a theatrical tour for the benefit of Leigh Hunt; his readings of his own works in London and America were as famous at one time as Coleridge's lectures had been. He and Bulwer Lytton were intimate friends. They got up a Guild of Literature and Art; Lytton wrote plays and Dickens acted in them at Knebworth House. Both were ardent abolitionists; Lytton made speeches against the slave trade in the House, while Dickens mortally offended some of his American friends by his horror at the sight of the black slaves on his first visit to the southern states. Yet they were at opposite poles in their novels. Dickens depicted low life and Cockneydom; Bulwer portrayed the snobbery of high life, and many passages in his writings resemble those in the books of his friend Disraeli. Lytton's historical romances are still widely read, and one or two of his plays are acted on the modern stage. He received a peerage from the Tories in 1866, and was Secretary for the Colonies in Lord Derby's Ministry.

The bust of the historian, Thomas Babington Macaulay (d. 1859), created Lord Macaulay in 1857, stands above his grave, on the historical side of Poets' Corner. The son of Zachary Macaulay, Thomas was brought up in the very heart of the abolitionists, and was actively concerned in the passing of the Abolition Bill. He applied the Liberal principles which he had imbibed from his cradle when he was appointed a member of the Council of India, and during the short period of his sojourn there he took an

active part in re-modelling the educational system and the criminal code of India. Few men of his day were more popular than Macaulay. His retentive memory was the wonder of all his acquaintance; he could repeat "Paradise Lost," for instance, by heart, and never forgot anything, whether prose, poetry, or anecdote, which he had heard once. This is not the place to discuss the drawbacks of his own gifts both as a writer and an orator; a sufficient testimony to his continued popularity is the fact that his "History," his "Essays," and his "Lays of Ancient Rome" still have a deservedly wide circulation.

Other modern men of letters and educationalists, Macaulay's contemporaries, lie in the Abbey. Within one grave, nearly opposite his bust, are the historians of Greece, George Grote (d. 1871) and Connop Thirlwall (d. 1875), Bishop of St. David's. The two were friends, and simultaneously, with no knowledge of the other's project, each undertook a history of Greece. Thirlwall's came out first, and when Grote's appeared, two years after his was published, the generous historian overwhelmed his friend with praises, and declared that his own work would "for all the highest purposes be superseded." Thirlwall is remembered in Wales as one of the few English Bishops in those days who preached and read the service in Welsh, a language which he learnt in less than a year. His name is commemorated at Cambridge by the Thirlwall prize, even as Ireland's is at Oxford by the theological professorship and the scholarships which the Dean founded. Grote was one of the foremost educationalists of his day; he was concerned with Lord Brougham, James Mill, and others in the foundation of University College, London (1828), and became President of that Institution after a long interval of estrangement. In 1850 he took part, likewise, in constituting the new University of London. His untiring efforts in the cause of education brought him under the notice of Gladstone, who offered him a peerage in 1869 as a tribute to his "character, services, and attainments." In the south choir aisle is a tablet to a less distinguished educational reformer, Dr. Andrew Bell (d. 1832), a clergyman who was well known

in his time as the founder of the Madras, *i.e.* the monitorial, system of education. Bell started his scheme when head of the male orphan asylum in Madras, which belonged to the East India Company. After his return to England he became one of the superintendents of the recently founded National Society for the education of the poor in Church principles, and devoted the rest of his life to spreading his scheme through the elementary schools, not only at home but abroad. Wordsworth and Southey were amongst Bell's many admirers, and the latter wrote a eulogistic biography of him after his death, but, unfortunately, the reformer's reputation was seriously damaged by the fact that all the schools which were under his supervision proved to be in a wretched condition. Bell was buried in the choir aisle by Ireland's permission, and his bier was followed by a throng of distinguished mourners.

Poets' Corner is now full to overflowing. Every corner on the columns and walls is filled, and when the graves of our greatest modern poets, Alfred, Lord Tennyson (d. 1892) and Robert Browning (d. 1889), were dug, their sepulchres had to be hewn out of the solid stone. A bust which represents Tennyson in his prime, at the age of forty-eight, and is one of three by Woolner, was given by the late C. Jenner in 1895, and placed on a pillar opposite the laureate's grave. Near Dryden's monument is Brock's bust of the American writer, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (d. 1882), which was erected in 1884 as a tribute to this popular poet from his English admirers. Round the corner again the statesman, Archibald Campbell Tait (d. 1883), Archbishop of Canterbury, is commemorated.

From Poets' Corner we turn to a small chapel in the north ambulatory, St. Paul's, which is blocked up by the huge statue of James Watt (d. 1819), the improver of the steam-engine. In the nave are memorial windows to four distinguished civil engineers, which include one to Watt's contemporary, Richard Trevithick (d. 1833), who was the inventor of the high-pressure steam-engine, the first to run on any railroad. Trevithick was allowed to die in poverty and obscurity, while to Watt no less than five statues, all

by Chantrey, were erected. Upon this one is an inscription by Lord Brougham. The bulk was so great that the figure had to be introduced into the little chapel in three pieces, and even then the pavement gave beneath its weight, and the workmen were nearly precipitated into the vault below, where rows of gilded and red-velvet coffins were plainly visible. Two of the nave windows were put up to the memory of Joseph Locke (d. 1860), the designer of the Crewe engine, and Isambard Kingdom Brunel (d. 1859), who is remembered as the originator and constructor of the Great Western Railway and of the largest ocean steamships in his day, namely, the *Great Western* (the first steam vessel to make regular voyages across the Atlantic), the *Great Britain*, and the *Great Eastern*. Another noted engineer, Thomas Telford (d. 1834), lies in the nave; beside him Robert Stephenson (d. 1859), who was buried by his own request next to Telford; above is a memorial window to Stephenson himself. Telford was a maker of roads and canals, noted also as a great bridge-builder. He threw the first suspension bridge over the Menai Straits for vehicular traffic, an example followed by his admirer, Stephenson, when he constructed the Britannia tubular railway over the same dangerous estuary. Telford improved the old highroads and made new ones in England, Wales, and Scotland, which in the latter country were often planned on the lines of the ruined military roads laid down by General Wade in the Highlands. The Caledonian Canal was Telford's work, and the inland navigation of Sweden is likewise a memorial of his genius. In the last year of his life, at the age of seventy-seven, by request of the Duke of Wellington, he went to Dover and made plans for the improvement of the harbour, which he was not able to carry out before his death. Telford was a man of remarkable literary tastes from his youth up, and when a mere lad he addressed some lines to Burns, which were found amongst that poet's papers. Campbell and Southey were his most intimate friends, and he left legacies to both. Campbell wrote "Hohenlinden" when staying in his house and polished the verse with the help of his opinion. He called his eldest son

after the engineer, and spoke of him as "a fellow of infinite humour and a strong enterprising mind. He has almost made me a bridge-builder already." Southey often asked Telford for advice on his literary works. On one occasion he went a tour with him in Scotland in order to see his roads, harbours, and canals, whence he came back profoundly impressed with his friend's genius. After his death the poet wrote a short memoir of Telford for the *Quarterly Review* (1839), the last article which he contributed to that journal. Robert, and his father, George Stephenson, perfected the steam-engine, which Trevithick and Watt had originated. The elder Stephenson is looked upon as the inventor and founder of railways. The younger was engineer of the first railroad from London to Birmingham; but his greatest works are his splendid bridges—it is enough to mention the high-level bridge over the Tyne at Newcastle and the Victoria bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal as examples of his skill.

Side by side in the nave with these two bridge-builders lie no less than four eminent architects—Sir Charles Barry (d. 1860), Sir George Gilbert Scott (d. 1878), George Edmund Street (d. 1881), and John Loughborough Pearson (d. 1897). Barry's chief work, "The Palace of Westminster," is represented on the brass. Belonging himself to the older classical school, he was yet able in that building to use with great effect the revived Gothic style, which in its early stages, as represented by him and Pugin, followed the architecture of the Tudor period. Scott was one of the foremost architects to take the lead in the revival of Gothic architecture, and his pupils, Street and Pearson, were both masters of the Gothic style. Street died shortly before the completion of his chief work, the present Law Courts. Pearson restored Westminster Hall, but is chiefly known as an ecclesiastical architect. Scott not only restored cathedrals and churches throughout Great Britain, but designed many new buildings, both ecclesiastical and secular. Amongst his chief works are the Treasury, Colonial and India Offices, in which, under pressure from Lord Palmerston, he reverted to classic principles; St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, the

Albert Memorial, London, and the Martyrs' Memorial, Oxford. As surveyor of the Abbey fabric (1849), an office in which he was succeeded by Pearson, he restored the Chapter House, besides leaving plans for the triple portico outside the north door; the restoration of the whole north front, including the portico, was carried out by Pearson.

There is one more monument in the north ambulatory chapels which the visitor to St. Andrew's Chapel, where is Telford's statue, almost touches as he passes by. Sir John Franklin (d. 1847) is the only one of the many brave navigators, whose bones have whitened the icy seas of the Polar regions, commemorated here. His name is linked with the other naval heroes of whom we have spoken in these pages, for he was present as a youth at the battle of Copenhagen, and was on the poop of the *Bellerophon* at Trafalgar, escaping from both actions without a scratch. He began his Arctic voyages in 1818, and save for an interlude of seven years, when he was Governor of Van Diemen's Land, devoted the rest of his life to the discovery of the North Pole. In the colony his name is gratefully remembered as a benefactor, for he not only improved the condition of the colonists and the convicts, but founded a scientific society and a college at Hobart's Town. In 1845 he went on his last Arctic expedition, whence he never returned, and every soul on board his two vessels perished before the end of 1848. But the notes and diary, found years after in the ice, led to the discovery of the north-west passage, the credit of which belongs to Franklin. Lady Franklin fitted out no less than five successive expeditions, which she sent in search of her husband, and was rewarded by the recovery of these papers, with the exact date of his death. She died in 1875, just before this memorial, which was prepared under her supervision, was unveiled, and Franklin's nephew by marriage, Lord Tennyson, wrote the touching epitaph—

"Not here: the White North has thy bones; and thou,
Heroic sailor soul,
Art passing on thy happier voyage now
Towards no earthly pole."

Our Roll-Call is nearing an end. The light grows dim, the voices of the past are dying fast away. Yet of two other heroic souls we must speak before we leave this fascinating task.

David Livingstone, the African missionary and explorer, lies in the centre of the nave under a plain black slab. His whole life was devoted to the service of God and of humanity. Africa was the field of his unwearied labours, where his name is remembered as a benefactor to the blacks. An energetic and untiring traveller, Livingstone opened out large tracts of country by his discoveries, such as that of Lake Nyasa, and his explorations beyond the ken of other white men. His sufferings and adventures would fill a volume and are fully recorded in his life and journal. At the present time, when attention is concentrated upon the Boers, it is interesting to note the antagonism shown by that people to the great missionary. Vainly did Livingstone attempt to christianise their Hottentot slaves by means of native teachers, but his efforts were repulsed each time, till finally the Boers burnt his house and goods and drove him away from their territory. The lions were no less dangerous than the Boers, and the story of the adventurous traveller's escape has often been told, when a lion sprang upon him and crushed his shoulder to the bone, thus permanently disabling the left arm. Livingstone's end was no less heroic than his life. He had the same fever of exploration which burned in the breast of Franklin, and came to his end in the vain attempt to discover the source of the Nile. He died April 30, 1873, alone save for his faithful black boys, far from the haunts of the white man. So devoted were his servants that, after roughly embalming the body, they carried their beloved master over desert and swamp turn and turn about till they reached the sea coast, whence the remains were shipped to England and interred here a year after Livingstone's death.

The name of Major-General Charles George Gordon (d. 1885) may fitly be coupled with Livingstone's as a lover of his brethren, white and black alike, and a servant of his God. His career is even more thrilling than the missionary's, for it is concerned with war and peace, with China and with

Africa. As an African explorer he followed in the steps of David Livingstone; he established the course of the Victoria Nile into Lake Albert, and put down the slave trade, there as in all other regions, wherever he went on his numerous journeys throughout Central Africa and in the Soudan. Gordon was known as "Chinese Gordon" after his services in China, where he assisted the Imperial Chinese Government to suppress the Taiping rebellion, and received the highest honour ever given to a European, the Yellow Jacket and Peacock's Feather. Six years, spent as commanding officer of the Royal Engineers at Greenwich, elapsed between Gordon's services in China and in Egypt —years spent in active benevolence at home, chiefly in such works as the rescue and education of homeless lads. Over here his best memorial is the Gordon Boys' Home, which was founded in his memory, and is now a flourishing institution. From 1872 his life was devoted to the civilisation and salvation of the black races in Egypt, Basutoland, and the Soudan. Gordon had pledged himself to the King of the Belgians, and promised to take in hand the new Congo State, when in 1884 his services were required for his own country, and Gordon obtained the King's permission to obey the call of duty and patriotism. The Mahdi's forces were in overwhelming numbers in the Soudan, and Gordon was the only man with knowledge and experience who could go as governor to Khartoum, and hold that important city for the Egyptian Government. He achieved all that mortal man could do to hold the town, but was finally overpowered by the Mahdi, and slain as he descended the steps of his house, hoping yet to make terms with the insolent fanatics. To the lasting dishonour of the Gladstone Government, the tardy relief force was despatched too late, and it was not till the final overthrow of the Mahdi in 1898 that England recovered her prestige in the Soudan. When the news of the fall of Khartoum reached England (February 5, 1885) a universal cry of shame and mourning went up from the hero's countrymen. March 13 was observed as a day of national mourning, and services, which were attended by the greatest in the land, members of the royal family, politicians, military and naval officers, were

held at the Abbey and St. Paul's. The national monument voted by Parliament stands in Trafalgar Square. Here a bronze bust, which was given by the Royal Engineers, and is appropriately placed near the abolitionist Zachary Macaulay, commemorates the Martyr of the Soudan. Tennyson's epitaph is not inscribed upon the memorial, but may be fitly quoted in this connection :—

> "Warrior of God, man's friend, not here below,
> But somewhere dead, far in the waste Soudan,
> Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know
> This earth hath borne no simpler, nobler man."

There is one memorial left, without which this record would be incomplete. I allude to the tablet placed by Dean Bradley in the south choir aisle, which commemorates an American genealogist, Colonel Joseph Lemuel Chester (d. 1882). In 1876 Chester published a valuable volume, and dedicated it by permission to Queen Victoria. This was a printed copy of the registers which record the baptisms, marriages, and burials within the Abbey and its precincts, to which he added most valuable genealogical and biographical notes. To this work he devoted ten years of his life, and part of his modest fortune, reaping by the accomplishment of his self-imposed task the best reward of his industry. Chester was well known as a genealogist; a year before his death he received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, in recognition of his services to English literature; he is also remembered as one of the founders of the Harleian Society. As a mark of respect on the part of the Dean and Chapter Dr. Bradley attended his funeral in the Nunhead Cemetery, and read the burial service over his grave.

The clarion call has ceased; the many whose names have been omitted from these records must be left to rest in peaceful obscurity—to await perhaps the researches of future historians. Our labour of love is ended, and it is enough if these scattered memoirs of the past recall the names not only of our famous English worthies, but of the obscurer, the too often forgotten Dead.

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Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
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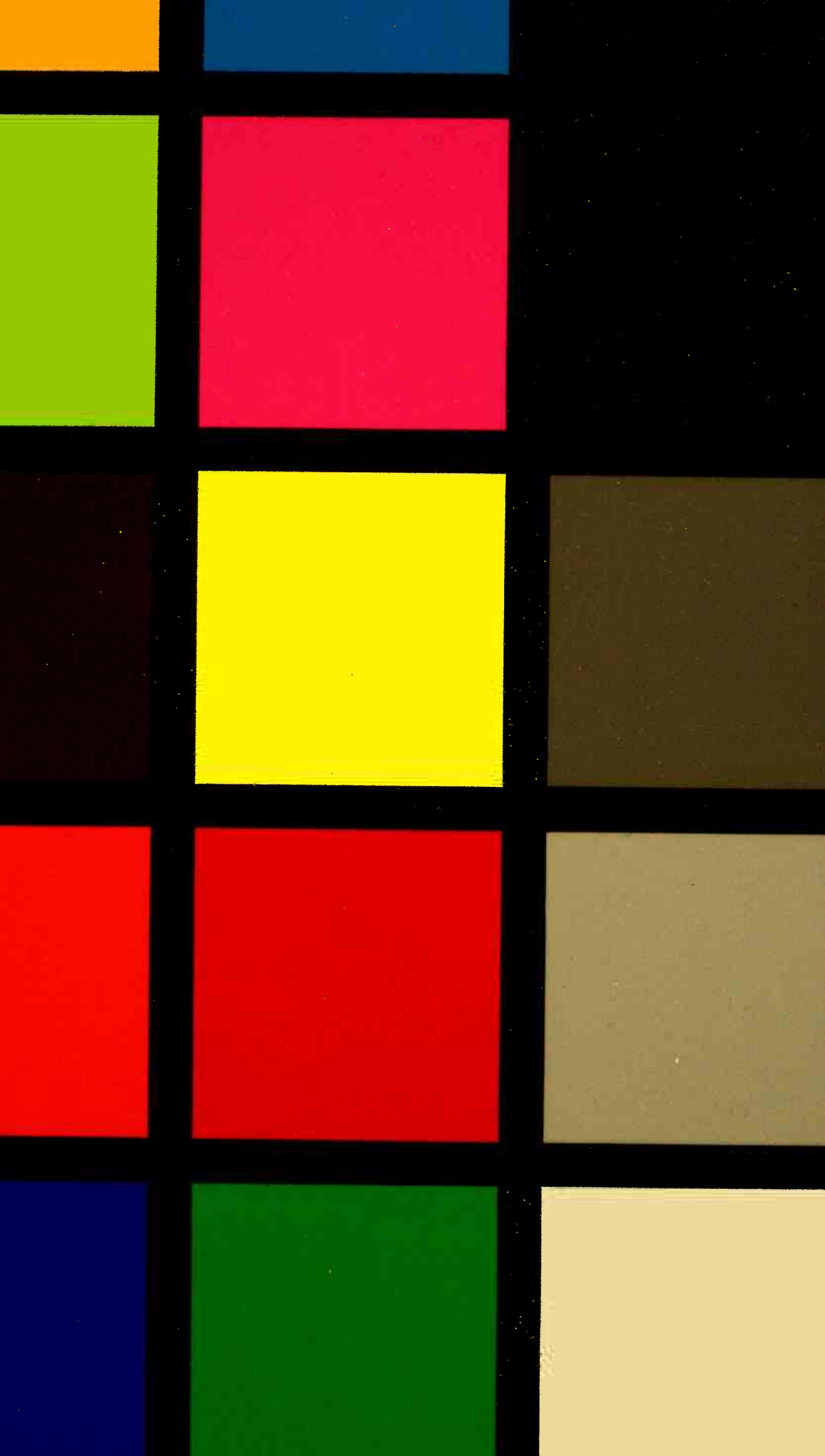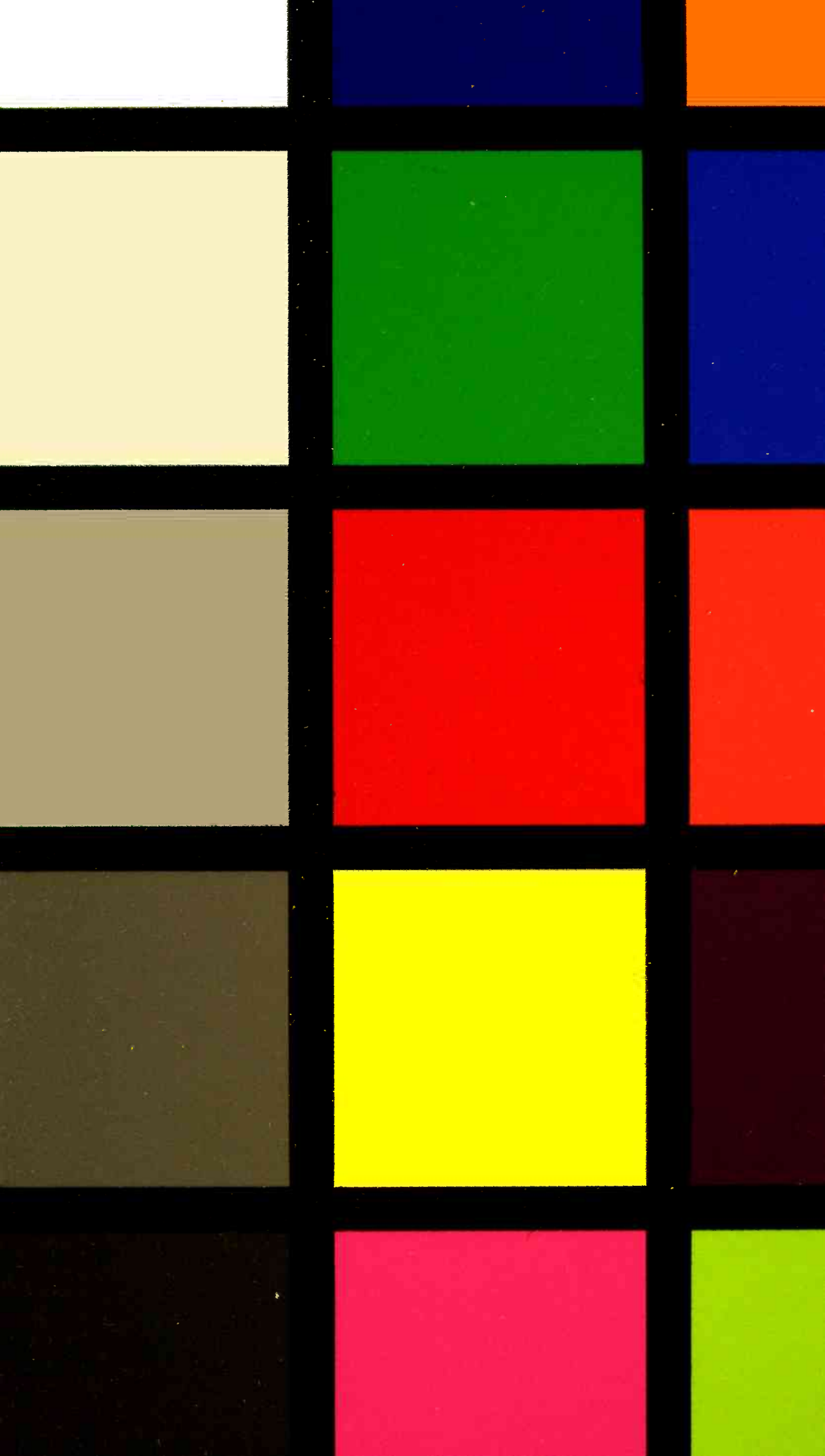
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